

#1

S.S. Bengala

6:30 p.m.

off Tuticorin

My dear Amachi

We came to Tuticorin in time. At Koilpati I met Mr. and Mrs. T.P. Philip and children unexpectedly and they were the last Syrian people I saw - well, near Tuticorin a doctor came and gave us all certificates and at Tuticorin we ran on to the pier a hundred yards off or less was the launch, not quite so big as the steamboats we are accustomed to. The sea, for a mercy and a miracle, was calm as a pond and the sky blue and unclouded like March. The steamer lies half a dozen miles out and we took three quarters of an hour to reach it. I did not feel anywhere near seasick. We got on to the steamer, saw our luggage transhipped and here I am - on a fine berthed second class cabin, with two other students, with two portholes, clean linen and good drinking water, comfortable as could be imagined. It's not rolling a bit just now but of course it is still lying at anchor. Dinner they say is half an hour later.

It looks as if I am not going to be seasick as far as Colombo.

7:30 p.m.

I have been through half the steamer and the deck is quite breezy and fine. The dinner too, though not gorgeous, was not bad at all.

Y.M.C.A.

Colombo, 1.p.m.

I went to bed at about nine o'clock. At about one I awoke feeling perfectly refreshed and thinking it five o'clock at least. The watch surprised me. The sea was calm but rougher than yesterday. One big wave splashed some water through the porthole at least a dozen feet above the waterline and reached one of my feet. At about six we could trace the outlines of land on the distant horizon. The sea air was cool and bracing and charged with spray near the surface. At about seven we steamed into the harbour and a doctor came and gave us certificates. The harbour is very much like Madras harbour with two long flanking concrete structures: the spray burst over it at one place twenty or thirty feet high. Then the launch came and took us and

our luggage ashore, where a customs official inspected it. I had to open my dealwood box, but the mere opening sufficed, the perversity of men! There were at least half a dozen other boats in the harbour and launches flew about between. The B.I.S.N.(British India Steam Navigation) boats are painted red near the water line and black above. A Y.M.C.A. man was waiting for me and we walked to the Y.M.C.A. which is not half a mile off. The road from the Customs to the Y.M.C.A. is splendid; on both sides are great buildings, the Grand Oriental Hotel, Bristol Hotel, Whiteaway, Thos. Cook etc. Rickshaws abound.

#2

Y.M.C.A.

Colombo

8.8.1912

5 P.M.

My dear Apachen,

Our steamer came this morning and leaves at 10 P.M. I go on board at 7:30 P.M. All my luggage except the suitcase is already handed over to Cook & they will see it on board at a charge of Re.1 I already know one man who is travelling with us, a Mr.Gregory. I hunted all over Colombo for a cheap overcoat: it seems nothing less than Rs.50 is sold in any shop: which would not do for me. So I bought instead a very good sweater & an umbrella. The prices of things are appalling. You cannot look at articles without turning to head away instinctively. But the shops are very big and fine, larger than in Madras with electric lifts often. My bill in the Y.M.C.A. with extras which came to Rs 1-8 almost is Rs 5-8. The food is villainously bad, but the rooms are good. Today is a slightly rainy day and I anticipate a rough sea. No harm in unpleasant anticipation if they come true you feel proud as a true prophet, if not you have the comfort they seemed to be about to take away.

The ink in the bottle has run very low and my pen is in my trunk - so I stop here.

With love

Ever affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah

#3

R.M.S. Otway

Aug. 9th, 1912

My dear Georgekutty,

Many thanks for your kind letter which I got along with half a dozen others when I came on board. It was very nice to know - rather to realize for one knows it always - that many were thinking of me when I was leaving the East behind me. My two days in Colombo were most enjoyable at the Y.M.C.A. Colombo indeed is fast becoming a great city chiefly through the advantage of its situation which makes it important as a shipping centre. The Victoria Arcade, York Street, Prince Street, the Galle Face Esplanade contain beautiful buildings, most of them four or five stories high. The great shops of Cargills, Walker, Colombo Apothecaries, Whiteaway, Simes and others, and the great hotels, the Grand Oriental, The Galle Face, the Bristol, etc. are fit for any city. The roads are finely paved and preserved. The chief vehicle is the rickshaw; motor cars abound, but strangely enough I did not observe a single motor bicycle; the trams have classes but I am not disposed to think highly of the tram service. The interior parts of the city are commonplace and sordid, and a close acquaintance with Colombo, though I cannot boast of it must, I imagine, dispel the first feeling induced by a sight of the magnificent buildings presented to the eye as one comes first into Colombo, that Colombo is like an English city.

In this thing, perhaps the resemblance is close that the prices of articles are appallingly high: I searched all over the place for an overcoat but could not find anything below half a hundred Rupees! Good place for an impecunious person to pitch his tent in: I am positive Abraham would have left Colombo alone.

The Y.M.C.A. building is decent in size, outrageously scarlet in colour, but not to be compared with our Madras One: the living rooms are nicely furnished but again the charges are comparatively heavy and the meals atrocious for me; only the presence of a Restaurant saved me from becoming once more a follower of the starving system. The secretaries are good men, Mr. Crutchfield a trifle stately and severe I fancied from a five minutes' talk I had with him, Mr. Brookes the travelling secretary and Mr. Lembruggen whose name betrays his colonial origin, the Branch Secretary: but he is very kind and helpful.

At 8 o'clock at night I came on board in the steam launch and was taken to my cabin. There is one more with me, a Ceyloner, a fellow of about my age but not remarkable as far as I can make him out: however we chum together. Sakhavama Ran is in another with two other Indians. There is a wardrobe, and a chest of drawers looking glass, electric fan and light chairs, electric bell, a porthole etc. in the cabin. The breakfast at 8 this morning was unexceptionable and you can have almost anything you wish for. The deck is spalion well, we walked along and came to the Y.M.C.A. where I met two of the secys. not Mr. Crutchfield, who were very nice. They gave me tea. The Y.M.C.A. stands in a park and is a compact red building not half so fine or large as the Madras, but the hostel rooms are beautifully furnished. At about nine I went out by myself to books, got my passage ticket and insurance, cashed my cheque and arranged about the telegram. Then I bought five or six picture postcards of places I had seen - I may send some of them later on. Afterwards to the Post and Telegraph office, a most noble building, floored with polished tiles, architecturally splendid. I thence dispatched the wire which must have been received there today. Back to the Y.M.C.A. breakfast and here I am well.

After my expenses I find on taking stock this morning that I have about Rs 115 left still, which should be ample, seeing that I have paid for everything and have no liabilities except the Y.M.C.A. and perhaps an overcoat.

What else to write I cannot think just now.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvilla Zachariah

P.S. Please send on to Georgekutty if possible.

#4

Tuesday, 13th

11 o'clock

This morning at half past nine we sighted Socotra looming large through the morning mists like the distant mountain chains one catches a glimpse of from a

passing train. In half an hour we could see it very clear and very near, just a long stretch of bare, greenless, black rock with the clouds hanging atop somewhat like the sketch overleaf. The sketch is in these parts, one below the other, and you have to put the three continuously if you would have an idea of Socotra as I saw it at 10:30. We ran under its lee for about two hours and the length of the island should be thirty or forty miles at least. The morning had been very rough, a great swell of the seas, the wind whistled and blew so hard that to walk the starboard deck became a feat, from which gentlemen returning looking proudly heroic. The noise of the waves was like claps of thunder and the spray drenched every exposed part of the ship. Yesternight two great waves - mountains of waves as you see them called - clean swept our deck which stands at least twenty feet or thirty feet from the calm surface. It was in fact so wet that I dared not sleep on deck and wended my melancholy way like the ploughman to the cabin. The cabins are so warm and far worse so stuffy, full of a peculiar closeness of atmosphere, that to sleep there was, I felt to court disaster in the shape of seasickness. Hence a couple of days ago I had begun to sleep on the deck. Two deckchairs put together end to end, three or four pillows to fill up the low places and an abundance of blankets on the deck where the bracing sea air blew all night - made a most comfortable bed. Do not imagine that the deck is open to the sky: it is open only on the side near the sea and there it is railed in: so that mine was no rash feat nor is it unparalleled. But yesterday what with the high sea and what with the violence of the wind the deck was bare of sleeping forms.

We have passed away from the lee of the land and the rough waves have recommenced beating time, as Eha elegantly says, to nothing in my head. And indeed just now I am one of the most vacant of human beings - employed chiefly in reading novels, which closely resemble Sanku's biscuits, morphia, and a desert, and in lying at full length on my deck chair drinking in the fresh sea-air. There are few means of amusement about: in the afternoon half a dozen of the men play an absurd form of cricket; a couple of ladies play an everlasting game of bridge - but they have excuses: they are so stout that they may well serve as illustrations of people before they took Antipon - at least one of them is. A negro named Johnson - the generic name - and an old man who asked one whether I talked English and who looks as if he couldn't - fit combination surely play draughts with great gusto. All the others read novels or talk or smoke or walk; I write. The Company is varied in the second class and contains all sorts and conditions of men and woman. There is a Rhodes scholar from Sydney whom I haven't met yet: there are three other Indian students and one

Ceylonese going to Oxford. There is an old graduate of King's, Cambridge, who is a walking illustration of the proverb about appearances. There are several kiddies with short frocks and long stockings - interesting to stand and watch. There is a Roman Catholic priest who has discussions with us and today condemned the race of women wholesale to our great amusement. There is a lady who has golden teeth: part perhaps of the Golden Fleece. I was sitting beside the priest one day reading the Still Hour - Phelps - when he came in. Asked me what I was reading and then whether I was Protestant. Oh, says madame when she hears my reply, then I suppose I should not read it. And then she tells us that she had married a Jew! There is besides a young Australian who reminds me irresistibly of Fat Joe in Pickwick, and a gentleman who looks cross with the world. In the third class there are two young Austrialians going to America to train for Y.M.C.A. secretaries - very nice fellows, and a middle-aged Turk who may be a young Turk. All sorts of hats are in vogue among the ladies from miniature tubs and turrets to a bonnet or a ribbon.

We are still in the shadow of Socotra which I thought we had passed. It is rock and stands clear out above the water.

You might be interested to know about the meals. Well, there are four each day, excluding a cup of early morning coffee or a crust of toast which are brought into the rooms. Breakfast at eight, lunch at one, dinner at six thirty, each consists of from fifteen to twenty dishes. There are plenty of fruits at lunch and dinner, apples, mangoes, plantains, pears etc. But, I suppose it must be the sea, I am very abstinent: and take mostly vegetable dishes: today for lunch for example I had soup, cold mutton, sandwiches, suet pudding and an apple. Tea at four is light, bread and butter, biscuits, cakes, but I go very rarely to afternoon tea. Besides we usually get icecream at about eleven. But as I said though everything is splendid I do not enjoy it very much. Not that I am seasick.

Mercifully I haven't been seasick yet though most of my companions have had a touch of it: but there is a certain heaviness of head and a giddiness at times that makes you feel unfit for active work or exercise. But the last two days I have been much better.

5. So breezy as that I have a comfortable time of it altogether. The sea is smooth,

but just around the boat there is a swell and foam: their is little rolling and I have not been seasick yet. All around is just the waste of water burning in the midday sun. The foam is greenish and in the shadow the sea is dark - contrast of colours.

Past Perim: Red Sea

August 14th, 1912

It has been fine and nice and chill and breezy out in the Indian Ocean, but yesterday we had felt the proximity of the dreaded Red Sea in a sudden and striking rise in the temperature. This morning we ran past Perim, an island that lies just at the entrance to the 'Sea Incarnadine', Aden fled in the night and escaped our view. Now we are fairly launched into the Red Sea and the atmosphere is suffocating, not a breath of breeze on this side of the ship at least to cool our heated brows - and the sea calm as a pond, thirty yards off the ship far to the clear and distant horizon, not a ripple breaks the even dead level reminding me of Tennyson in In Memoriam - "Calm on the seas and silver sleep and waves that sway themselves in rest" and of the Ancient Mariner who burst into a silent sea where "the very deep did rot". But two things mitigate our circumstances, for one thing once and again you catch a glimpse of distant land and the sight is refreshing to our seasick spirits. As ice to the fevered man it is a touch of home and of our destination; a link with life. The other is that the ship does not roll now, but lies steady, from the deck almost "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean".

As you may perceive from my quotations the Red Sea is for me at least full of literary suggestiveness. But as you know, it is rich in associations. We stand on holy ground on the threshold at least of sacred places. From the north, two or three days after this, I hope to catch a glimpse of Sinai's awful mount whence came the law of Israel and where Moses stayed forty days in thunder and lightnings. Near it probably was the place where the Egyptians perished.

"When with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels."

Over the isthmus crossed Napoleon, foiled in Egypt to besiege Acre which was so bravely defended by Sir Sydney Smith. Standing there probably he thought

of his vast and wild scheme of conquering India. To our left, a little inland doubtless, lies Abyssinia, the Ancient Ethiop whose Minister read Isaiah on the highways of Palestine. and so and so.

It was a welcome sight to see this morning five or six steamers passing near us on their way to the East. In the Indian Ocean we never caught a glimpse of sail or steam, but near Socatra we sighted a steamer, and now near Perim were half a dozen steaming away from us. They passed soon but this again was a link with earth and existence.

Life aboard is still the old round of monotony, but we often have conversations. The priest especially is interesting - and yesterday night we had a long argument about Roman Catholicism with two Hindus for audience! I brought in Ultramontanism and all my slight and scanty knowledge of Mediaeval history! He offered to prove logically that R. Cism to the only possible conclusion if we grant that Christ was God and came to earth. Then he brought forward his postulates and deductions from them: but I doubted the premisses.

And there we cried truce, then to discussion turned on English literature which is a more congenial subject than scholastic philosophy: and Tennyson is certainly close to us than Thomas Aquinas.

Our dinner bell deserves a word of notice. The first day we were greeted by almost blood-curdling sound, something I imagine like a tiger's roar produced through a gramophone. I fancied that we had run on a rock or if not that, something very serious now we have grown accustomed to it and hail dinner though it comes to us voiceful as stentor.

Yesterday they had a cricket match in the second class and sports in the third. One item was to tie a lady's feet together with handkerchiefs and then race several thus equipped. The effect was the same as running in hobble skirts, Punch's illustration of which you may remember. The first race was a tie and the second resulted in the collapse of both the ladies concerned. That for sports.

August 16th

Yesterday evening two things occurred worthy of a word of remark in this

chronicle of nothingness: A moonlight scene and a concert. Putting first things first we shall take Diana before Apollo. The moon was the palest and thinnest of crescents and stood low in the western sky. Round it as a mild halo was a circle of green tinged light. The heavens were the darkest blue streaked with paler blue, a glory of colour. And on the sea the moonlight fell - there was not enough of it to silver the face of the ocean, it sent forth light that just made the 'darkness terrible', but from the far west where it stood on the wave, came a bar of dimmed brightness to the ship - and the whole scene was magnificent in its harmony of shades of blue, not aggressive like sunrise bursting in gold and scarlet, but soft subdued, quiet and a masterpiece.

The heavens, said our priest in latin declare the glory of God and the firmament His righteousness.

I am sorry I cannot thus rhapsodize over the Concert given by the officers and crew of the ship. I had heard it would be splendid, and after the first six items I went to recover from the strain of the splendour and the killing heat to another a more breezy part of the boat where I fell fast asleep lulled not by song but by fanning wind and the rest of the concert passed unheard. When I awoke it was midnight: and the last faint echoes had long since died away. But there are some very good singers among the boat's crew. On Sunday morning we had a service conducted by a Rev. R. N. Howard, one of the passengers, in the dining room. And during the service a stewardess sang a solo. "As pants the hart for cooling streams", it was great. Her voice was not very rich and full but expressive and thrilling.

It is cooler and breezier today than yesterday - which was dry and pitilessly hot. Someone tells me the temperature is 4 degrees lower, which no doubt makes a considerable difference. The someone is a Mr. Gregory who has travelled all over the world for some religious and philanthropic society. I gave him Mr. Hogg's book to read, and though he is pleased he makes the criticism that it treats the theme subjectively and not objectively which is his own personal standpoint. He is a very simple minded man.

Yesterday I was reading Stevenson's essays: Across the Plains, describing his experiences in an emigrant train from New York to San Francisco: they are most finely and amusingly written. There is one story: when he came to a certain station

two men hastily approached him and asked him whether he was going on. yes - to the West. Those of them thereupon declared that he would attempt to persuade him not to. Stevenson was considerably surprised. "There's a great opening here" goes on the other, "we are badly in need of a conductor for the orchestra. I presume you are -----(bookworm damage)----- no replied ----- he had some recollections of Auld Lang Syne wearing one of the Green but that otherwise he was innocent of music. "Well, then, I am sorrly: but I made a bet that you were a musician with my friend - no offence I hope " " none whatever" and the pair coolly walked off to the bar where presumably the debt was liquidated.

This leads me to talk of the library. It opens from 10 to 10:30 and 5 to 5:30 and on the intruder it thrusts novels with rich and suggestive names indeed but weak English and a worthless plot. The man in Black, Love and Death, A Knight of Yore, etc. hidden away in the recesses, unknown and uncaressed we presume, peeps an odd volume of Stevenson or Meredith longing for a reader. But in this probably I am wronging some of the passengers. There is an old gentleman with the look of a Spanish brigand except that he wears spectacles who every morning industriously reads Prescott's History of Philip II! But I had likened him to a Spanish robber chief of the Seiras before I noticed his tome.

I wonder what you all are doing now - Friday morning at nine: hurrying for school, the kids and the ladies and gentlemen of the Intermediate Class. You yourself, perhaps in Hospital, ectera. Across the seas one is still 'at home' and mind and heart linger lovingly on what has been and will be again. The Y.M.C.A. must be roused by the breakfast bell and the crash of many calls and the clang of the ancient plates. It is time I fancy for another such outbreak as that of 1909.

Many thanks to Kunju for her letter and I shall take care to reply, from London until which time she must possess her Soul in patience.

Any now I bring this long letter -----tantly to a close - with much love.

Affectionately yours

Kuruvila Zachariah

#5

August 19th, 1912

Suez Canal

My dear Apachen.

You will have received the long letter I wrote to George Kutty about our journey up to that place and which I posted at Suez. Now I take up my pen again to describe Sunday, August 18th and today. yesterday was a great day for us for more than one thing. I sleep on deck and therefore arise early feeling refreshed. When I awoke on August 18th, we had entered the Gulf of Suez: I went down to my cabin and was engaged in those preliminary ablutions which al admit to be needful and some dispense with, when I glanced out of the porthole and saw a splendid sunrise. It had been my ambition all along to appreciate the rising and declining of the sun and moon: but the first view of sunrise I had on the 17th was quite disappointing. Away on the dead eastern waters it came up with no heralding colour, and stood above the clear horizon like a glorified orange! But yesterday to our right ranged a long eminence of rock; and soon the sky became tinged with the pale rose of dawn and one by one the long gleams of the sun arose and the glory lay on the quiet waters; slowly, splendidly it mounted up and framed in the purple hills formed the picture of a moment. The next instant it arose and poured forth light upon light until the sea, earth and sky were one blaze of molten gold.

It is remarkable that on sea there is not that infinite variety and shade of colour that makes these scenes on land so lovely. The setting of the sun yesterday evening did not fall below the promise of its birth, but again there was only pale yellow and then rose and then pale purple and violet on the face of the west, but they were pearly, inimitably soft as again behind a line of hills the day declined.

I talked already of the hills on both sides: you will remember that on the left of us was Egypt and to the right the Isthmus and I stretched my eyes to catch a glimpse of Sinai: of course being one of a range of peaks one could not say which it was for certain, but far away seen in pale outline beyond the first bold stretches of land lay a cluster of high mountains - and one of them saw the Law given to Israel.

I felt the coincidence that on Sabbath we had first come to holy ground and gazing on Sinai I found it hard to realize that God had indeed come down on it in

lightning and thunder and glory that might not be seen and that Moses talked with him forty days. It was a hard, and an awful, thought: and then a strange fancy struck me. Three or four or five thousand years ago this occurred in very truth - but a thousand ages in this sight are like an evening ----- - and with that same freshness and vividness which remains to us of a recent event - with that and more - this great lawgiving was present in His mind. It was half as if one stood in the shadow of the Highest. Sinai was a wonderful sight to me.

About three o'clock we began to catch distant visions of Suez, and when we came on an occasional white sail we began to grow excited. You do not know what it feels like, but it was like home coming to us, floating on the high seas for ten days no nearer life than a distant steamer. I believe we saw our first man at about three in a boat. On both sides Suez is hemmed in by long stretches of dirty yellow sand, and between them lay the town, a rather long white looking place with a few towers and spires and high edifices, and just one clump of green at the eastern end. The bay was studded with white sails which, as we cast anchor, about a mile away, blew toward us, small flat bottomed boats with large triangular sails and manned by three or four Arabs each. On both sides they swarmed and climbed like monkeys up the masts and by way of portholes on to our deck and soon the deck was crowded with squatting Arabs with their treasures spread before them. These consisted for the most part of silver shawls, small curios, Jerusalem flowers and books, picture post cards and coral necklets and fruit. The passengers swarmed to them and we had a busy fair for about an hour.

There prices of course as may be imagined were not of any means 'fixed' as shop notices often profess to be. They went down cent per cent in ten minutes. A fellow began by asking me a penny per postcard - and often going through the various stages of 15 per shilling, 20 per shilling etc. I at last got a dozen for sixpence. But the fruitman was especially anxious to dispose of his wares: and when it was time for them to go away he came and offered us a whole basketful: at what price would we have it? He said six shillings, we said two. He readily accepted - which shows my guilelessness and the depth of his depravity. I then offered a shilling. He went away and presently returned glad to accept my price. I said I did not want it for a shilling - I daresay he would have given it us, about twelve pounds at least, for six pence. But we had already eaten about a couple of pounds each and had no stomach for more.

We lay off Suez till about seven when the canal was declared open and we were at liberty to proceed. Slowly we moved on and came into the canal. The aspect here was beautiful and to me touching. Darkness had come on the earth and up in the sky the crescent moon shed a small lustre. But the left side was filled with houses - the Canal cuts the town in two - and brilliantly lit up. There was also a long railway bridge on the line leading to Cairo which at night looked like an illuminated town. The Canal is not more than a hundred and fifty yards wide there and so we passed close to either bank. The cheerful sound of human voices arose, the houses, partly hid by the line of green trees - we had hungered for a sight of green so long - shone with lights.

And the whole scene was marvellously like going at night softly and smoothly though one of our own Travancore rivers, and brought many memories with it, it was altogether pleasing and reconciled me to a fortnight more of life on board.

Unhappily the passage of the greater part of the canal was accomplished by night. It is in most places very narrow and about thirty feet deep - our boat draws twenty-four. Buoys decorate both sides beyond which we may not drift. The speed is not more than five or six miles per hour so that it takes the best part of a day to traverse a route eighty-miles long. If two ships are to cross one ties up till the other passes. Ours being a Royal Mail steamer does not tie up for any but for one of its own position! But this morning it is now, 6:30 a.m., I can see a pretty picture. On one side, right in front of me, about twenty yards off is a bank which is say a hundred yards long just at this point. The side of it is built in with concrete granite and cement. Then there is a belt of green, tree and grass; past that a railway line and so on. The other side is similar. Ever and among we pass dredgers and the inmates hail us and we return the compliment victoriously being able to command a greater volume of voice. Children call out from the shore: and even old and portly dames reply with similar halloo! I am again most forcibly reminded of passing through the long canals that approach Kottayam or Alleppey. It is not green enough or thick and beautiful enough for our riversides.

About ten o'clock today we are to reach Port Said. More hence.

We came in sight of Port Said at about nine o'clock and soon sailed into the little harbour. But though it is small is crowded - and a multitude of steamers,

steamboats of all descriptions dating from primeval designs, motor boats gaily painted, flat bottomed oared wherries, flew hither and thither in promiscuous and picturesque confusion. We dropped anchor very close to the shore and as soon as all was ready all the passengers got into boats and were placed on land for threepence each. We knew that the fare was threepence but the rascal boatman tried to filch double the amount from us. Our knowledge of the fare foiled him and he on his part gave us a foretaste of Port Said by his intended roguery. However we got ashore.

And then the problem was what to do. The steamer would leave at 4 p.m. and lunch was at 1 p.m. The fact that the heat cooled here necessitated going ashore - but we resolved to be back at 1 p.m. Three hours lay before us, but as it proved the three hours were too long. However, what were we to see: we could not trust a guide and of course the first thing to see was the harbour front of the town. So down we walked and saw the buildings not so fine as in Colombo and the streets much more squalid. The only train they have is a car drawn by a mule along rails! Carriages were mostly described as 'two-horse chaises', which turned out to be a victoria built in the time of that Queen's grandfather probably and last painted about ten years ago, drawn by two hacks, which took particular care to differ from each other in colour and size and manifestly felt hungry and tired. One bicycle I discerned, no motor cars. But the roads are well paved and there are walks for foot passengers everywhere. First we turned in to Cooks and then walked on, unearthing only one decent building, the Hotel Casino near the sea. But on the breakwater was a statue - I pronounced it Lesseps and my companion King Edward. It was indeed Lesseps and a noble statue it is - as I should judge about fifteen feet high and represents the great Frenchman simply standing upright. He is a typical Francaise, as I noticed from the beard. But it is a noble piece, and on the pedestal are quoted the words of Lesseps himself "Aperire terram gentibus" which I construe thus, without dictionary and therefore fallibly, "To open up the earth to the peoples". I should pronounce this the sight of Port Said. We turned back then, and as we did not care to explore any of the by streets partly from a fear of missing our way, partly from a knowledge that the town is the Gate of the East and the very home of iniquity, we turned down the main street flanked by a multitude of shops. At Colombo it was the size of these establishments that struck me - here their number, and from the quality and nature of the articles exposed one could see that Port Said is a tourists city - made by a living on the stranger. Most of the notices and signs were in French which I should consider is a common tongue here, but how far varied from the pure Parisian lingua who can tell!

I bought some picture post-cards: the stamps were marked villainously high and for half a dozen Egyptians they would begin to demanding in a matter of fact tone three and sixpence. This always amuses me and made me so indignant that I did not stop to parley. There were varieties of enamel, coral and shell work but as I am a novice in bracelet and chain I did not presume to buy them. If the prices had not been so high Kunju might have had a brooch - and the fact that this virtuous thought was in me will, I hope, satisfy her. Mrs. Subbarayan is loaded with shawls and coral bracelets. So that I returned empty handed, tired and warm to lunch, but not before I had gone once more to Cooks' and read the London Times and seen the pictures in the Illustrated London News. At sea we are of course cut off from news. One once when the Orsova passed us at night near Aden glittering with lights and looking like a sudden palace of enchantment did we have a whole budget of news in a long marconigram and thus first learnt of the earthquake at Constantinople. I have seen the operator at work, curious receivers all over his head, sending and receiving messages.

Port Said as I said is not a pretty place though some of my picture post cards paint it is rose and gold, besides it is a wicked place as everyone says and fully fifty per cent of the population are cut throats and the other fifty cut purses, or perhaps seventy five are scoundrels and the rest would be if they had the chance. Sodom and Gomarrah were nothing to it. It has in a way erased the beautiful recollections of the canal at night in the soft moonlight - but we are out again in the open sea away from the stifling heat of the city - with the addition of a score of passengers, two of them being a Greek and his wife in whom I cannot trace the remotest resemblance to Pericles and Anastasia.

I was disappointed to have only one letter - from Mrs. Moffat - but to get even one was a mercy.

And so at last I have burst into western waters. We are in the Levant and no more the heat - by day shall pursue us, Naples on the 22nd, Ahoy!

21st August

Past Crete

Yesterday we had rather rough weather: I had expected the Mediterranean to be still as a model schoolboy but I was mistaken and the waves rose high though

it was nothing to our own Indian Ocean. Today is much calmer.

Well, we passed out of Port Said harbour guided by a pilot and were sent off on our way. For a long time at night was visible the light of a lighthouse which our reference to the map I should take to be situated in Damietta. When the morrow came it was much cooler and the cold increases perceptibly each day as we go farther and farther away from the Line; but I have not given up sleeping on deck: with a pair of blankets one is comfortably warm.

This morning we passed to the left of Crete; it was long and high and hid in haze so that I could not see much except the outlines which themselves were presently blurred in the rising sun. Crete brought the memory of St. Paul's journey to Rome: it was after they ----- from Crete, perhaps somewhere where we are now, that Eurochyon came upon the ship: but now Zephyr fans us and not Eurochyon. Tomorrow evening or on Friday morning we shall probably behold Naples. The boat sails between 350 and 370 miles a day in fair weather, which makes an average of fifteen miles per hour. I wonder whether it is true or only an effect of my imagination which makes me think the Mediterranean waters bluer than any other I have yet passed through. And the colours of the sky too have deepened and cleared. The Italian sky of course is much bepraised, which may in part account for the artistic faculty of the Italians.

A great many of the passengers are disembarking at Naples and from there we shall have a much quieter time.

Please send this letters on to Madras.

With love to everybody - How is Valliamachi and Sarah, the Alpha and Omega of the family,

Affectionately

Kuruvilla

Naples

My dear Amachi,

My last letter was posted at Naples and this I write as we lie in the harbour. I think that the last note described the voyage down to the 21st, Wednesday, when I closed it up - and so I begin this with yesterday's events. After leaving Crete the first land we saw was the southern coast of Italy. About one o'clock on the 22nd far away on the right this was dimly visible - and about three we came very close. Till we saw Italy all our land had been sand or rock, in both cases forbidding and uninteresting unless as there were towns on the shore - this is generally true with the partial exception of the Suez Canal. But now the vision that met us was charming. High land indeed it seemed in the distance but green and refreshing. As we passed nearer with binoculars we could distinguish houses, rivers, bridges and other signs of habitation. Closer still the land appeared broken up, hills, plains, valleys in delightful profusion and villages clustering along the shore, boats scudding here and there and houses white and red in the setting sun, vineyards and olive gardens in trim and regular order - everything beautiful and bright. As we passed on we could see Sicily also on the other side and thus we threaded the straits of Messina, passing safely enough between Scylla and Charybdis! On Sicily were the ruins of Messina, broken up in pitiful destruction, yet wonderful to behold. On both sides the country was well wooded and presented a series of charming landscapes. And thus our first glimpse of Italy! It was not disappointing although I had high hopes of the land of Michael Angelo and Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Virgil and Horace, Leonardo and Raphael(?)

Land was lost to view as we steamed on, but towards evening we left Stromboli on our right. It is a great sloping cone rising out of the water by itself, strangely recalling none of the old legends of land coming out of the water: for all I know it may have been Mount ?Mern hurled by one of our Indian Gods into the ocean. The top of it was veiled in cloud and altogether it looked a fit place to "belch fire and smoke". Then night set in.

It seems incongruous in this praise of nature to mention the incident of the evening - which was nothing less nor more than a great dance held by the second class to which the first was invited. Of course I did not enter, but watched it for ten minutes when I resigned myself to persuasive Morpheus and lay on a sofa and fell fast

asleep. At about one o'clock I awoke - at least - it was pitch-dark - and undressed and went to bed as a sober person should. When I arose the second time the sun's first beams were shining above the slope of Vesuvius and we were gently steaming into Naples harbour.

At about six o'clock we anchored and prepared to disembark to view Naples before we committed ourselves to the grave in accordance with old advice. And indeed the boasting of the Neapolitans is not without some ground. The panorama - I intend no allusion - was magnificent and Naples as far transcended the coasts of Calabria as they outshone Port Said or Socotra. The harbour is a sort of inland gulf and very roughly I may draw the plan of the city thus.

On the left of us lay the main body of the city, row upon row of houses and beyond that heights upon heights of green hills studded with buildings, one of the most commanding of which is the castle of S. Elmo which indeed overlooks the whole bay and the city. To the right lay another row of buildings and in the farther distance towered a double hill one of which is Mount Vesuvius. That must serve as the roughest sketch of the general scheme of the city.

Well, after an early breakfast, we set out - Sakharama Ram, the R.C. priest on whom I have spoken before and whose presence we secured deeming him desirable both because he was a priest and because he had a smattering of Italian and myself. To be set on land - this was our first shock - we had to pay 2 bob each. But we suffered this sudden diminution of our pecuniary resources and were set on sand along with a host of others. Some of these hired motor cars of which there were heaps waiting and hurried off to Pompeii. We determined to leave Pompeii alone - lest we should see neither Naples nor Pompeii - and to devote ourselves to the city in front of us. We had on the boat itself secured the services of a guide who undertook to take us all over the place. As we landed another guide came and tried to persuade us to take him saying that the specimen we had was mad. I set this down at the time for an illustration of the proverb - Two of a trade do not agree - and we sanguinely set out. We took a tram - and here I may say that the tram service in Naples appeared exceptionally efficient, there are at least four hundred cars and they come at the rate of two or three per minute and are very neat and are not allowed to be crowded - and passed alone the streets to the Museo Nazionale - the National Museum. It was a long way off and sitting in the tram there was plenty of time and

opportunity to observe the thousand sights around. The streets are all paved in a fashion that were it seen at Calicut - would cause the envious heat of Ajax and Watchtower to burst of sheer jealousy and would make the mouths of all the aldermen - including the councillors for our B division who are both so active - to water. It is paved of large flags of, I believe, lava stone and are remarkably even and clean. The streets themselves are rather narrow and the houses usually very high. Two or three stories was the smallest we saw and seven and eight were common. The shops were all bright with sign-boards in gilt and colour and at every corner of the road was a small circular construction very much like the edifices which shelter the punkah pullers who obey the sway of John Master and in which men or women dispense tobacco, iced water and other luxuries if you and your money are anxious to part after the manner of fools. At some turnings were squares, piazzas as they call them, the very first squares that I met in real life, and in most of the squares were statues. One of them that particularly struck me as we passed along was that of Guiseppe Garibaldi, the man who made Italy and to whose heroic and martyred valour modern Italy owes a debt it cannot repay. On a pedestal he stands of which the four sides are crowded with sculptured forms. Upright, a large grand face wearing a slouching hat, a big man and an impressive personality even in marble. In his life he was magnetic in his powers of winning and attaching loyalty. He formed if one may talk on such a subject whose qualification may be summed up in the fact that he has spent four hours in an Italian city, a strange and remarkable contrast to the present day Italian, they are rather small men, he was big, and have clean cut narrow faces, he had a bold large one, and indeed the face struck me as the face of a man in a million - and more as different from the typical Southern Italian face. The Neapolitan is by no means a beautiful creature, often no fairer than an Indian, olive hued at best, rather fierce looking, not very manly men. But the women are much better - they are mostly fair and their face is handsome. I cannot call it beautiful because there is form but no colour - I may express what I mean in the one word "statuesque" - they are white but pale and lack the rose that renders the Englishwoman so full of charm and vivid life. With regard to the men I thought of another contrast. The ancient Roman face was if anything, a distinctly virile face. Such had been my impression and the impression was confirmed by a look at the marble emperors in the museum. The Neapolitans have degenerated utterly from that type. Then I remembered how many mixtures had come in to produce the modern Italian - Roman, Greek, Gaul and the other provinces of the Empire.

September 4, 1912

My dear Apachen,

I remember that my last letter was posted before we reached Plymouth - and so I begin with Friday the 3rd. I am sorry there was this unavoidable delay in beginning this, because these days have been crowded and many of my impressions and experiences have become both vague and clouded.

On the morning of the 30th there was great excitement on board because there was a dim line on the horizon which by faith we took to be the southern coast of England. I cannot remember my having felt quite so excited during the last year as I was then - and only the presence of an unsympathetic audience prevented me from executing dances and jumps of which Eha pleasantly observes an adult Kangaroo may be proud. A little later on we discerned Eddystone out in the sea and fishing boats flying along with sails out into the ocean. It is surprising to note the boldness of fisherfolk. In small boats they venture out into the deep - and right in the middle of the Bay of Biscay we observed a few. But English fishing boats they say are extrordnarily safe and of course the old tars are quite skilful. Further on the country began to stand out more clearly, and I noticed that the Devon shore was almost the first level land we saw since India. All the islands were mountainous, and so were Italy, France and Spain, each of which we touched at several points. But the country near Plymouth is flat and level, and coming closer we could also note another difference, that it was cultivated down to the ocean brink.

It is a historic place, is Plymouth, for hither came the Armada Invincible and here were bred the English seamen of the sixteenth century. Well, we passed on into an inlet of the sea which provides the town with a good harbour - and is called as everyone knows Plymouth Sound. On one side were the green fields, a country church and a forest of trees, green vividly but already touch with the russet of coming autumn. On the other side plain level land with a rise near the sound which is Plymouth Stoe where Drake played his game of bowls and fished it while the Armada was drawing near. A monument records the cool deed of daring. But prouder record was this, that the launch which came out to take passengers ashore was called Sir Francis Drake. The hearts of oak that fought in ships of oak are blazoned on the

most modern varieties of their own sea homes.

A great many passengers left here, because trams run to London the same day. The town itself loses a great deal of beauty because it is so low - and the long lines of chimneys that smoked in the background seemed to be incongruous in that harvest of historical memories. We stayed there only a couple of hours and then turned on our course, passed out of the sound, passed Eddystone, passed the furthest limits of the white seagulls that pitted the sky and the sea and passed out into the open ocean. One more day and we were done

August 31st

Early in the morning of the 31st we steamed into the broad mouth of the Thames and went on till we came to Tilbury. The country around was muddy and low, the water a dirty yellow green, the buildings, factories or mean dwellings. We stayed outside the Docks for a couple of hours - weary waiting for the tide which itself waits for no man - and then went in anchoring near other Orient boat and opposite the P&O Docks. Each line has its own and there were three P O's lying there. Thence we landed, passed into the Custom House shed where all our goods were brought in and arranged alphabetically. And here I made a mistake. Instead of staying and seeing my things through I entrusted them to Cook's. I took my suitcase and went onto the railway and took a seat in the carriage. It was a special and so after some special and outrageous waitings we came at last to St. Pancras station though a delightful country. Tilbury to London you must know is more than 20 miles. The country just past the docks was sheer level, fields and fields and fat cows pasturing in them, an occasional factory near the line, a pleasant house and garden, daisies in the fields and faraway a startling funnel which is all that is visible weirdly of a ship passing up the Thames. Further on we came to Greater London of which the outermost skirt is composed of miles of model houses built by the County Council. They are just splendid, each house with a door or two into the street and a garden behind so that there is both easy access and fresh air. The plan of the houses is artistically very successful although some miles of it rather palls on one: but the gardens were ablaze with roses and geraniums and lilies the houses looked neat and cleanly, and the streets splendid. I like it very much - it must have cost the Council mints of money, but it has disposed of some of the worst slums in London.

I forgot to mention that George had thought I should arrive on Sunday and

was not therefore present at the Docks, but there were others to welcome Mr. Sankara Menon, the brother of Mr. Ramunim Menon of Madras who is going to Christ's Cambridge and Raman Menon, the son of the Elaya Rajah of Cochin who is the helpless person I mentioned in a former letter and is also going to the same College so we got on splendidly and came to St. Pancras, an enormous building. Arrived there we called a taxi which was waiting, got in and drove away. A taxi is a motor car for hire - there were cabs too waiting. We came to 21 Cromwell Road about three o'clock. From nine when we reached Tilbury till three was about the worst time we had since the 5th of August.

When we came to 21 Cromwell Road we found that Mr. Arnold, Mr. Cheshire were both away, but we were welcomed by Miss Williams the housekeeper and later by Miss Beck, secretary of the Indian National Association, whose brother is Principal of Aligarh College - a nice old lady. We had tea and then strayed out into the streets for a look round - Returning hastily I found G.M. who had just come down from Cambridge, was enthusiastically welcomed and down we went into Hyde park closeby and talked for a good while near the Serpentine. Since then I have been here three days and I propose to write the last of this letter in a fashion which no doubt makes it slightly less interesting but infinitely easier for me to arrange and collect my thoughts and impressions: thus

(a) 21 Cromwell Road. S.W.

This building is situated in a quiet and fashionable part of the city. Right in front on the other side of the road is the Kensington Museum of Natural History and a little further on the great Albert Museum both situated in Hyde park. It is, as I said, comparatively quiet and rather large having five or six storeys. From the outside it is not very impressive as are most houses in London but it is quite large inside. The first storey is underground almost. The second contains the dining room, the rooms of the Northbrook Society and Miss Beck: then there is another with the rooms of the National Indian Association. Top of that are the offices of Mr. Arnold etc. Then the two storeys are the living rooms for students - six altogether. Our rooms are quite large and well furnished and the boarding fee of 24s.6d the week is by no means exorbitant. For another house of the same size in this street the rent would be between £700 and £1000. Close by, two houses up is the house where the painter John Everett Millais used to live.

Breakfast and dinner is included in the charge but for lunch and tea you pay extra. There is a good reading room, billiard room and both hot and cold baths. Miss Beck is a stout lady but motherly. Miss Williams looks like Mrs. Besant with a great head of yellow hair. The house is full now of Indian students almost twenty of them.

(b) Business.

Mr. Arnold and Mr. Cheshire returned on Monday morning and then we reported our arrival and I was told Keble College had been selected for me. I asked why a choice not in accordance with my letter had been made and was told that it was cheap that I would be the only Indian there, and that it was Christian and good for History. Reluctantly I acquiesced the more so as Baliol and New had been quite filled up. The Colleges are quite independent units and the Indian Office has no authority with them. A few years ago Morley asked them to take two students only each year in one College, but Sir John Rhys, the Master of Jesus denied the rule and he has now a dozen of them. There are about sixty altogether at Oxford and of them more than half are non-coll; half the rest are at Jesus and the rest scattered. Well, Mr. Arnold gets £1000, is a short unimpressive man with straight hair, kind but fussy, speaks with a stammer, and not very awful. Mr. Cheshire, his Assistant is a graduate of St. John's, Cantab, History and is a good fellow all round and a Christian - he has all the S.V.M.U. reports etc. and is kind and obliging. There is another asst. a Mr. Putnam. This is their busiest time and they do not seem overwhelmed with work. Yesterday we were sent to the India Office and I got a cheque for £50, walked to the Bank and cashed it. I am going to open an account at Brindley's Bank - recommended by Mr. Arnold - and to take out a cheque book as G.M. advised I may have more to write under this head later.

(c) Purchases etc.

George Mathai and I made out a list of necessary things. Monday we devoted to purchases and shopping. We took the bus to Oxford Circus, the great shopping centre of London from which branch out Bond Street, Oxford Street and Regent Street. These of course you have certainly heard of. We went to Hope Bros. recommended to G.M. by his Prof. Dr. Gardiner and there bought almost everything. I am glad to find that with the exception of my suit I have nothing which was an extravagance or waste of money. My suit G.M. pronounces 'won't do'. I hope Esoof will not be heart-broken: Each of my suits cost 55/-, and my overcoat 45/-.

and my shoes 14/- etcetera. Total about £20 or £25. I may want other things later on. All this is from Regent Street - let Kunju eat, her heart in envy at my grandeur! Some of the establishments here are enormous. There is Whiteley's - whose boast is that there never was a customer whom he could not provide with anything he wanted - covering a whole street almost in frontage - and Harrod's which sent out a challenge recently to any shop to prove that it was not the largest in London: still unanswered and therefore probably the largest store in London and several others - hundreds of feet long, all glass. That part of London consists simply of shops with every imaginable thing in them. Second hand leather goods are cheap and I have to get a Gladstone bag, George says. Everything is sent free to your house.

(d) Locomotion etc.

Under this head, as the clever schoolboy says, a great deal might be written but being short of time more being not clever I shall be more concise. The chief vehicles are buses, taxis, motor cars, trams, cabs, underground railways, tube. Before going to a more detailed description of this a word about the roads. I remember to have praised Naples roads but I had not then seen London. Every road here has pavements on either side and the centre is for carriages, that is paved with brick almost everywhere and in a few places simply macadamised, but whether the material of the Israelites in bondage under Pharaoh is adopted or that of the son of Adam, the result is the same, the streets are absolutely neat, it is a task to find a scrap of paper, level and flat as a pancake, no ruts at all, positively shining so that at night it reflects the street lamps like water - a miracle of perfection which it is well for their peace of mind the Calicut Councillors do not see. For instance I can well imagine the Honourable Member for the division after a course in London on prefacing every speech in the Council with the words. When I was in London - as Cato did. There is little or no dust which is a great boon indeed.

Taxis as I said are motor cars for hire. There are at least eight thousand of them in London, they wait in rows in the streets, big silent cars with a red ensign "for hire". The fare is 8d for ten minutes or a mile. From St. Pancras to Cromwell Road we paid 3/6d. They abound everywhere and make the streets a snare, to cross which safely a man requires to have eyes on four sides. It is a marvel to see how collisions are avoided - you shut your eyes expecting to open them in another world and behold you are in the other street! I am told the drivers have a very stiff exam to pass and one can well believe it.

The bus is the tram in London, the real tram which runs on rails and under wire I have seen only in one place - in Westminster - and since I have seen a good deal of London I do not hesitate to say it is rare. It goes chiefly to the suburbs, but the bus, like ether, is everywhere and in this place I may dismiss the few horse buses there still exist - prehistoric survivals of a score of years ago! The other buses are really large motor cars, no rails, driven by petrol and therefore as mobile as a car - not bound down to a route and a line as trams are, in fact the only type that can really exist in London streets. There are seats inside and outside and that reminds me, all the seats here are cushioned and comfortable, not wooden, mosquito ridden as in Madras. The outside gives a fairer view of the streets. They are driven at a furious pace and go to all sorts of places. Just as in trams you have to wait for the bus that goes to your particular place, but since there are about ten in a minute usually it does not take long to wait. The fares range from halfpenny to fourpence. There are about ten thousand buses in London or more. The bicycle one sees occasionally but it is practically extinct. All horse drawn carriages are on the highway to destruction, petrol and electricity survive.

Then come the underground. There are two kinds of underground - the underground proper and the veritable tube. For the underground proper you have only to go down twenty feet or so and sometimes it does emerge into the light of day. It does not feel stuffy nor out of the common. But the tube is a different matter altogether. You go down into a station, but your ticket, pass on to a lift and are lowered into the bowels of the earth, whence branch out two or three tunnels leading to different platforms. You choose yours and walk along. These tunnels are supplied artificially with air and you can feel the draught but even then it feels close and stuffy. The tunnels are about ten feet high and lined with glazed tiles and advertisements. Presently a train comes in, you rush in and are passed on into darkness until you come to another station and so on till the proper place comes. Then the process is reversed and you find the gladdening sun and air about you again. The underground is cheap and with the bus forms the great means of locomotion to Londoners. There are about ten companies travelling to all parts of London. The Stations are everywhere.

In some places of business such as the Bank, Oxford Circus etc. the traffic is just one continuous rush - car, bus, taxi, bus, car, taxi in unending procession, one behind the other - so that there is absolutely no chance of crossing until all at once a

policeman steps right in front of an advancing bus and everything stops at once, the people cross, and he moves away. This happens every five minutes and is a most interesting sight. Everything has reached the height of organization, and there are practically no accidents although the traffic is so heavy. The dexterity of the drivers is admirable and heroic.

(e) Buildings etc.

I cannot say that I have seen very much worth seeing from the inside but most of the sights of London I have observed from the outside. Many of the great buildings are in the city of Westminster or in the City properly so called. On Sunday morning George and I went to St. Margaret's near the Thames and as there was some time at our disposal we wandered about. I shall draw a diagram to illustrate my remarks:

The Houses of Parliament are a mighty pile and magnificent looking - on the river we walked on two sides of it and behold the outside of it was simply crowded with Coats of Arms and other heraldic and royal signs. Cromwell stood nobly steadfast, a strong suffering face, fronting the Abbey. On the other side Richard of the Lion Heart sat lance in hand on a prancing steed. In front of the house is a little green plot which is filled with statues, Peel, Palmerstone, Disraeli a characteristic thin crafty Jewish face, and others. On one side of it is St. Margaret's Church where Canon Hensley Henson usually preaches and in the same plot of ground is the Great Abbey. I must go in and see it sometime. We went into St. Margaret's and sat in one of the back benches. Till eleven the church seemed to be comparatively empty but just at eleven there was a great rush and every seat was taken up. The front seats are reserved till eleven. St. Margaret's is good for its music - and indeed an anthem which the choir rendered by itself without the shrieking accompaniment of the congregation was good. The sermon - Mr. Henson's was good also.

On the other side of the statue square stand great buildings of an antique hue which are the government offices. There exist no notices to tell what they are except letters of half an inch high on the doors. But the India Office is blazoned larger. There is a beautiful courtyard there of some finely veined stone. Past these is a small street on which there are only two buildings, the one a very mean looking house full of windows with no gable or porch but the bare brick wall and the other much finer the Privy Council. The first is the house where lives the Prime Minister and the street

is Downing Street! Beyond that are the Admiralty (I think) and the Horse Guards - some distance away. There stood all scarlet and white and gold three splendid soldiers, two on foot, one on horseback, unmoving, six foot high, a magnificent spectacle. Past all these is the Strand and other streets in which are some of the most famous of London hotels.

..... diagram

Another famous centre is the Bank. This is one of the most crowded parts of London and it is estimated that 500,000 persons and 50,000 vehicles pass it every day. I cannot vouch for the entire accuracy of the picture but it is something like that. On A stands the Royal Exchange started in Elizabeth's spacious days, I believe by Gresham of economic memory, and refounded under Victoria, a nice building. On D is mansion House unattractive, but with one or two collection boxes hung outside which should serve at once to proclaim what it is. On E are several big banks and on C the same. On C just at the corner is the head office of Smith's Union etc. where I cashed my cheque. The India Office cheque I had to cash at the Bank of London and I wandered about for some time looking at the buildings to find the Bank; but though I read of City Midland Bank and Parr's Bank and Metropolitan and Counties Bank and many other banks I could not discover the Bank of England. I had recourse to a policeman who is always a safe guide in such matters and he pointed out a building to me - I started and then he added - "that mean-looking building!". I had need to stare for while all the surrounding buildings were three and four storeys high the bank had apparently only one floor; and with characteristic and pardonable pride it alone had no flaunting notice. Every one is supposed to know where the Bank of England, the centre of England's financial activity, is. We passed in to a courtyard and discovered a gorgeous individual in red robes and a hat like a French Marshall looking like the Lord Mayor. He is a Commissionaire and sent us in. It is remarkable that in England it is so easy to cash a cheque, a matter of minutes while in India it takes hours. As we passed out we met another grandeur of the same species - the most magnificently dressed one I have ever seen, with the doubtful exception of the Horse Guards - They looked soldiers however, every inch of them, but these as befitted civilians like portly city aldermen. The bank stands on the spot I have called B.

I saw Trafalgar Square too - a lofty pillar on top of which Nelson stands - at the base are four lions on a leonine scale - the monument is visible at a great distance.

St. Paul's too I only passed by: it is in one of the most crowded parts of London - a great building - out of all proportion to surrounding edifices. This is said also of St. Peter's and perhaps is much truer of it: but it applies to London's Cathedral too. I think that such buildings as these both because they are churches and because they are large should stand in their own grounds instead of standing incongruous and high - a triton among minnows.

Yesterday evening I wandered into Hyde Park and inspected the Albert Memorial: it is no building but just an accumulation of sculptures. I shall endeavour to convey some conception of it by a figure first. There is a flight of steps on every side and then at the four corners a group of figures representing a woman sitting on an animal and others around her. Then another flight of steps and then on all four sides there is a crowd of figures of great men. There are about twenty in each side - and they are all the world's greatest men. There is Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer and Virgil and others on one side, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, Turner, Wilkie and others on another. Scott and other writers on another, and A'Court and other men of all ages and of all countries. It is rather remarkable that not one woman finds a place in all the figuring host of genius of diverse kinds. Top of this are again four groups at the four corners and in the centre, elevated, a great statue of Prince Albert sitting. This is full gilt while all the other things are in white marble. Then above his head there is a lofty superstructure, a lessening spire all carved with detail and figure. The gold is rather tarnished in some places and standing near I must confess it did seem incongruous: but when I thought of a substitute I was at fault to find one - white would have made everything too colourless.

I have not yet been to any of the shows and museums, but I intend to go before I have done with London. Next week probably I may go to stay with George at Cambridge and at the beginning of October I shall be in Oxford.

If I thus give my pen the liberty it will run away with me and now I must begin some other letters. A great many thanks to Sarah and Ammoo and Kunjinju and Kunju for their letters which at some future time I shall reply - There are no stamp shops near. Valliamachi may be informed that I get rice sometimes here.

With love,

Affectionately yours,
Kuruvilla

#8

c/o The Educational Adviser
21 Cromwell Road, S.W.

September 9th

My dear Amachi,

The Indian mails this time were rather delayed, and so I got the home letter only this morning. In it, as also is a previous letter, reference is made to your letter to Naples and Georgekutty's to Port Said. I regret to say that neither of these reached me. Very glad to hear all the news at Calicut, though often I wish the letters were longer; but of course there is little to write about. As for me I must begin with Saturday, on which nothing more remarkable occurred than a game of tennis and a partial attempt to visit the Victoria and Albert museum hard by. These buildings are so enormous that they require hours of patient walking about and consequently I hate going to museums. After half an hour of wandering in which I saw models of great buildings, most beautiful Chinese carvings on lacquer and wood, of which there were two curtains one bought for £1000 and the other for £700, and a great deal of old silver, apostle spoons etc. and having made no impression at all upon the crowded immensities of the museum I turned my back on it in disgust.

Sunday was far more interesting. In the morning at eleven Mr. Cheshire and I went to a non-conformist church in Marylebone at which a Rev. McGillie preached. His prayers were very good and the sermon delightful - on the simplicity of the gospel - which he clearly pointed out was not emptiness but rather the essential transparencies of something the inner core of which is full of mystery; and these elements are mixed up together closely always - for instance that simple and tender welcome of Matt XI come unto me all ye that labour is preceded by the statement of the mystic union of the Father and the Son and so in many cases. The music was not so good, however - but to me to whom unheard melodies are sweeter than heard melodies the appeal of the sermon more than compensated for the disappointing music. After Church we walked back through Hyde Park. As we entered it by the

Marble Arch we saw crowds inside and what do you think it was - propagandists and their pet fads. I should not classify them all thus, for there are some Christian preachers, but the majority are of the shaky sort, and they choose Sunday morning for the airing of their theories. The first we saw was a working man on socialism, most vehement against the masters and capitalism, the next a dark man whom we thought an Indian, but as his red banner proclaimed he was Joachim Brache and his creed was Humanitarian Deism, whatever that may be! He had a large audience. On the other side of H. Deist, he will soon have to invent a shorter name for his follower if there are more of his sort - was a woman with a thin piping voice whom I expected - with great joy - to be a suffragette, but her tones ought to have betrayed her - there was surely nothing militant about them - she was only an agent of some missionary society. Next her was a man whose placards pointed him out to all the world as an advocate of municipal reform - and his audience consisted of two small boys whom he eyed with a discouraged look! Last there was a man appointed by the British Medical Assocn. to expose the quackeries of patent medicines - and as we passed he was expatiating ironically on the virtues of Zam-buk.

Nothing more occurred on Sunday worthy of any note - this morning came the mail, but brought only three letters for me. In the afternoon I had an invitation to tea from Miss Richards, Elayamma's great friend. They live out in the suburb of Ealing. Train and bus took me there. Dr. and Mrs. Richards, old folk, but hale and hearty live in a set of small rooms. Miss Richards in another. They asked me a great many questions of home. Kottayam, etcetera and were very kind. Miss R. mentioned that she had heard you were to write a paper for the Diocesan Conference - and then Dr. R. asked me whether you knew English: Miss R. wanted Kunju's (Olesha) address and yours and said she would write of my coming.

The days here are becoming quite cold, which people say is very unusual for September; but this has been a wet summer. However wrapt up in flannel shirt and overcoat during day and tucked up under heavy blankets at night I feel comfortable enough.

I forgot to mention the visit I paid today to St. Pauls'. As I remember to have mentioned before is right in the middle of the City: but once you enter into it no sound of - earth is heard. It is a vast edifice, reached at by a flight of steps. Through the door you go and find yourself in the nave. On either side are small

chapels for private worship. Past them on the sides are various statues and monuments to dead heroes, mostly soldiers, sailors but among whom stood the massive figure of Samuel Johnson and underneath a long Latin legend. When you stand about halfway and look all the vastness of it bursts in upon you. Right above is a great dome and circling its base runs a gallery - the famous whispering Gallery: but I had no leisure to inspect all this. Lunch time approaching I made haste to beat a retreat. Surely it is London's first building.

10.9.1912

Today I received several letters which had been sent to Port Said etc. but which had failed to reach me. Among them was Georgekuty's but yours is still like Ulysses in its wanderings. Today, too I met Mr. Camaran Nairs' son who is studying for the law here - he questioned me about Calicut affairs and I answered him as best I could. It is homelike to meet people from the same town as yourself.

11.9.1912

Tonight I take up my weary pen again to continue this letter. I write so much that if my pen goes wrong you should replace it. But I have news for today. And that is a visit to Oxford. I should first explain the situation. As you know when I came Keble had been selected for me - but Mr. Corley wrote against it strongly and so I was tempted to look out for another, but meanwhile the Warden had asked for an interview and so I went fortified by a letter from Mr. Cheshire that I was not strongly Anglican in my sympathies. This was to have an opening to go to some other college in case I wanted to. So I went. From London to Oxford is 64 miles and the course lies through the Thames valley. At 8.50 we started and got to Oxford at 10.15. The way lay through the country, as I said, all a stretch of falling fields and meadows with interesting hedges and belts of green trees - most beautiful, and an occasional red house and here and there a town such as Reading where the factories send forth a cloud of smoke and the name of Huntley & Palmer figured large on placards and a stray single factory such Horlicks Malted Milk factory. After an hour and a quarter of this pleasant green vale all at once we burst into sight of a dim town whose many towers, domes and spires proclaimed if even to me to be Oxford. I was in great exultation. I took the tram and down we went through the High St. On either side storied buildings all tower and battlement and hoary looking homes of

ancient learning. Where a small road, St. Catharines, cuts the High St. I got down, following the directions of the conductor, and walked on. Here all was college and university buildings. As I found out afterwards on the right All Souls and Hertford, on the left the Sheldonian Theatre and other colleges. Further on I came to Wadham and then the University Museum and here on the other side was Keble, different from all the others in being of brick of a mild red colour. The other colleges are of a greyish stone or brick plastered with grey cement which in some places was peeling off. I saw the Warden, Dr. Lock, an unimpressive small old man but who had been a most distinguished classical student in his day, and we talked over things and he gave me a week to consider. He would keep rooms for me in College if I went - he was very kind and took me to see the students rooms and the dining room and library. Of course you know all Oxford colleges are built in quadrangles and the larger ones have two or three or four - thus. The lawns are most beautiful. The students rooms are two in number, a sitting room usually about the size of our office room, and a bed room about two thirds or half of that. Keble Coll. Chapel is the finest part of the building and contains the original of Holman Hunt's famous Light of the World.

Well, I came away, had a peep into Wadham where Subbarayan is to be and which is very close - and Hertford where I saw the chapel, not quite as nice as the Kottayam College Chapel but Hertford is new, and a peep into All Souls'. Then I turned another way and here lay two colleges side by side - Trinity and Balliol. Trinity has some fine lawns and a beautiful garden. Balliol is very large and I looked into bits of it. It stands in a corner and next to it is St. John's a nice building again with most beautiful gardens. Opposite Balliol is a monument erected to the memory of the three bishops burned there in the time of Bloody Mary - Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer. Then I turned away and the train took me in an hour and ten minutes to Paddington - about fifty miles or more an hour.

Herewith I am sending a book of Oxford pictures which I found in a shop there and which I hope will give you some idea of the Colleges. It is a pity but no picture is a complete view of a college, It can but show one side of the quad. If for instance to Wadham you imagine three other such sides at least you will have some idea. Most of the walls are thick overlaid with ivy and creeper. Oxford is a most charming city.

Well, I came back - meanwhile the college question was proceeding.

Mr. Cheshire wrote to several people to know their opinion of Keble some time ago. One of these was LeQuesne, an Exeter man and president of the union a few years ago and a first in classics. He said Keble was better than the non-collegiate delegacy but not better than Hertford which itself is not particularly good. The other was Malet, the new Educat Secy. an old Balliol man now on his holidays in Wales. He said his own recollections of Keble were good and he could recommend it, but two other Oxford men of recent years had told him it was not highly esteemed in Oxford. So when I came back Mr. Cheshire wrote to the tutor at Lincoln about me. Balliol and New are of course full up. St. John's, Mr. Corley's College, had distinctly said it could not take another Indian this year - it has already taken one. Then there remained Hertford and Lincoln and Christchurch which last was dismissed as far too expensive. Hertford I said I should not prefer to Keble. It is though a regular college like Balliol and others yet a new one. And small, and has not had a single first class in History from 1900 to 1910. Keble has had six or seven. Lincoln is also a small college, I think the fourth or fifth smallest, but it also has had seven first classes in Modern History. So I said we had better apply to Lincoln. If I am not admitted at Lincoln of course I go to Keble. The disadvantages of Keble are that it is so High Churchy, it is a new foundation, has no fellows, has breakfast and lunch common in hall - the advantages that Dr. Lock is nice, that it is cheap and not bad for history. However there it is. The men here have done everything possible for me. They have always acted for the best as they thought fit. I cannot blame either Mr. Arnold or Mr. Cheshire except in that they quite ignored my first letter. Mr. Cheshire is an awfully good man - himself a scholar of St. John's Cambridge, History, a young man.

The weather here is becoming decidedly cold and in the mornings one is almost bitterly cold. We sometimes have a fire to warm our cold skins at. Tomorrow I am going to Cambridge and George and I will attempt some seaside place for the rest of September. Meanwhile I must study French because if there is only one language to be learnt I must appear I think for the history scholarship exam. of Balliol and New in December. There are three scholarships and if I gain any one - as is not possible - I have a double gain ---- . I get a welcome addition to my pecuniary resources, I go to Balliol or New both crack colleges, I become a scholar and get fine rooms in college. Thus I build fantastic but fine fools paradises and castles in the romantic land of Spain.

This letter is not so long as some of the preceeding, but I have heaps to write

and besides I have verily exhausted all my news. So that I must stop after inquiring after Valliamachi and Unniachen, Cheduthy and the three young hopefuls, Sosamah the wise, all at Angurdu, Baby, Kunjunju, Kutty and Kunju, Isaac Pillay master, John Master who would go into exceeding ecstasies if he heard our Magdalen Choir, famous in all Britain, and everybody else whom I ought to remember.

Love to all,

Affectionately yours

Kuruvila

Of course Oleshalakunju must be particularly remembered.

P.S. I want a copy of my birth certificate by return of post if possible. It is often useful.

#9

Sept. 9th 1912

London

Cambridge.

14.9.1912.

My dear Georgekutty,

I came to Cambridge yesterday afternoon - it is about five miles or more nearer London than Oxford that is all; and the way is not half as pretty, more of towns and smoking chimneys. However we saw a dirigible flying alongside us part of the way. Just now they are having the Army manoeuvres near Cambridge and the King is to be lodged in Trinity College: so that the dirigible was perhaps observing the movements of the enemy. So also was an aeroplane that whizzed above when we were sitting on a lawn in the evening. However, I came to Cambridge at 12:30, was met by George Mathai and taken to his lodgings. As I came in the bus I could see the town, far smaller than Oxford. In the afternoon after lunch together we sallied out to explore the colleges. The first was I think Magdalene College. Comparatively small we went into the Hall or dining room where the students sit on benches and the head and fellows sit on a raised dais called the High Table. A few years ago Rhodes

gave £10,000 to maintain the dignity of the High Table at Oriel, Oxon. Then we went into the chapel. The hall is full of pictures of past celebrities of the college. In Magdalene, if I mistake not, was A.C. Benson's, author of *From a College Window*; and also Samuel Pepys of the diary. Then we went to Trinity College with 700 undergraduates and numbers of fellows, the largest and most famous college in the world. Through the massive great gate built in the first half of the sixteenth century and covered with coats of arms and flanked by two small towers. In through this gate one bursts into the Great Court of Trinity. It is the largest court in the world and magnificent in its proportions. In the centre is a fountain built in 1602 for which water is brought from a field a mile off by a conduit built in 1325. The great court is a sight worth seeing and in it Newton, Thackeray and Macaulay all had rooms. One side is the chapel and an antechapel in which are statues of Newton standing and Bacon, Macaulay. Whewell and Tennyson sitting, all by great sculptors such as Woolner and Thornycroft. The chapel is a great one full of painted windows and a splendid organ.

Then you go right across to the west side and come to the Hall: a great hall containing a multitude of paintings among which one noticed particularly the Duke of Gloucester as a child by Reynolds, Tennyson by Watts, and several by Lowes Dickinson and Herkomer. Then out through the western entrance into Neville's Court, a little smaller but fine enough. Next New Court where Hallam had rooms - and to it is the reference in *In Memoriam* which everybody knows.

Next we went to the back of the College. The river Cam flows along the rear of many of the Colleges in Cambridge and these have gardens and avenues and lawns there forming the famous "Backs." In a few cases the College itself is built partly on either side. The Trinity backs were glorious, all green lawn and great trees, weeping willows languid beside the bank, and avenues of limes. The Cam surprised me - it is at least at this point, the tiniest stream not a dozen yards across, but every inch of it is rich with association and history. Next along the riverside we past to John's, another of the big colleges of Cambridge. First we came to a cloister all tracery and figured ceiling. John's is a favourite college for Indian students and was also the College of Bishop Fisher, Henry Martyn and Wordsworth. Along the cloister you come to the Bridge of Sighs' spanning the river built in imitation of the famous Venetian bridge. Part of the College, the older part lies on the other side; and the walls rise on either bank sheer up from the water and multitudes of windows overlook

the scene, hence it is a very crowded place in May week. The chapel of John's is new, but of a fine size, 72 feet long and 34 feet broad and has a tower which is one of the landmarks of Cambridge being 140 feet high - few of the Colleges here have towers, in Oxford most have. This chapel too is full of stained glass and painted ceiling and I could scarcely restrain my admiration. But I must pass on. Beside the backs we walked and looked into Clare, Trinity Hall, Queens, Gonville and Caius famous for science and Lamb and walking along the King's Parade a street in front of the University Church of St. Mary's came to the gate of King's College founded by Henry VI and hence so called. In point of numbers it is not large but it has a crowd of fellows and is renowned for its chapel and for its music. The choir is famed in the three Kingdoms for its harmonies. The chapel designed by H VI and completed by H VII forms one side of the entrance court and is 290 feet long, 40 feet wide and 80 feet high. Next to the length the noble loftiness strikes the beholder without pillar or support in one great arch it rises to the top in splendid ascent. The painted windows are twenty or thirty feet high and just take your breath away: it is the finest thing in Cambridge and has a very fine organ. From the top a great view of all the country may be had.

Next we visited Emmanuel, George's College, and rather good with wide lawns and a "pond of the two swans" where extensive alterations and additions were being made, and then quite tired out returned. Cambridge Colleges are many of them beautiful and the backs are just a glory. Trinity is a College to be proud of, it is so vast and so splendid and the air of age sits well upon them. But many of them are built in brick which in Oxford is abhorred and has been used only for Keble; and none of their avenues can compare for a moment with Addison's walk in Magdalen grounds and none of their gardens can touch John's or Trinity. There you have an impartial account of the matter. But Cambridge is quieter and therefore nicer. Today we are off to Cromer a seaside place in Norfolk; where we hope to stay a week or two - not more.

Cromer, Norfolk.

16.9.1912.

This is about three hours away from Cambridge by rail, a small seaside resort with five thousand inhabitants or so and half a dozen great hotels. The rise of a seaside place in this country is meteoric and to us amusing. A railway company's

agent or a land speculator finds a dirty pond somewhere - if he discovers also a couple of small hills and a ruined cottage he is in ecstasies - and then the new health resort is boomed in the papers. All the trains forthwith advertise excursion tickets - if it is a hundred miles away the fare would be say seven shillings - the excursion return ticket would cost three and six. This is absolutely true, at least, the ticket part of the story. Cambridge to Cromer is seven and four ordinarily - on September 3 and September 17 a return ticket costs three and six. From London to Oxford is five and three; on September 26 a ticket (return/ costs four bob).

But Cromer is a nice place. It is just on the turn of Norfolk into the Wash and hence the inhabitants are proud of the fact that you can see both sunrise and sunset in the sea. The coastline is high cliff of earth - in recent years there was great erosion but now a great breakwater has been built which is also a promenade. There are some fine avenues and walks and plenty of green spreading hills: the air is cold and dry and altogether exhilarating; there is a part called "poppyland" and indeed one can see the red flower everywhere. Near here Lord Cromer was born and near here Foxwell Buxton, the ally of Wilberforce, died. There are two churches nearby, the one the parish church of Cromer with a fine tower and rather old; the tower is 160 feet high and there is a peal of six good bells. The other a couple of miles off at Overstrand is quite new but nearby stands another in ruins and built in the fifteenth century in the time of King Henry the Fourth. Holiday makers fill the beach from morning till dusk.

17.9.1912

Almost every day brings Kodai to my mind - the walks are quite like those we enjoyed there, the avenues, the woods with bracken carpeting the ground, the views and even the names are suggestive of that place. Today for instance we went into the Lion's Mouth, nothing more fearful than a beautiful road through the heart of a wood, still and sunless. When we came out of it onto a meadow the salt sea air blew strong.

Today too came the mail from India which was not very good to me this time. I am glad to hear the news both in Madras and at home. All of you seem in a common error and this is that I begin residence in September. Term begins only in October and I go to Oxford only when the Colleges open. I do not get know my

college, but of this I've written already. Yes, address all letters to care of the Educational Adviser; they will be redirected. It is interesting to hear of the Onam social - it is I hope the first approach to a more complete sympathy of interest and feeling among all sections in the Y.M.

So far to you. Then replying to the letters from Calicut. Of course my boat did not touch at Aden which we passed at night and my first letters were posted at Suez and again at Port Said. August here was certainly a very rainy month but since I came there has been little or no rain at all. The landlady says we brought fine weather with us - I hope we had the power really. She is a clever lady, substituting sweet smiles for beefsteaks and mistaking us, despite our apparel, for Jack Sprat's wife! G.M. is indignant.

Talking of Sosah's chocolate reminds me. The other day for the first time I tried a penny-in-the-slot-machine. The first attempt to force the penny down was unsuccessful but Chandrasekharan came to the rescue and fairly beat it in. We drew out the plate and behold a packet of milk chocolate: which I forthwith consumed. It was good! The letters seemed packed with bad news: I hope they won't be so always. What a sad loss is Mr. Walker's - and it is bad about George: he seems never done with fever: it is so unfortunate. Amachi's paper will have been read weeks ago and was, I've no doubt, a distinguished success.

The sea air during the voyage and then the dry cold of England has almost extinguished my nasal trouble. Since I left Calicut I have not had a day's trouble with it - and although it would be rash to say I am rid of it altogether yet practically it is so. It was a welcome surprise to me to see that change could improve it so. As a result the forceful oil is yet uncorked. I cashed my cheque days ago and therefore tore up the counterfoil among the woods of Cromer: not without regrets!

19.9.1912

Today we walked three or four miles to the Roman Encampment as it is called. The tradition runs that a certain mound and ditch and a hill is a part of the camp of a Roman detachment in these parts and the story is to be cautiously received. However I enclose some heath and heather plucked up there where the hills are purple with flowering green heather; also with raspberries which we eat. We came back

along the cliffs.

What else to write puzzles me and so I close this with love,

Affectionately yours

Kuruvila Zachariah

P.S. In my next I shall reply to Kunju for her letters which are thankfully received.

#9a

21 Cromwell Rd. S.W.

20.9.1912.

This is just to add that I am after all going to Keble College. The Lincoln men wrote to say that they regretted very much they were quite full up. Of course I could not make stock of their regrets, however plentiful they be. Then there was Merton, but Merton is not favourable to Indian students, it is not good for History, and lastly while I waited for Merton's answer Keble would be closed to me. So I decided, after more thought and mental worry than I have given perhaps to any other thing in my life, to go to Keble. Of course it is better than the Non Collegiacy. The other Govt. scholar, like a wise man and happily not misled by Raman Menon, got his professor to apply to Worcester for a place for him and got it without any reference to the Educational Adviser. My first and fatal fault was not to do the same things. Now Keble has several advantages - it is at least £40/- cheaper than any other college; I go into rooms in college at once instead of having to wait (illegible-bookworm damage) anywhere else. Dr. Lock is favourable which cannot be said of the Heads of many other Oxford Colls; the students are, at least, a more serious set; I am the first and only Indian to go there; their History, at least judging from results, is decent - and the Warden told me that one of the examiners had remarked last year that Keble men had a knack of coming off well in the schools. That I can keep in College and not look out for 'digs' (lodgings) is a great advantage. I know Mr. Corley will be awfully disappointed, but it cannot be helped. Anyway I am going - if there is only one translation paper - to try for the Brackenbury at Balliol. In 1910 there were two; in 1911 only one language compulsory. But it is a forlorn and wellnigh hopeless attempt.

One never knows what may turn up: this reflection which is not new is not with reference to the scholarship but to a quite different thing. Wandering about Cambridge I chanced upon 'the Marquis of Granby' a delightful memory and felt inclined to go in. If I had gone in I should have asked for my 'particler vanity' which is tea; not pineapple rum and sugar.

So the next letters must be addressed to Keble College, Oxford. Meanwhile till October I stay in London.

Another of my classmates in the College has turned up here, one Muthukrishnan who wants to go to Edinburgh.

Well that is all,

Yours affectionately,

K. Zachariah.

P.O. I hope you will write whenever you can. I am so happy in this land of desolation to have letters from home. After breakfast and dinner I live on them - no, my mental man and my emotional man - two rum customers - live on them. Excuse these small jokes.

#10

Address to

Merton College,
Oxford

22.IX.1912

My dear Apachen,

In last week's mail I had Amachi's letter in which my first from Suez. It was posted at Suez and not from Port Said as is supposed and as you would yourselves have found out before this. Again owing to the delay in the cable the letter imagines that I reached London only on the 2nd - instead we were here on the 31st of August. In the evening of that day I sent out my receipt for the cable to Reuter's offices - and

I am inclined to think the delay was because the next day was Sunday. Then again with regard to the contents of mine if my first was disappointing I am afraid most of the others will be too. Of course there is just how no lack of subjects but the difficulty rather is to select what will be interesting to everybody. As Amachi says I might have described the Otway more fully: but it was just forgetfulness on my part. Any attempt at description now would be both irrelevant and confused.

There is little more to say of my college. I wrote to Dr Lock asking whether I could go down to my rooms before term began so as to be away from London which grows tiresome, and to get some knowledge of and acquaintance with my surroundings in college and of the towns before the stream poured in. He replied that I could stay there any day after the 3rd - and so I shall go down to Oxford on the 4th and feel a little at home before the 13th when term regularly begins. That'll be jolly. One adv. of Keble of course if the inexpensiveness and therefore I do not think that I shall need any more money just now though I shan't have any to spare. There is no caution money to be paid as in every other - which is a great gain. I must try whether I cannot live on my scholarship. My tutor is to be Mr. Frank Morgan. New College where Mrs. Macrae's son is to be entered is a crack college - the second largest, with very fine buildings and splendid gardens, rich with numbers of fellows and scholars. Good both for scholarship and sport though in the former respect it does not yet equal Balliol, a rising reputation, but expensive.

At Keble I shall not have to buy my furniture - the college supplies it, and I only have to supplement it slightly - For instance I shall have to provide my own teacloths and towels and bedsheets and soiled linen bag and my own crockery for dispensing tea. G. M. advises me to buy crockery with the college arms, though it is a little more costly than the ordinary ware. Afternoon tea is a function here and I shall have to become a housekeeper on a small scale and keep cakes and sugar and tea. The water is boiled by putting a kettle on a stand over the coal fire in the hearth - this can be done nine months in the year.

This morning I went to the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, the Scotch Church and attended a very good service. The preacher was the Rev. I. Robertson to whom I had been given a card of introduction by the Mr. Macleroy I wrote I met on board. So I went and saw him after all was over. It was a good sermon and an impressive service, especially the reading of the portions was done wonderfully well,

interpreting the true spirit of the writers and not rushing madly and rhythmically on as in the ordinary church of England and the singing reminded me of the College chapel in Madras. I liked it immensely.

The cold here is increasing every day but I am proof of it as far as clothes can make me proof: but G. M. frightens me with tales of last winter "when the snow lay on the ground, cold and thick and even" and when he nearly suffocated himself by heaping up blankets and overcoats and even heavy books (Zoological books must needs be heavy in all senses) on his chest and keep out the ravening cold. I have hopes too: our present day historians will beat any naturalist living for dulness and heaviness - and one dose of Arthur Hassall will send any man to sleep. Hush! Arthur Hassall is one of our examiners!

I am writing this on the fifth floor of a lodging house kept by the housekeeper at 21 Cromwell Rd. When I returned from Cromer that place was quite choked with new arrivals and old and I fled hither. This quite decent and in any case I shall be here only till the 4th October. 21 Cromwell Rd. is nice to stay in just when you have come but it soon grows disgusting. In each room there are four, so any real privacy or serious study is out of the question. Then the drawing room on the ground floor is crowded like a levee from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and breakfast and dinner are like great social functions. But one meets men from all parts of India and all castes, Brahmans, Christians, Eurasians, Mahomedans sit cheek by jowl and feast on pork (what Mahomedans?) meat (what, Brahmans?) and such other delicacies cruelly forbidden in India. This evening we had a discussion - several of us - and one of them, a Bombay Brahmin, was defending his avowed intention of going back and rejoining his caste by performing purification rites. He said when he returned the alternatives were - should he please himself or his caste - of course the caste! Nice principles, but it is a hard situation for them. The vernaculars are shouted out in promiscuous confusion, and the names, they are trial, and their purposes diverse as themselves - medicine, engineering, law, "pleasure" as one said, Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, the Civil Service, the Educational, the Public Works, nothing in particular, all these have their ardent votaries.

There is one, an English M. A. of Bombay, entering Cambridge to study Anglo-Saxon, and going back to be a professor in the Fergusson College. From his talk I should conclude that he may teach AngloSaxon without serious perversion but

not modern English. However three years may do much: though it is almost as hard for the Hindu to change his loved eccentricities in pronounciation as for the Ethiopian to change his physiological covering. He can never low English undefiled, no more than the mother in laa can the daughter in laa. (This is not a note in music). There is an old follower of the Prophet who sleeps half day, talks half the rest and fills up the intervals with meals. What his business here is I have not yet discovered.

There is a question as to the value of soda - mint in the letter. I cannot say exactly: but this is true that while almost all the other Indians with one exception - and he is the brother-in-laaaaa of a doctor - were seasick at least for a day, "I never". This may be due to soda mint which in the Indian Ocean I regularly took and indeed I think largely it was so. Half a dozen of the tablets I kept for the redoubtable Bay of Biscay and just before we entered it primed myself with them on the principle so widely advocated on keyrings that prevention is better than cure. The proverb justified itself. Of course the Zamindarini was sick for a week or so: but recovered after Suez. They are both away in the country near Oxford on a visit to acquaintances. She I believe returns in December and he in next July and both re-return in October 1913 - Ulysses and Ulysseses - a prize to the first who says it right! Of course it is the feminine formed acc. to the rule in Hasfield's grammar - blight on my budding hence fullstop for today. Sufficient unto the day are eight pages of nonsense.

I had almost forgotten. On Saturday I visited the famous Zoo in Regent's Park, it is a vast affair and there was an admission fee of a shilling. We went first to see the deers - of all kinds from white reindeer to our ordinary horned stags and then the reptile room, all around the walls were snakes gigantic boas, cobras, and small snakes, rattlesnakes which made a noise when one tapped the glass, and in the middle two ponds with water and maryroves, in one alligators and in the other tortoises. Then we saw the antelopes, birds including ostriches, the pond of the walruses where they gambolled about ponderously and in which there was a penguin also walking ludicrously on two legs upright and looking for all the world like an old gentleman; and then cages after cages of bears, grizzlies with great claws, the common brown, polar bears in a strong enclosure with a pool of water and granite caves, diving birds, flamingoes, black-necked swans, cranes, geese, the apes and monkey house which had most visitors, cages of lions, jaguars, tigers and leopards, bulls and bisons most ferocious looking, and elephants and rhinoceres. But at the end

of two hours I confess I got tired and was glad to hasten home just in time for lunch.

23.IX.1912

In the afternoons today I walked over to 21 Cromwell Rd. and was requested to see Mr. Arnold. The cause of it was that a letter had come from Merton saying they would take me. Mr. Arnold told me that I could choose. I replied that every thing had been arranged at Keble, but he said they could write to Dr. Lock and arrange about that. Mr. A. plainly wanted me to go to Keble but I asked for time to decide. This was at one p.m. I thought more intensely than perhaps ever before - it was really extraordinarily hard to choose. There was Keble, good for history and inexpensive and where everything had already been arranged for me. Dr. Lock was kind. All seemed nice except the High Churchism and again the general absence of any enthusiasm for it among Oxford men whom I had come in contact with there was Mr. Corley vehemently against it and several students and ex-students whom Mr. Cheshire consulted were all with one accord not very much in favour of it.

On the other hand Merton is one of the oldest in Oxford, is not bad for history but about £20 or £30 more expensive than Keble, Chandrasekharan tells me it is a working college. It is one of the middling colleges with about 100 undergraduates. Against my going there was this fact that the head is not particularly anxious to have Indian students from the fact that the two he has now are both very undesirable specimens. That indeed is a factor to be reckoned with in almost all Oxford Colleges except Keble - because most of the Indians at Oxford are rich and therefore free to pursue a fast life.

That then was the position: and one moment I could see arguments for Keble and at another against it. Nor was there anyone to ask advice of; besides I had to give an answer in an hour or two. And this question coming after I had reluctantly indeed, but so any case quite, settled down to the idea of Keble was dreadfully trying. Indeed I have had some of my unhappiest days here, worrying myself over this problem of the College. I knew that I could not arrive at any conclusion and therefore tried to find out what I ought to do. And by four o'clock I decided to go to Merton. It has been an awful time altogether, these three weeks, always this disturbing sense of the College being undecided in moments of sleep and wakings. And at every place. But now at last it is all over. I wonder what Dr. Lock will think

of me, but they have promised to write to him; and indeed it is hardly my fault. In the last twelve years Keble has had nine firsts in History and Merton four; but the former is nearly twice the size of the latter. Lincoln would have been just the thing for me, but it is quite full up.

This evening they had a social gathering of the Indian National Association. After tea at which I met Mr. Govinden who told me that Dr. Miller had asked about me, there was a lecture on Agricultural Problems in India and the West by a Mr. Patel who has been studying them all over Western Europe the last years. It wasn't very good.

I am now in a position to give you some more information about Merton College. The Senior Tutor wrote and said that I need not go into residence till the 10th, and that if I went up for a day some time earlier I could both call upon the Warden and see my rooms. That is indeed good news for it means I shall get rooms in Coll. which I had hardly dared to hope. So I am revisiting Oxford on the 5th, Saturday. By the time the letter arrives there I shall be in residence, a blooming undergrad!

The College was founded by Walter de Merton whose tomb in Canterbury the college still keeps up and it was the first really founded college in Oxford. The tradition that University Coll. was founded by Alfred is a pure myth and Balliol statues date from 1280, I think, so that Walter de Merton is really the founder of this system of education. Similarly Merton buildings are the oldest college buildings in Oxford and date before 1300 though there are modern additions. It is one of the most beautiful colleges, say the guide books, and certainly the most interesting. The following is plans of the buildings and its relation to the rest of Oxford -

Among the famous men of Merton are Archbishops without number, the famous schoolman Duns Scotus, Bishop Jewel and Bishop Hooper martyred under Mary, and Bishop Patteson martyred in a far off land, and among politicians Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Halsbury. It is one of a group south of the famous High St. of which the other Colls. are Christ Church, Corpus Christi, Oriel and University. So far Merton - and now other things. Today I lunched with Mr. McEwan S. Lawson, the man appointed by the S.U.M. Union to look after foreign students in England. He is quite young and very nice.

Afterwards I went to see 'Shakespeare's England' as they call the great exhibition at Earl's Court. London always has several of these things on foot and this particular one has been going on for some months now. Entering in at the gate you find yourself in an Elizabethan street from which others branch and here and there such signs as "Ye Queen's Heade" "Ye olds Dutch House", et cetera. On one side is a church of some material, perhaps stucco cleverly made in the old style, and a hospital and various other buildings. In Plymouth Harbour lay Grenville's renowned 'Revenge', but as this needed another sixpence I was content with a glimpse through some inadvertent bars. Then there were two theatres, the Fortune Theatre and The Globe, a round one inside which Shakespeare's plays are daily performed in the old style and dress. Elizabethan sentries and guards moved about in quaint but rich costume. There was the Mermaid Tavern, the Athenaeum Club of the time. This was all interesting - but in reality this was only an alluring attraction for pecuniary ends. Behind the Elizabethan Country lay twentieth-century shows, a circus, moving staircases, elaborate bands, rows of fortune tellers and other sellers of other and more substantial wares. The scenery was cleverly painted on the high walls on all sides and one almost believed that beyond stretched a green land of lakes and hills. There were several whirling bridges - a car with people in it moved and rocked and ran and climbed steep hills and suddenly flew down - an exciting occupation, a waterchute and such other amusements in heaps; and people crowded to it. Of course everything means an additional expenditure, besides it is all part of the craze for excitement which prevails here. The real part of it was rather good.

The Civil Service results are just published. Five Indians are in and of them the only Madrasis I think, B. Narasinga Rau's brother, B. Rama Ran (Camb): he was not a particularly distinguished man but a very hard worker.

I was wrong in saying there are two Indians at Merton, there were but one left this term and the remaining man is a Govt. Scholar, Bajpai by name, and as I am told and exceedingly querulous person¹.

I must stop now. I hope everybody is all right. Valliamachi - For her benefit I say that I am offered rice and curry very often and mostly refuse it - oils are "forbidden" here, because you'd catch a chill instantly. For Sosah's benefit I say it is days and weeks since I tasted a chocolate. Today I gazed with hungry eyes into a penny - in-the-slot machine. That reminds me. I do not think I'll need any money

now even with Merton - because if I pay my living bills or battels weekly and my fixed charges per term in advance I need pay no caution money: and that I mean to do - because for one thing it saves me the sinking of £30 and for another I can know as the term progresses what exactly my expenses are, if I pay my bills weekly. Of course the difference with Keble will be about £20 or so yearly probably not more.

It is only four weeks since I came and not either since I left home and it seems an age -

With love,

Yours affectionately

K. Zachariah

P.S. The stamps on the outside are for Kunjunju whose paraphrases I shall sent next week. Many thanks to Kunju for hers.

Address to

#11

Merton Coll. Oxon.

63 Cathcart Road

Oct. 1st 1912

London S.W.

My dear Georgekutty,

I propose to divide the letter into sections for fuller and clearer treatment of the topics concerned. First, a few remarks on your letters. Many thanks for all of them and I got them a day earlier on Friday night: I was struck by the comparative thinness of the home letter and discovered the Retrospective explanation in a postscript by Amachi's - that Alizan had told them that only two sheets of Silver Cross would go for a penny. Now, as a person who has written a fair number of letters from England and has received not a few I claim to have a voice in the matter. Instead of two four sheets of notepaper go for a penny - this is an ounce. As a matter of fact by the same mail I had one letter with three silver cross sheets and two sheets of thick paper printed on - all for an anna; another which contained three and a half

sheets; by the last mail but two had three sheets; and instances might be indefinitely multiplied. Three sheets and a half would go sailing over the weight limit and perhaps four maybe smuggled through. In any case Aliyan is utterly at fault in the practice of post offices. The letters themselves were full of interest - especially about the medal Apachen got for which I offer my congratulations. This afternoon in Oxford Circus I saw the King and Queen in a coach and three horses with two preceeding state coaches riding along without guards and ceremony. I could not catch the faces clearly as they passed in a moment. Ever since I came here I've not been troubled at all with my sneezing which I had scarcely dared to hope for.

Of course I told you I am to go to Merton. Well, I had a College communication from the Tutor that I was expected to be there on Friday, the 11th, evening and that my rooms were No. 3 and 4 in St. Alban's Quad, the small one next the First Quad to the East side. I shall see them on Saturday. Following that the Porter wrote giving one a list of requisites as long as a funeral march. if Kunju saw it she would gasp and Kunjunu would exclaim, "what extravagance"! It includes for example such items as Breakfast service for six, Tea service for six, six tea cloths and whole heaps of bed linen and cutlery in proportion and even a kettle and carpet broom. But fortunately the rooms are furnished and I have only to pay a small rent for them.

As I wrote last time I am going to pay the fixed charges in advance and battels weekly and thus avoid paying caution money. If the fixed charge includes those for all the year and not simply this term I shall want £20 more as soon as may be; but in the next letter I could give certain information. Very probably it may be wanted and wanted soon. Of course it means that in the succeeding terms I pay only battels and thus a surplus would probably result at the end of my financial year, ie. in Oct. 1913; but meanwhile I may want money. I have on hand £80 and in Dec. I shall get £17. As near as I can make out the fixed charges for the whole year come to £60 and living charges for the term to £20 and purchases of clothes, books and crockery and linen to £20 more: totalling £100 while my assets amount to only £80 at present. Of course of the three items the recurring charges are only the second and part of the third - say £30 per term - which makes up £60 for the rest of term time till Oct. 10th 1913. Vacations cost £60 or £70 and thus we have an estimated expenditure of only £220 or £230 while exclusive of this £20 the receipts should be £80 + £17 + £150 (£50 for three terms) = £247 which means a net balance of at

least £17. I shall be much obliged, however, if you could have £20 in readiness to send me if I need it at the earliest opportunity. Though as far as i can see my total expense for this college year till Oct. 1913 will be only £230 and for succeeding years about £215 yet I daresay in reality the totals may be slightly higher while attempting every economy that is possible I shall be well advised not to take a too roseate view of the whole situation. On second thoughts I think I should like the money as soon as possible - because everything is to be paid when term begins. Having thus registered my application I go on to talk of other things. Viz - life in London since Friday last. On Saturday I did nothing, particularly since the mail for which I had walked a mile on Friday night had given me sad news from Madras. I felt it terribly for a day or two and could not turn my hand to any work. On Sunday I did many things - Mr. Cheshire took me with him to north London, Finsbury park, where we went to a Baptist Church. The preacher was a Mr. Brown, a farm labourer originally, now a preacher of extraordinary power, fervour, and reasonableness. He had built up the Church by himself, and his address on the topic - "Walk wisely toward them that are without redeeming the time" was very good. After service we went to Mr. C's uncle's house close by - my first visit to an English home. We had lunch there and Mr. Wood, his uncle, showed us various Alpine scenes he had painted: the dining room walls were covered with specimens of his skill, which was really quite creditable. Mrs. W. was not notable; but one of the two grownup daughters paints and sketches and perhaps if Kunju looked she might see some of the pictures in the G.O.P. signed Elsie Wood. We actually saw one illustration to a story: a girl talking to an old lady beside a tea table in the garden, the second makes excellent cakes of which we had abundant evidence at teatime. There was a grandmother of eighty in the background - as is unavoidable in the case of very old persons, and a girl of ten or twelve busy with a book all the time. I had a nice time there and they were all very kind. On the strength of the age of our church I gained some prestige which you may be certain I made the most of. In the evening we returned after a happy Sunday. The first one that felt like the real thing at home or in Madras since I left India.

This, I am afraid, finishes my adventures for the time being and heavy sleep attacks my drooping eyes - I ought to mention that if the How of How & Leigh's R. History is W.W. How then he is the senior tutor of Merton Coll. Of course Wells is at Wadham and Warde Fowler somewhere else in Oxford and also Hassal, our scourge, is at Christchurch.

October 2nd

Weather

The weather is steadily deteriorating. Not only is it slowly but surely getting colder every day, but it has begun an ugly habit of raining - Il pleut. But it does not rain like a gentleman as it does in monsoony Malabar. It only drizzles enough to annoy you and make you arm yourself with the impenetrability of an overcoat. Autumn, as everyone knows, has begun; and already the leaves are reddening to their fall - I passed a tree the other day which was only a bundle of twigs. The colour of dying foliages is very pretty and makes autumn a very beautiful season. Little garçons are practising with roller skates on deserted pavements: to the great danger of isolated old gentleman unconsciously promenading. Some weeks ago Punch had pictured this. Kunjunju may like to hear that the West fashion is low waistcoats and coats with very round corners. All my suits are thus cut - and the 'tunnel' trousers are not to be seen at all. Let Calicut gents follow the lead. This afternoon I met Subbarayan who with his wife are come at last to London. he said he had been sight seeing all the time, Stratford on Avon, Tewkesbury and other places and had now come to do London.

Unfortunately for him and for me the great Picture Galleries are closed in October so I shall have to wait till December for my chance again. He said he had seen his rooms in Wadham, which is a small Coll. with only one quad, he has three rooms, it appears, having luckily been given one of the best and perhaps costliest sets. Before him they had been inhabited by Mr. Campbell, Capt. of the cricket eleven of the University and some years ago by Mr. F. E. Smith, the fighting conservative.

The days are drawing in, and at six it is almost perfectly dark. The sun is invisible and instead a misty greyness reigns.

REPLY TO HOME LETTER

I have no patience with Christian Commissions and their reports - my own opinion which I venture forth timidly and with hesitation but also with a certain amount of conviction is that there needs to be a thorough revolution in our society before anything really worth doing can be done. These unprogressive notions result from an unenlightened view of the world and life. I am much obliged to the Chaplain for his kind enquiries, but I must say that I cannot be expected to write to him, at

least this year. My labours in this direction are as things stand extensive; and sometimes I even fear whether, like a certain Dr. Charlett, Master of University Coll. who had 2,000 correspondents and spent all his income as Master (Before the days of the penny postage) on his letters and died insolvent, I may not have to spend £100 a year on stamps. Very glad to hear Mr. Chandran is better and that the Y.M.C.A. building is nearing completion. Of it not even the most fantastic follower of Grimm can say that a genie built it in a sudden night.

You must have heard long ago that five Indians have passed the C.S. one of them is Benegal Rama Rau, brother of Narsinga Rau I.C.S. and from Cambridge (Maths and Stinks): three are History men and all are from Cambridge. But the places of two of the five are uncertain yet.

This week has been a barren one. There are of course events, enough here exciting to the Londoner. A bus runs over a man or an actress is shot in a taxi or two men rob a West End hotel in broad daylight, but these would not be worth recording. I hope to have something more to write next time when I have visited Oxford. I am going to become a life member of the Union by paying £10 down, the terminal sub. otherwise is 25/- and that for three years would come to £11 or so, so that the former course is really cheaper. Of course, one can attend the debates but more than that there are palatial Union buildings where you can have cheap meals, you can send letters and messages free, you may use the Union notepaper to write on and if you put the letters into the box there they will affix a penny stamp to each! In these ways I hope to save 10/- a term at least so that joining the Union is not unprofitable.

There are plenty of bananas here - usually seven for sixpence. Of course apples and pears abound. Of flowers just now I see chrysanthemums most, and those glorious blooms in all colours - violet, white, cream, yellow, red, and others. I always feel like buying them.

The mails are, says the Times, due tonight and so I shall walk over to Cromwell Road after dinner. I hope I shall have heaps to hitherto I have been always rather disappointed.

I had a letter from Mr. Hill the other day asking for my address and yesterday I had a card - could I go to tea near Charing Cross at 4'oclock on Saturday -

Unfortunately on Saturday I am to go to Oxford and probably shall not be back in time for tea.

Varsity fashions are broad brogue shoes, gorgeous cloxed stockings, wide rather than narrow trousers, low waistcoats, quite round edged coats, very low collars if stiff, if soft (& that is more in vogue) taffeta Shakespeare style, pinned together below the knot with a pin, top button of coat fastened and the rest open. Isn't this very different from our 'bloods' of Madras & Calicut. I expect I shall be considered a guy when I return

With love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah.

P.S. I shall certainly write to Kunjunju and Kunju by next mail. I do hope they won't be disappointed.

#12

Address:

Merton Coll. Oxon

63 Cathcart Rd.

London, S.W.

Oct. 6th, 1912

My dear Apachen,

The letter from home. The mail, as it happened, came in late on Friday and so was distributed only on Saturday morning. I got it therefore only in the afternoon when I returned from Oxford. Many thanks to Sosamah for hers: when I learn more languages I may be able to decipher it or shall I hand it once to some of our famous philologists to find out the meaning of; it would pose them, surely.

Since last week the weather has changed for the worse. There was slight rain for two or three days and then - unpleasant alteration - fogs have settled in. Every morning when we get up we find the streets filled with fog or rather do not find them

at all. The houses across are of a sudden, invisible. The sky is one dirty grey - and the sun, shorn of its beams, is dim and red as in the Ancient Mariner. But, worse, we cannot stay the bird that brings the fog and mist. Yesterday morning when I went to Oxford we found the fog sitting on the land till the train was some miles away - and then beyond it was clear as summer, and in Oxford itself the sun was shining gloriously and bravely. It is curious to walk about in a fog - of course the black fog, like the Black Death, is the worst of its kind and I've not seen it yet - a man cannot see his hand in a black fog: but in this mild variety almost all traffic stops except the crowded buses. On the pavements dimly outlined are seen occasional pedestrians - and the street opens up like a veil when you go along.

I suppose I have made you anxious to hear of Oxford by this dissertation on fogs. Well, to Oxford I went - even in the fog - by the 8:48 from Paddington. A hundred and fifty trains approximately leave Pad'n every day and about as many come in; and Pad'n is not the biggest of London stations by long chalks. The glass pane was dim with moisture and I had therefore to content myself with the internal scenery which consisted of three ladies and a baby - esp. since I had only one handkerchief which of course I could not soil. Oxford was reached at 10:15 and I walked to the college. I easily found Merton Street and walking along soon came to Merton Coll. Entering I was received by the Porter who showed me my rooms. They are at the farthest end of St. Alban's quad, the N.E. corner. The sitting room is of a fair size, as large or larger than our old drawing room and has three windows, two opening on the street and one looking out over Merton Gardens. The bedroom is small and has one window. I was very pleased with them and with the furniture - deep cushioned chairs and upholstered sofa and cupboard and everything else that is necessary. My predecessor had not yet removed his things, so the walls were covered with photos and the sides with books - he is evidently a classics or Greats man. Details of everything I must reserve till I've settled down. Coming away I met Mundy, my servant, who gave me the measurements of my table cloths etc.

Then I had to see the Tutors. First, I went to Mr. How's, close by but he was not at home. Then I saw Mr. Fyfe, who is the bursar or what corresponds to it, in college - his rooms are very close to mine. He is a young man comparatively and was kind. He told me my tutor's name, Arthur Johnson, fellow of All Souls' and Lecturer at Merton, and advised me to call on him. I called accordingly but he had not yet returned.

It was now about 11:30. I next went to pay my respects as the Indian phrase runs to the Warden, Mr. Bowman. The Warden's lodgings are just opposite, but I was asked to call again at 5 to 1 p.m. To fill up the interval I first made calls on all the Oxford men to whom I had introductions. Mr. Campbell of Hertford was not yet come. I was told at Hertford Coll; then I went to Balliol but Mr. Talbot was not in town too: then to Jesus' when Mr. Genner was reported to be in Coll. but I could not find him. So I returned not having seen one of them, but having looked into All Souls' Coll Chapel which is fine. There was still ten minutes and so I went into Merton Chapel, which is not very large but of a fair size. In the antechapel is a bust in relief of Bp. Patteson the martyr: and the floor was paved with ancient gravestones of various form and legend. The painted windows were not bad, but there was no time for careful inspection. I hurried to the Wardens' and found a middle aged man in a dark room. He asked me some formal questions and I came away after an interview not lasting five minutes. I had been told he was not a particularly sociable man and certainly he does look a recluse. But I shall have little to do with him. Mr. Johnson, the tutor, is I believe, rather an old man but he appears to be quite good.

Especially during vacation tourists and sightseers flood these Colls. Not one into which I went was free from the tribe, and of course, there are all sorts of jokes played at their expense. I saw picture post card to the credit of the indefatigable American visitor. One was a lady or a maid with a camera bursting into an undergrad's room and "Excuse me, young man, but I thought nobody lived in these ruins!" Another, a mother accosting the tram conductor in the High Street "Does this take you to the famous Oxford University?" Daughter, "Never mind mother, we have only an hour to start off to Stratford." And so on. They flood the peaceful towns, especially during summer term, and the long vacation. I returned by the 1:55 which brought me back to town at 3:10 p.m. on the 11th. I shall go finally into residence.

7th October

Yesterday morning I went to St. Luke's, the parish Church of Redcliffe Square where I live. It is a fair-sized church and the sermon was good too. From the allegory of a pipe organ, which it would appear is being constructed for the church, the preacher drew the picture of a universe based on harmony as its final foundation and its highest achievement. In the evening I went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hill near Euston. It was a thick fog, but at last I found out Tavistock Square where they were.

Mr. Hill looks as well as or better than he ever looked in India, but poor Mrs. Hill looks worn out and frail. They are leaving today for California. The place where they were is, I infer, a sort of meeting place of Theosophists, for I met two men, one of whom asked me whether I was a vegetarian and expatiated on the wisdom of the Vedas and the other imagined whether I had met Krishnamurthy in India! On the mantelpiece were Krishnamurthy himself and his discoverer Mrs. Besant. We had tea and then I returned. Mrs. H. sends you Amachi her love and says she would have written if they had not been so busy. Mr. Hill talks in the same old fashion and looks the old person. Mrs. H. asked about everyone from Georgekutty to Sosamah.

This morning and afternoon I spent in shopping! The method is simple but effective. I prepared an exhaustive list, replenished my purse, and issued forth bent on adventure. It was not a difficult task to find my way to one of the big stores where they sell everything, from lace to hardware and fluttering silks to fresh fish. This is an actual fact. Arrived at John Barker's in Kensington High Street I pushed my way in through crowds of ambient ladies gazing at the draperies in the glass windows: The department I burst into was jewelry. Thence they directed me to the linen department and I produced my list comfortably perched on a high chair. After extensive purchases there I was given a form with the names of all the departments and with a certain number in that of the linen department next across the way I went into the crockery, and then into the cutlery departments. At each of these places they filled in a number, and I left the card with the last attendant. The goods, all packed together, will arrive on the 11th of October at Merton College. That is shopping made easy. It would seem from the number of ladies bent in business and from their absorption in the engrossing task of handling ribbons and necklaces that if only the number of shops were multiplied the suffrage movement would collapse! This suggestion is, I believe, original.

Herewith I enclose a "short summary of the speeches in Hell" (this is not spiritalism only 'Paradise Lost') which Kunjunju wrote for and also a packet of stamps for which I had urgent commissions from the same undergraduate.

Wednesday - 9th

Just, now I am busy packing up my things. The mail comes on Friday night, but, bad luck, I have to go away on Friday afternoon. Is it not a strange coincidence

that both the philologists, Sweet of Oxford and Skeat of Cambridge, died within a few weeks of each other. I know a man who selected Cambridge to study Eng. language just because Skeat was there. Thus does our proposal come to nothing. "The Wordly Hopes Men get their hearts upon, Turns Ashes or it prospers and anon, Like snow upon the Desert's dusty face, Lighting a little hour or two is gone"! sings the translated Omar Khayyam.

As all the world knows, the Prince of Wales is going this term into residence at Magdalen Coll. He is to keep in Coll. and have a free and jolly life like other undergrads, to attend the usual lectures and to join in the common sports. King Edward when he joined Christchurch lived in a house and for lectures "Goldwin Smith, the Prof. of History, with three or four chosen undergraduates, waited on the Prince at his lodgings and gave him special lectures" as the Times quaintly says. The Prince is to study History and kindred subjects and modern languages. One of the tutors at Christchurch, mindful of the fact that King Edward was there and not unnaturally piqued at this preference of Magdalen, is said to have remarked "Well, at Magdalen he will meet all classes of men and doubtless that is what a Prince in a democratic country should", implying of course, that Christchurch was more select

My purchases came to a good round sum, about £7, but that could not be helped. I bought crockery of the puse fluted white pattern instead of the more elaborate and expensive sets with the college arms. I had to buy five tea cloths and three large table cloths besides bedroom linen. I have still to buy a kettle and one or two other things. How costly things are in this country to be sure.

I am afraid this is a dull and short letter, but there seem to be so few things to write about. Next week of course there will be much more of interest. I am sorry I shan't get the mail tomorrow but certainly heartily glad to get away from noisy, smoke-crowned, street-bound London. I am pining for a lighting sea and sands and a breath of sweet country air and a glimpse of meadows and gold leaved trees.

Of the five Indian students who took their Civil Service the 25th is a graduate in both Natural Science and Economics, the 27th Natural Science and Maths, the 35th a second class in History. The next again a first in Maths and the last a third in History - all from Cambridge. The very first in a scholar of Hertford, Oxford. But the most brilliant men invariably stay in Colleges as fellows and tutors and it is only

the second best that go to the civil service. For example, David Ogg, scholar of Lincoln, who got the Stanhope, Lothian and English Essay prizes, the first in Mod. History this year, has just been elected a fellow of New College; and examples might be indefinitely multiplied. There is good reason to believe that more and more the best men are not being attracted to the Civil Services: the very number of successful Indians this year - none of them very brilliant but several good - proves it and other facts prove it too.

There is a society at 21 Cromwell Rd. called the Northbrook - rather a club. The Secretary is L. Cranmer - Byng, a gentleman of property and a J.P., I believe. He is a descendant of Bp. Latimer, Archbp. Cranmer and Admiral Byng. of these the first were burned of bloody Mary and the last shot by courtmartial for failing to relieve Minorca in the seven year's war. Luck for Mr. Byng that he lives in civilized times!

Well, to-morrow into the new world I plunge. I am imagining a golden land, sunlit and glorious, rose scented, violet strewn, full of magic possibilities, and adventures at the streets turn, where armed knights ride abroad, valiant and chivalrous, and life flows as a river; but more probably it will be a drab world of black gowns and severe tutors - Israel in Egypt, not in the land flowing with mild and honey. Beulah!

My best regards to everyone at Calicut, particularly to those who are kind enough to enquire: and Baby, Kunjoonju, all at Unniachan's and at Angevidu.

Of course this letter will be sent to Georgekutty and I would ask him particularly to remember me to John achan, Chackochen, Mariakunju, all at Chintadripet, and also T. I. Poonen, A.M. Varki, A. A. Paul, Gee, Kochu, Ittycheria. The firstnamed may be interested to hear that Subba Reddy has been doing extremely well here in the law exams and is esteemed a genius - he has won every prize and scholarship almost that could be had. And please tell Ernie and Percy from me that I send my best regards and shall be awfully pleased to hear from them.

The following is a list of men in Oxford I shall be meeting soon or know already:

1.*	Fyfe	Merton	Fellow
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2.	Johnson	All Souls	do.
3.	?Genner	?Jesus	do.
4.	Campbell	Hertford	Chaplain
5.	Brook	Merton	Fellow
6.	Talbot	Balliol	do.
7.*	Naish	Corpers	Scholar
8.	Whitcomb	Wadham	Rhodes Scholar
9.	Hargreaves	Wadham	Wesleyan Minister
10.	Sidney	St. Johns	Fellow
11.*	P.R.Chari	Non-Coll.	Student
12.*	Crowther	Johns	do.
13.	Bajpai	Merton	do. Govt Scholar
14.*	Subbarayan	Wadham	do
15.*	Halleron	Worcester	do.

* = those already known.

I have succeeded in covering this page too!!!

With love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah

Merton College.

Oxford

#13 Extracts from a Diary.

Friday, Oct. 11th

I set out from Paddington, arriving there in a taxi with my luggage, clearing off from 21 Cromwell Road, bag and baggage, and not leaving a trace of myself there. After half an hour of waiting the train, a very long one and crowded, largely with undergrads, left the station at 1:45 p.m. As usual the fog was on London, but as we drew away it cleared and the prospect outside was pleasing - everything green with the greenness that just precedes the ruddy tints of autumn. At 3:3 we steamed

into Oxford and after some waiting I got off in a cab: needless to say the cabman cheated me into paying a needlessly heavy fare, and I had not consulted the farelist. However, shorn of any cash, I arrived at Merton gates and had my luggage taken up into my rooms. Many men had not come in yet and the courts were still and restful. But by 7.30 when it was time for dinner in Hall all the freshers had come, about thirty of them. I instantly traded in a gown & cap to make my appearance properly. The gown of the commoner is a ridiculous survival sleeveless, reaching hardly as far as the coat, and it is found in all states of preservation. Today at lectures I discovered one young gentleman elegantly disporting one, the back of which was slit into a dozen long ribbons. The point is to have a black piece of cloth hanging from your neck. The scholars' gown is longer and sleeved. Besides on Sundays in chapel they wear surplices while we happy mortals don't. Furthermore at weekday chapels they have to read the lesson in turn, but I am anticipating. At dinner we all sat in four rows or six on benches and the head and fellows on the dais, the high table. I sat opposite a cavalier on the walls in robe and flowing wig. Dinner was decent and we have to 'keep hall' at least four times a week, every time we take our names off a dinner we are excused eighteen pence, so that it is economy to dine only four times in hall. Well, that day I did feel lonely with not a soul to talk to but by Sunday that wore off. On Sunday morning of course we all hurried to chapel at eight. We have to keep forty chapels in a term, which means that if you attend every day and twice on Sundays for five weeks the next three weeks you can sleep in bed till breakfast time. As a matter of fact there were only about twenty fellows there, the rest were still in the land of slumbers. After chapel I had a quiet breakfast and then at eleven went with another man to - but strange lapse of memory! I forgot Saturday altogether. Saturday morning of course there was chapel and breakfast and lunch and then walked the streets for some time. In the morning we saw the Senior Tutor, Mr. How, a round faced rather stout, quiet gray-haired old gentleman, halting in one leg, who walks in the gardens with an ugly dog beside him. He referred me to my tutor, A.H. Johnson, fellow of All Souls. I visited him but he asked me to call again at 5.15, so till 5.15 I waited and then made my way in. I was asked to go to four lectures, Haverfield on Roman Britain, Barker of Balliol on English History, Leys of University on the Tudors & old Johnson himself on Maines Ancient law - altogether about eight hours a week. Johnson was a good man but I am afraid he is getting too old and slack to be a tutor now - he should be over sixty. Of course, I shall go to all his lectures but I shall go to some more, for example Fisher on Economics. For one thing I lust for work & for another it is always good to be ahead of the tutors.

Barker, they say, is a brilliant lecturer. Johnson then asked me whether I knew French - I said a very little. Well, come on Monday morning at 9.30 & I shall give you a paper to see how little you know. If I had denied all knowledge outright, which would not have been far from the truth, I had been spared this botheration.

On Saturday evening Subbarayan came in & we had a long talk till nine when he went away; we mean to meet every day if possible.

Well, thus at last I come to Sunday and to the meeting where I left off so abruptly. In London I was introduced to a man, Nash, a scholar of Corpus Christi. Corpus being next us he looked in on Saturday night and invited me to go the a Quakers' meeting with him - & so I went. There were about a score of people present & everyone sat quiet praying silencing or meditating, until someone felt like praying aloud or speaking a few words.

It was very strange and I can well understand how it may occasionally degenerate into an uncaring and valueless function; but we cannot help sympathising with the mysticity of it, the feeling of the nearness of God and of the working of His Spirit in man. The pity is that unless persons are of a very fine character and abilities the words spoken, if any, tend, I think, to be trifling or truisitic. It indeed largely destroys the imminent danger of formality which always attends a fixed proceure, but it loses all or most of the beauty of an exalted because fully thought out prayers and sermon. However, I gained great credit with several to whom I was introduced on the ground of being of such an ancient Church, you may be sure I am not letting St. Thomas lie in oblivion. After this it was too late to go to the Christian Union meeting at one and so I came home & sat quiet till 5.45 when we had evening service in chapel. For this we had some hymns and chants, but they were, if I am any judge of such matters, villainously rendered. Of course it is all a young men's choir and the voices back all sweetness and harmony. However the service was interesting. Then there was dinner at seven and at 8.30 there was the freshmens' sermon by Rev. A. Lillingston in the University Church of St. Marys, but fearing that would keep me too late I did not go. And as I sat in my room reading Harold Begbie's Broken Earthenware when there was a knock & in came a man who invited me to coffee. Of course, I went & talked till ten. His name is Harold Graham and he passed out 13th in the Civil Service exam. He is a Geats man and is now having his year of probation at Merton - where he had been a scholar the last four years. He is a nice fellow, but

his handwriting is anything but nice and indeed he lost 130 marks for it, otherwise he would have been 11th. The Greats men can take Eng. Compn., Latin and Gk, Political Science, Roman and Gk. history, Logic and Psychology, Ethics and Metaphysics, for all these except the first are parts of their regular university course. The first man was a scholar of Hertford, Brett and he got 3705 marks out of 6000, thus 235/500, E. Compn, 210/400 GK. Translation, 110/200 Gk. Prose, 98/300 Gk. Literature, 255/400 latin Trans, 86/200 Lat. Prose, 179/300 Lat. Literature, 366/600 Eng. Literature, 383/500 Gk. History, 438/500 Roman History, 254/400 Eng. History I, 398/600 Logic & Psychology, 369/600 Ethics etc, 354/500 Political Science. My man had the highest in Eng. Compn. - 392/500, he wants to go to India but does not yet know to which province. The first man Brett too is going out to India, strangely enough.

After ten I went & called on Hayes, another man who had left his card on me. He was discussing boat matters with a German called Schwartz, being Capt. of the Merton boat & really a very nice man - a tall giant reading for greats. However I could not stay long there and left with an invitation to call again. I was twelve when I went to bed with the echo of many bells in my ears. There is another German man this year at Merton - who talks with the characteristic accent. I know two other men slightly, one from South Africa and the other from Glasgow, so that you see I am getting on though very slowly.

Monday 14th

In the morning after chapel and breakfast I went to Mr. Johnson & he gave me two Fr. pieces to translate - unseens. They were not very difficult in spite of my small knowledge of French and if I had had a larger vocabulary I might have done them satisfactorily. As it was from my ignorance of the meaning of many of the words my translation was interspersed with many French words, like a plum pudding. Then I went to my first lecture, on the Tudors by Mr. Leys of Univ. It was to be in a room in Univ. called the Shelley lecture room after the poet who was a member of that coll. but whom the authorities expelled for a pamphlet & whom now they are fair to glorify & take credit for as one of Oxford's small circle of poets. As it turned out the number of men who in the first flush of a freshman's enthusiasm - soon to pass away - came to hear was so large that we removed to another room, but even that proved insufficient and so the lecture was postponed. In the afternoon, like Micawber whom I humbly imitate in my letter writing, I waited for something to turn

up and as nothing did, after dinner, I turned in.

Tuesday - 15th

This morning I went to Johnson and he returned the French paper, said it would do if only I read some French every day to get up a vocabulary. I was agreeably surprised at my own linguistic power. Then I went to hear Barker of Balliol on Eng. Hist. That was to be in his coll. but when I went there I was told it was at Christchurch & so I ran thither to be in time. In I went for the first time into the great court of Christchurch & then into the Hall, packed with paintings of its great sons. It was a great hall & the finest I have yet seen. The place of honour was assigned to that merry monarch, Henry VIII. who took the credit for what poor Wolsey began and the Cardinal has to be content with the next place. Some of the pictures are of great merit & half of them are of white robed, mild looking Bishops. Soon men began to pour in like locusts on Egypt and the hall was quite crowded, there were some thirty ladies alone, including a couple of Nuns. Barker himself is an undistinguished looking man of say 35 or 40 with falling moustaches and a thin pale face, but the lecture was brilliant. It was on the influence of geography on Eng. history - and all Oxford lecturers are very slow and deliberate so that everything may be taken down - and almost all the men do take down the lecture - which usually lasts 50 minutes. After that I lounged about till 12 when I had a lecture of Ancient Law by Johnson at the Students' Delegacy. There were about forty men present & again a Nun, sole representative of her class, but the lecture was, if I may judge, not very clear or connected. I am afraid few of the men quite understood all he said but to me it was almost entirely old ground. In Christchurch hall where we sat down to an intellectual feast I took three pages of notes, here half a page, but Johnson may improve.

At one I went into the Bodleian, produced a form in which my tutor recommended me for membership & signed a declaration that I would not injure the books nor let off fireworks in the library or, as the declaration put it, would be "silent & studious". Then I went to the Radcliffe Camera, a round building next the Bodleian and there did the same. The Camera is a section of the Bodleian containing the modern books and a select library for students. One may take out any number of books to read at the nicely fitted up tables in the library but no book may be taken home. I read for a couple of hours and took some notes for an essay the tutor had

given me to do and then came home to tea, after that walked about a bit and then had dinner and then wrote this part of the letter. I find I have been given one of the most costly rooms in the whole college. When I made my estimate I struck an average, but this means about £3 more per term or about £9 more a year. It's such a pity. At the earliest chance which will probably be next October I shall move into less expensive ones - but I do not think, if the £20 is sent, I shall want any more money for some considerable time yet. Everything is so expensive here, but since I cannot go into any games this term that at least is a saving. The boat does not want me and I cannot risk my life playing rugby and soccer with the athletic Sandows here; but I shall have long walks as soon as I am fairly settled down.

I make my own tea - and the first day created yellow water! But I am improving and today's tea was quite drinkable. From the Coll. store is we can get things fairly cheaply, so that to have a decent tea is not very difficult. To make hot water one has only to put the kettle on the trivet on the fire which is always kept burning and near which I now sit writing this precious homeletter, warm and comfortable. There are two electric lights in this room and one in the next. The bookshelf is full of my books, not very full either for I have only a few here. Both sides of it are cupboards crammed with my stores and crockery. In the middle is a dining table and on the opposite side to the shelf a writing table. At the end near the hearth are two easy chairs, great cushioned ones and a teapoy. There is also a sofa beside the dining table and a reading chair and four other small chairs. This completes the inventory of the furniture. The room itself is a little more than 18' x 11'. Since I have no tape I had to measure it by stretching myself on the carpet with my feet on the wall! If anyone had come in! I hear Kunju say in alarm and vexation for me - I would have jumped up before they entered.

So now you have some idea of how I live. Further particulars supplied on application, free. Enclose penny stamp to cover postage only.

For the December vacation two months hence I am wondering whether I shall go to Cornwall which everyone says is a beautiful place and where one may easily find quiet places which I want for a quiet happy time in the open air and some small exercise with my books. Perhaps Subbarayan and I may go together.

Wed. 16th.

Lecture at twelve by Leys of Univ. which was quite good. One thing about these men is their grasp of fact & detail & their conscientiousness. They rarely give secondhand information and their theories are all the very latest. Of course they can get hold of them living in Oxford as they do. In the afternoon I had tea with Mr. Rajagopalachari's son, Raghava Chari (non coll.) who is studying science here - quite a decent man, and we went for a long walk by the upper river where it is quiet and the scenery was charming, hills in the backgrounds the Cotswolds, a line of trees by the riverside just beginning to shed and green fields beyond to a belt of trees). At night it rained. I looked into the Union buildings which are very grand. The present President, Woodhouse of Lincoln, is a man who failed in his exams.

THURSDAY, 17TH

A man named Sugden, a fresher, asked me to breakfast and then I had to hurry off to lectures by Barker. At twelve the Merton freshmen were matriculated. We all wore black suits and shoes and white ties by statute and came to the Divinity School, a very nice building. There sat the Vice-Chancellor, Heberden of B.N. Coll. We all signed our names in a fat register and stood before him and were each given a copy of the Statutes and decrees of the University and heard him say something in Latin which was of course all Greek to me - not a pun. That finished the business and now I am a full blown member of Oxford University. In the afternoon a fresher called Gray, from Glasgow, a very good fellow, came in to tea. For the first time I made decent tea too. He is a Quaker and is really a good sort. Then I sat working at my paper which I have to do for Johnson for next week till dinner time. After dinner another man called me to coffee in his rooms - it was good of him - a second year and we and another sat and talked till ten when I came down in a hurry to finished up my mails for tomorrow. In the evening, I should say I called on McLeod Campbell, Chaplain of Hertford Coll. to whom Mr. Henderson had given me a letter. He asked me to a tea party on Saturday evening. He is much interested in India & Indians and is one of the best men in that way here - to show kindness & give all sorts of help. Together we went to see Subbarayan but he was out, perhaps rowing. For with his thirteen stone, it might seem a paradox, but true, he has sailed into the boat - at least into being tried for some time. My report (...illegible...) millstone round my neck!

And now I must stop. Much love to all at home. I ate two chocolates today -

this for Sosah. How was the Parent's Day? And how did Kenui fare in his exams and did Kunjunju get the stamps I sent last time. It strikes - eleven! Oh!

Yours ever affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah

Oxford

#14 Oct. 20. 1912

My dear Georgekutty,

Many thanks for yours which came yesterday along with the homeletter and for the account of the Camp which, short tho' it was, almost satisfied me because it was so cheering and hopeful; and for the news of the after meetings that have been held. It was one of my sorrows in leaving Madras tht I should miss this year's camp: but it is so gladdening to find it has been so good and so full of promise of blessing.

I suppose I must begin with Friday. On Friday evening I had tea with a man called Rischbieth, who is taking Greats next year and is in the running for a first. They have some good classics & philosophy professors here. Schiller, the cognician, is next door at Corpus Christi, F. H. Bradley, the great opponent of Green is a fellow of Merton - but he is not in residence having buried himself somewhere down in the south of France. He published a great book but dissatisfied with it himself refused to reissue it and so it is very rare & a copy is prized by the greats man who possesses one. Joachim, the tutor, is also good. Greats is more philosophy than classics, really and so Corley should know a good deal of philosophy. On Saturday morning I went to lectures and in the afternoon walked again to the upper river. Returning I had tea with Naish, scholar of C.C.C. (Corpus) he is a very nice man, a good Christian, and intends to try for the Civil - probably he will get in easily enough and I shall be glad if he does, for he is the sort of man we want. He said he'd write to friends in the country to ask me for the vac. so do not be surprised if I go into Somerset in December for a week or two. We had long discussions about Indian students in India & England - and he is of opinion that it would really be better for both countries if

many of these who now come over stayed at home, for so many of them gain so little & lose so much. I could go far with him in that opinion. Some of them go actually to the bad, more are discontented, desolate, bitter with all the world, drifted from their old moorings and out on the wide sea with no port in sight and no compass to guide.

After dinner I went to Hertford to Mr. Macleod Campbell's party or at home or whatever you call it, which consisted of half a dozen or seven men, half English & half Indian - three men from Magdalen and the three of us, myself, Subbarayan and Raman Menon. One of the men from Magdalen is cox of their boat and another has done History and is doing Greats now - all apparently decent fellows. Campbell himself is the nicest man in the world and awfully kind & considerate. I returned about 9.30- thus incurring a gate fine of a penny. The gates are shut at 9, from 9 to 11 is a penny, from 11 to 12 a shilling and after twelve serious penalties, eventually sending down. To be out to 11 is common and often inevitable - the University service at St. Marys for instance ends about half past nine, so that the restriction is rather ridiculous. This morning I went to chapel at a quarter to nine and after breakfast visited Subbarayan. At eleven he went to Mansfield Coll. chapel and I called on Mr. Genner of Jesus, a great classics man, but he was out & I left my card with Corley's name on it, he had introduced me. At a quarter to one I went to the Christian Union meeting - it was simply a prayer meeting & Alex. Fraser of Kandy talked for five minutes on the need of private devotion and communion if we are to speak with authority as Jesus did. About fifty men were present & there one does get to know them more easily.

Fraser himself asked me where I came from and said he knew Hogg very well. Campbell was there and so was Mr. Talbot, Balliol who has asked me to tea on Tuesday. After evening chapel at 5:35 when we had some decent singing, especially the first chant of the evening service 'Blessed be the Lord etc.' which was sung to a beautiful tune. I've never heard in India, like an anthem, a German Schwartz who is in the Merton boat asked me to breakfast next Thursday. And then here I am writing this letter.

Mr. Campbell told me the other day that Raju was coming and I was astonished. New Coll. is a swell College and one of the best for scholarship too -with a fine chapel and wonderful gardens in which there is a part of the old wall of

Oxford. The weather is changing and it rains a little. Oxford they say is very damp and now for exercise I have determined to do walking and sculling on the upper river. A boat can be hired at sixpence per hour, and though that is heavy, yet everybody warms me that good exercise of some sort is essential to maintain good health in such a place as Oxford. I have joined the Union and shall post all these letters there, where it is done free. They have also a library of 40,000 volumes and smoking, billiard and reading rooms. As for my nose about which Amachi inquiries the trouble seems entirely to have disappeared - I've never had a day's cold since I left Colombo - and if that isn't miraculous. I would like to know what is Sp. parently England sails me.

One Monday nothing happened except a meeting of the College debating society, in the junior common room, at 8.15 in the evening, about fifty men were present, spread all over the room wherever a seat could be found, and after coffee & cigarettes private business began, which lasted with more than the usual squabbles for half an hour. One president had resigned last time, and another resigned on the spot - and finally after many ballots and questions Hayes was elected president and someone else treasurer. Then began the speeches on the question - the present Govt. deserves the confidence of the nation. The speeches were decidedly mediocre and third rate and the aim seemed to be to make the audience laugh rather than sympathise and finally the motion was lost by 16 to 5, I voting with the majority - all the other men had gone away in shoals after each speech. The whole affair was very noisy and informal.

On Tuesday a great many things took place. In the morning I gave in my first paper to Mr. Johnson on the Influence of Geographical Features on the A. J. conquest and settlements. The main intention of my paper was there was little or none at all; and I rather expected him to fly at me. Strangely enough he took the same view when he explained the subject: he did not ready my essay then but kept it with him and I had it back today with some corrections and the remark 'a good essay' which of course does not mean anything. At one we had a freshmen's group photo taken and I saw the result today, decidely good, even I failing to spoil it. In the afternoon at five I had tea with Mr. Talbot, don at Balliol. He is six foot six or thereabouts, is the son of the Bp. of Winchester, sometime of Southwark, and cousin of Sir Arthur Lawley, served in the Transvaal War, has visited America and Palestine and many other places, is now done and is shortly going out in the Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

Seeing life, isn't it? But he was kind and we talked for an hour rather he did, for I listened all the time. At six I returned.

Before I went to Balliol I went to the Union rooms and there wrote four or five letters. Now that I am a member I have no conscience about letters but write in profusion. Time is the only limiting condition that is lacking, paper and ink and stamps there are ad libitum. However since only one penny stamp will be attached to a letter I must restrain my zeal in particular letters - in economic languages, I shall increase the extension and limit the intention. Today I bought a kettle for two bob and a teapot for eighteen pence.

Thursday, 24th.

Today I had breakfast with Swartz, a German man, I believe, and Hayes. There is another German here, a fresher and Rhodes scholar, Von Wurmb, who asked me whether I had shot elephants in India. No. Had I then shot antelopes, Internal outburst of laughter in me; for to the best of my remembrance if I have shot at anything it was only a pigeon or a cocanut palm!

I am sorry that I do not have very much to write about this week. Everything is getting on ripingly. I am having teas and breakfasts and coffees with some profusion; and generally enjoying myself. Perhaps during vac. I may go and stay some time in the College Mission in the London slums. All the Colleges have taken up this 'settlement work' as they call it and have houses in East London where undergrads camp and stay and study conditions at first hand of the poor: it might be interesting work.

Today we have a union debate at 8:15 whether the sympathy of this House, is with Turkey. I am writing this of course in the Union writing room where they post letters free. And just beside me is a group of the standing committee of 1892 - It is an interesting group and here are the names in order:

Top Left to right.

E. G. Hemmerde; Earl Beauchamp; The
Univ. Ch. Ch. Ex. Pres.

Steward; P. J. McDonnell; J. H. Harley

B.N.C. Non-Coll

Ex-Librarian

Second row: Lord Balcarras; Hilaire Belloc;

Magd. Ball;

Ex-Presdt. Librarian

J. E. Smith; T. H. Grose; W. F. K. Stride; J.S.

Wadh. Queen's Exeter:

Presdt Senior Treas. Junr. Treas.

Phillimore: Bottom: J. H. Harris - Burland;

Ch. Ch. Exeter

Secy.

F. A. C. Bruce

Worc. College

Ex - Secy.

It is interesting to note what a large proportion are now men of standing and importance. At least three I believe are distinguished members of Parliament and one is an author of some repute. Just opposite this a group of 1891 in the centre of which is Lord Ampthile (New Coll); above that is one of 1890 with Lord Hugh Cecil (Univ). Most of them have come to something.

I can't think of anything to write now, though I have racked my head for fully ten minutes. There is a man opposite me at the table who looks disconsolately vacant with half a page in front of him: Like the Pharisee I say I am better than him.

I am sending Sarah picture postcards for her birthday, seventy of them, beginning with the otway and ending with six or seven of Merton and illustrating as far as possible the entire course of my journey. There are cards of Columbo, Suez, the Canal, Port Said, Maples, Toulon, Gibraltar, London and Oxford -and I hope she will be pleased. Anyway they might to fill up the albums we have at home.

I find I haven't got a photo of yours and shall be much obliged if you could

spare me one. Just now I am framing my few photos and must now get a picture or two to finish up the decoration with.

Please give me great accounts of the Molte-Eddy visit if you can find time. I hope all at home are well - and many thanks for all the letters of Kunju, Kunjuinju, Annun - with love.

Yours affectionately
Kuruvila Zachariah

#15

Merton College
Oxford
29.X.1912

My dear Georgekutty,

I cannot understand why no letter either from you or from home has reached me by last mail. The omission of either is natural and excuseable: but of both together perturbs me strangely - probably they missed the mail there or perhaps, less probably, the letter was lost. Anyway the absence of the homeletter is surprising and I had almost written tragic.

Having thus stated my grievance. I proceed to give you the news here beginning from Thursday when I posted the homeletter. In the afternoon I walked to the lower river where all the college barges are and watched the men row in the Merton boats. One of the boats was tied immovably to the barge and the captain stood by the side and in it was a fresher. He had to hear the instructions and row never of course making any progress and this for half an hour, jolly hard work I say. In the evening after dinner, I ran to the Union meeting. Our dinner hour unfortunately is at 7.30 while at all the other colls, it is half an hour earlier, so that by the time I got to the hall it was crowded. However I got a back seat. The hall is built like the House of Commons with three chairs on a dais for the President, Secretary & Treasurer, & below them a table. On either side of the table & facing each other, two groups of several rows of benches, and then at the back of the hall other benches. Skirting the top runs a gallery for visitors which too was crowded. The question before the house was "The sympathy of this House is with Turkey" But

first there was the private part of the meeting and as everywhere a great many silly questions were asked by people who wanted to be funny and the officers tried to make good repartees. After half an hour of this rather amusing, altogether inevitable fooling, the public part began.

And the motion was proposed by one Richter of New Coll. He spoke routinely and then it was opposed by a more fluent and effective speaker, Mallett of Balliol. For the motion then Taprose an Egyptian of John's and made a vehement speech in most curiously pronounced English, and full of the usual rant about nationalism, patriotism and Islam; but he spoke rather well, from the merely verbal point of view. Next came a man of Balliol again opposing, and after that a host of others. I waited till a quarter to eleven and then hurried off to escape paying a gate fine of a shilling. The division was 222 to 210 for there are two doors, aye and no, and people who go away in the course of the debate go through one or the other according as they wish to vote. I wanted to cast in my humble vote for the Turks and the motion but ignorant of the arrangement of the doors pushed through the nearest which happened to be the no door and this unwittingly increased the opposition majority by 2. The speeches are not rhetorical but what are meant to be calm, reasonable, persuasive presentations of facts, but are really more often barren commonplace dreary discourses, and consequently are somewhat disappointing to one accustomed to the flowery eloquence of the East. It is amusing to note their Conventions. The President is always addressed in the speeches as the Speaker is in the Commons. The mover is the honourable mover or the honourable member for New College or the distinguished member on the other side of the House and so on. The terminology of Parliament is closely adopted with often produces a rather ridiculous effect.

And so on to Friday. In the afternoon I went to tea with Mr. Genner of Jesus Coll. who had come out to India some years ago for a short time. He is a young man, average height, slim, but with an eager and serious face. Mrs. G. is a lady with very fair hair which almost gives the impression of age, but actually I do not believe she is more than, say thirty at the outside. Somehow the subject came to be wine parties and discipline. He is hard upon it - at Jesus they have only a freshmen's teaparty - for at the wine parties men used to get disgustingly drunk. He told a story of how once upon a time they called a meeting together of fellows to consider the question and to try whether means could not be taken to suppress or at all events to

moderate it. Up rose the Dean of Magdalen and said "there never was a case of drunkenness in that Coll. which was not brought to the notice of the Fellows". G. indignantly remarked to us that he wanted to say that it was a lie, for when he had been fellow of Magdalen there had been drunken bouts for a whole fortnight once. Followed the Dean of B.N.C. - a Coll. notorious for inebriate excess - and made the same false observation - of course with that nothing could be done.

He gave us some proctors' stories. The proctors are fellows who keep the discipline and go about at night especially to unearth hidden delinquencies. When he was pro-proctor himself he went the round of the bars and cleared them out in a term. Another proctor walking in a street at night chanced upon a man walking with an actress, the bull dog, that is the proctors' servant, who chases offending undergrads, went up to him and asked him if he was a member of the University. No name came the prompt reply. Mr. Williams, of Trinity, said the Proctor, that is a most unfortunate remark to make in the presence of your own tutor! Collapse of Mr. W. of Trinity.

At Jesus they maintain discipline with a high hand once upon a time a man was fined £5 for walking the quads at night in a sheet masquerading as a ghost.

Mrs. Genner spoke to the point - "The amusing thing about the proctors is their eagerness to make money - (of course the usual penalty is a fine). Mrs. Joliffe of Corpus comes in here and says with glee "I made so much tonight".

On Saturday I had a letter from Kuttipapen who wrote that you wrote that I had wrote a letter of eighty pages. I wish I had. Then I had a paper to do for old Johnson and worked at it till tea time when Sugden came in to tea and we had a long talk about many things. Nothing more remarkable happened. I wasted some time waiting for letters which never came.

On Sunday I went to Communion at eight and in the evening went to St. Marys to hear the Bishop of London. The church was crowded, nave and gallery and I had to stand during the sermon. He spoke clearly and simply but by no means brilliantly - indeed everyone was rather disappointed. But they say the bishop is such a good speaker, he is a very good man and has given away all his money for the poor of London. After the service I went to Christchurch Hall to hear about the Oxford

Mission. Rev. Teijnmouth - Shore of Dacca spoke and told of all their work, especially among students by means of hostels. It was a good address - the Bp. of London presided. After the meeting as I was going at the rear of the crowd he spoke to me. Which part of the world do you come from - Madras - and then something about the Bp. of Madras which I did not catch. And are you a Hindu - not a Christian. Did you become a Christian yourself - No I am a Syrian Christian. We have been Christians ever so long (for you may be sure I have taken every opportunity of flogging that old horse - to use a new and I hope not irreverent phrase - Oh, I went to Syria a few years ago. The ignorance of even a Bishop. There the conversation ended for we had reached the end of the hall. Thus I talked with the famous Dr. Winnington Ingram, an old man with a bald forehead and sunken but kindly eyes and a sense of humour as his speech showed.

I might to have mentioned that on Saturday evening I went again to Mr. Mcleod Campbell's and met Raju first. He said your letter was in the heavy baggage which was coming on slowly and had not yet reached him. he is going in for his B. Litt in Philosophy and is at New Coll. The head of New Coll is the famous Spooner from whom is derived the word spoonerism. He rebukes erring undergrads thus - Sir, you have tasted a whole worm and fought a liar in the quad - for wasted a term and lighted a fire.

On Monday nothing particular happened except that I visited my tutor and we had another debate in the J.C. Room on much the old lines. Today I had lunch with Rev. A. J. Rawlinson of Keble Coll. to whom I was introduced by Miss Richards. The lunch was good but his talk was better. He looks very like Hooper and is also a C.C.C. man, but is evidently a man of note, for he told me W. Temple, Headmaster of Repton, he and others were collaborating to bring out an new book of theological essays in much the lines of Lux Mundi. Lux Mundi created a sensation because it accepted two new theories in relation to Christian theology, that of evolution and that of criticism of the Bible. Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble, was one of the authors and he told Rawlinson this story. The authors all met together one day and were discussing things and came across the dead wall of evolution which for long was supposed to be a great blow to Christianity. They sat silent and still, until at last Scott Holland broke the ice and said "Why its the very thing, I had all along been wondering how God made the world" and then they all perceived that here was the solution.

Yesterday a Mansfield man called on me and I am going there to tea on Thursday. On Sunday I went to Pusey House, a place which is intended to help students and to carry on the work Pusey did from Ch. Church. There was in the chapel a picture of him and in another room one of Keble, given by the painter to Newman and sent by him to the House.

I am posting this now, but shall write later about Wednesday to Friday - stamps do not matter for am I not a member of the Union. However it is unpleasant to break up a letter like this but it can't be helped. There won't be time on Friday to write it all.

Yours affectionately

K. Zachariah

On Saturday at Campbell's I met Tyson's brother at Balliol who is going to be a missionary.

#16

Please address:

Merton College,

Oxford

31.X.1912.

My dear GeorgeKutty,

I finished my last letter on Tuesday afternoon, returned to College, and to my great surprise and joy found five letters waiting for me. I cannot understand how they came to be delayed: for the mail was not late, neither were they kept at Keble for the English postmark on them was simply Oxford Oct. 29th. it is unexplainable. Anyway, the letters were worth waiting for and I was quite overjoyed to get them and read them. And I thank you specially very much for being so good as to write so frequently and such long letters too. It must mean no end of bother and I am awfully obliged - specially because a certain class of news there is no one who can give me but you.

Well, replying the letters first I am awfully sorry to hear Chacko has had a relapse, but I trust he is getting better now. That, if you can, is one of the things I should like you to give me weekly information of.

About my suit I am much relieved to hear Esoop is not heartbroken. It is quite out of the fashion as you'll have understood from a previous letter of mine. But I used it in London where it did not matter what one wore and now I use the coat as a blazer till I get a regular one - just to make some use of it. The trousers I despair of being even able to use.

Glad to hear of all the Y.M.C.A. activities. If you meet Mr. Whitehair you may tell him that I am going to give his introduction to Philip Whitcomb very soon, and that Subbarayan told me he was a very nice man; and please thank him from me for it, again.

You complain that I do not give news of the people I meet - if you felt that lack of such news let me protest it was deliberate but partly forgetfulness and largely because there was so little to tell about them worth saying. Chandrasekharan and George Mathai are very much the same men as of old - only Chandrasekharan has been a general disappointment having slacked all through and got a third. George Mathai looks well, but I am afraid he is not finding life in England very enjoyable. Anyhow he gave me a pessimistic account of how I would find things - an account which as far as I know now, is much exaggerated at least with regard to Oxford. I sometimes wonder whether he views things and institutions English a little bitterly - but this may be merely a fancy of mine and in any case has not got any solid reason behind it. Johniachen may be interested to hear that Subba Reddi having got all the prizes and scholarships he could get in London at the Bar exams has come up to Oxford for his B.C.L. he is non coll and I've not met him yet.

Now for the homeletter. Awfully thankful to Sarah, Ammu and Kunjunju for their letters. Apachen's letter is very long and interesting and must I am afraid have taken a great lot of time in the writing; and I am so glad to get these.

My tutors? A. H. Johnson of All Souls is my History and only regular tutor and he is the author of several books, but not particularly famous. Barker, whose lectures I attend, is a celebrated man with some books to his credit also - notably one

on the Political Theories of Plato and Aristotle, if I am right. he has a languid manner of lecturing, but can be severe and often humourous. Today we were talking of the early English period about which much new material has been gathered so that the usual textbooks are hopelessly out of date. He took a bit from Green's Making of England, describing a fine campaign with date and line of march and battle all given with much detail and then read out the single short sentence in the A - S Chronicle on which the whole paragraph is based and proceeded to show bit by bit how by the aid of what he called 'constructive' imagination Green manufactured events from a bald statement. He found the name Faithhead in the Chronicle - where it is situated, there is no indication. Green looked up the index of the ordnance Map and found Faddiley near Chester and immediately identified the two - while modern authorities on language say that the variation is impossible, and so on. Thus, said Barker, is early English History made. Next time we are to discuss the question whether a great many Celts survived in England - a question which Barker says has interesting practical bearings. For one thing passages in Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley are inexplicable unless we suppose that there is a Celtic strain in the English people, which gives the exuberant fancy - they are impossible to the solid Ganton. Secondly, the English as a race are becoming darker, which may perhaps be due to a recrudescence of the Celtic swarthinness. I ought to have come to Oxford in 2912 A.D. when I should have found a company all as dark as myself!

Very glad to hear Kunjuiju is devoting some attention to his studies - which I hope is the beginning of better things and a series of firsts. Congratulations to Kunju for her English prize. Shall I ask Schiller or Joseph (who is a fellow at New Coll.) or Bradley (Merton Coll.) to come to India during vac. and give her some tutoring?

And at last for my own news, which is not much. On Wednesday morning I had breakfast - in common with half a dozen others - with Mr. Allen, one of the fellows very like Mr. Moffat in face and manner. He was quite kind, but nothing remarkable happened. In the afternoon in company with Raman Menon of Hertford I went to the upper river. We took a heavy boat, because it was our first attempt, and one steered while the other rowed. It was good exercise and very pleasant to be there in the calm river with the low green land on either side. Of course I was in orthodox boating costume, long stockings and shoes, and flannel shorts standing above your knee and vest and sweater. It was quite nice to send the boat flying, though I made

a great many blunders and several times nearly caught a crab. Landing to change places, I slipped one foot into the water and as I could not change immediately, feared a cold: but nothing happened. After a couple of hours of this rowing we returned, glowing and tired. Nothing further happened. At night I wrote part of an essay for Johnson. He gave me a tremendous subject and one on even the skirts of which I had not trod (!what a metaphor). The advantages and disadvantages of an Established Church from the earliest times to the Reformation. To spite him I am preparing an enormous paper of twenty or thirty pages: a penalty which may deter him from giving me such a theme again.

This morning I had breakfast with Subbarayan who is flourishing. In the afternoon Mr. Bevan, who was such a good friend to Jacob Matthai came in with Raju. He is a giant tall man but awfully kind to students and spends part of every year at the universities. He gave me his address and asked me to call if I went to London in Xmas vac. I promised of course.

After this I am going to tea at Mansfield College and hope to meet Dr. Selbie and perhaps Dr. Moffat, if he is there.

There is little more to write - of course the previous letter contains a good deal. In our library are hundreds of volumes printed in the 16th century and a great many mss.

With much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila Zachariah

#17

Oxford

2.XI.1912

My dear Georgekutty,

The homeletter came today and also one from Chinnammam and Poori: besides one or two others including a malayalam letter from Mr. Thaddaeus Lens. It was good of him to remember me.

Amachi says they were thinking of sending Dr. Lock a Christmas present, but, don't send Mr. Bowman one: he'll probably throw it out of window and in any case he does not deserve it. Well, I've given up the idea of the Brackenbury for two reasons: first, because the French would be beyond my achievement, second, because I cannot really change from Merton after raising all this trouble to get into it. Not only would the Educational Adv. office people grumble but the Merton men also. This reason appeals to me more than to you perhaps but it does weigh strongly with me. Well, I'll escape the anathema of the Church by writing soon to Mr. Jones: tho' how to do it puzzles me. As for my address Merton Coll. is always the best and safest even during vac: I hope Saramah will find that I have not forgotten her at all by the seventy p.c. Ammu is not envious, is she? Sosah may be interested to hear that the ivy on the walls has all fallen off. Glad to hear Gee Apachen is going to settle there. Much obliged for the offer of eatables: but I'm afraid they'd all be rotten by the time I got them - and as I must just smack my lips and be content. Apachen writes of there being talk of a university professor of Indian history: I hope they'll have the good sense to wait till I am back.

Well, now for my news. I am just now engaged in furnishing and brightening up the room. Of course all the heavy furniture is there already: but I want small bric a brac, a couple of cushions, some pictures etc. Just now on the mantelpiece above the fire place there are the two photos Mr. Serler sent of my boys, and a folding frame with Ochen, Rayhavendra Rao and George Mathai in it. Above the cupboard and bookcase are the family group, the group of Subbarayam and Rayhavendra Rao and myself, the photo of Rayhavendra Rao and I, Mr. Hogg, and two of my boys and the group of George and Ochen. Besides there are two small pictures of Dante's Dream (Rossatti) and Addison's Walk, but the wall still looks bare, though the oak wainscoating which comes up halfway saves me a good many pictures. There is a vase and white and yellow chrysanthemums on the table which I buy every week. There is only one cushion and I shall want one or two more. I must gradually add these things. I find also I have to buy a good many books, some of which are costly. I shall not have to get many in Economics and Politics; but for Eng. History which I am doing this term I had no book at all to begin with.

I am having tea as I write this and so do not be surprised if you find crumbs of cake in the letter.

Well, on Thursday afternoon I went to tea with Mr. Allan Gaunt M.A. Tutor at Mansfield College: and shall soon be visiting Dr. Selbie. Mansfield Coll. is just opposite the Merton play grounds and is one of the most beautiful of the new buildings at Oxford, which as a rule have been failures. St. Alban's Quad is decent but the Warden's House opposite is atrocious.

On Friday after lectures in the afternoon I went down to the river. The conswainless fours races had been going on: eight boats entered and in the first heats we beat Trinity. Balliol beat John's; Magdalen beat Christchurch easily - the race between Merton and Balliol was to be at 3:45 and the course is a mile: from Iffley, a village down the river, to the barges. There is a tow path along the river and all the Merton and Balliol men walked down to Iffley - I among the Mertonians. At 3:45 the boats started. The Balliol boat was twenty yards in front and it is the time that's reckoned. All the Balliol men ran opposite their boat and we cheered and ran beside ours. I was in ordinary dress and so I could not run well and besides the towpath was submerged in some places and there I splashed the muddy water on my socks. But still I raced along but when I had done half a mile I stopped dead and the other men went ahead. Of course I was in training - but for the Eights I men to train by running round a meadow - a mile and a half for several days. Well, when I came up I learnt the result: we were beaten by an eighth of a length - and everybody said we had done extraordinarily well, because Balliol is reckoned one of the good boats and had a blue in it. Our time was about 7 minutes and 23 seconds. Today Magdalen and Balliol are to race but I have not heard the result yet. The Prince of Wales is a good runner: he was in the Magdalen crowd on Thursday running along the towpath. By the way I am not sure whether it is the toepath or the tow path: it might be either because it is only three or four feet wide. Several of our men shouted themselves hoarse. Swartz cannot talk today. In the afternoon I had tea with him and there was also Philip Whitcomb to whom Mr. Whitehair had given me a letter. He inquired about Mr. and Mrs. Whitehair and the baby and I am going to tea with him next Saturday. You may tell our stalwart General Secretary this.

In the evening as I was working at my paper Naish came in with his father who was passing through Oxford on his way home to Birmingham: a nice old man who complimented me on my English. I am showing the photos Mr. Seiler sent to everyone: they are so good - but I must have one of yours and shall be thankful if you could send me one.

The paper is finished and it was a great undertaking. To spite my tutor for giving me such an unmanageable subject I wrote an essay of 22 pages and serve him right. Even then I am not half satisfied. I saw Mr. Hogg's book at two bookstalls here and at both places I asked how it was selling. At both places the answer was 'very well indeed'. A great many people here talk of him while the other profs. of the coll. are comparatively unknown. I had three separate accounts of the camp - one from you, one from K. E. Ninan, and the third from Punnachen's article in the Young Men of Madras; so that now I have a fairly accurate and graphic idea of it, I hope.

Miss Richards writes that on Saturday she is coming up to Oxford on her way to Abingdon and will have lunch here. Jolly nice, entertaining visitors.

Today I went to the Registry and got myself admitted to the status of a Senior Indian student "on the payment of the statutory fee of £2/-!

It is interesting to find how soon history advances. Today Barker was talking of Celtic survivals in Britain and he said that when he began his lectures he had thought that a good many Celtic words had been borrowed into Old English and gave this example: "When a lad grumbles over his gruel he uses three Celtic words, lad, grumbles, gruel. That, he told us today, is all rubbish; for now it is believed that the words were borrowed from Old English into Celtic!

I have kept 24 chapels already and so shall soon be free; counting the times I have gone out to breakfast, lunch, tea or coffee it is 21, not bad for three weeks of it?

7th Thursday

Union Society

I must go on with the events of Sunday. On the morning after chapel I did nothing till breakfast and then lunch and then tea. At tea I asked a fresher Crawford who seems a decent fellow and there we sat talking as the shadows fell till it became time to go to evening chapel. After chapel and dinner I went to St. Mary's to hear the Archbishop of York preach. Last Sunday but one I had had to stand the whole time and so that Sunday I went half an hour earlier. Another service was going on and two policemen were keeping in order a deep line of students chiefly who had

come like myself to be in time. I fell into the rear and soon as thick crowd accumulated behind among which I had the pleasure of noticing Subbarayan. By the time the doors opened at a quarter past eight the multitude was more than a hundred yards long. In we went and I had the good fortune, as a result of this long vigil, of securing a good seat. The sermon was more intellectual than last week's and I liked it better. Dr. Cosmo Lang is a comparatively young man, a collegemate I hear of Asquith's, but certainly he talks well and thinks hard too. The sermon was about the challenge of All Saints (it was All Saint's Day) to the modern world with the fixed ideas of a completely rounded world and inflexible natural law. The lives of the saints he said were evidence that the supernatural could enter the world of nature.

On Monday I see nothing at all in my engagement book; but I went in the afternoon to the upper river and rowed hard and long. This time I took a light boat and rowed right up to the mill, a mile off and then returned. Rowing up was jolly hard work as the current was strong but returning was easy and pleasant. It was not as tedious as going over as it was to Macbeth. I ran ground only once and did not crash into any other boats. This is by no means as easy as it looks, for the boat has to be steered by the two sculls alone and you cannot see what lies ahead without always turning round to the imminent danger of swamping the whiff. I thoroughly enjoyed the two hours on the river and have resolved to go twice a week if possible. Raman Menon was also with me in another but he returned after half a mile. I beat him easily in a race we had!

On Tuesday too nothing particular happened except that I had Swartz to tea in the afternoon. He told me his brother too is going out to China while he is coming to India after his course here and a year's seminary training in America. He is a very fine man.

Tuesday was of course, Guy Fawkes day and Amachi's birthday and the Mayor had issued notices several days before threatening all and sundry who let off fireworks in the streets of the noble borough of Oxford with pains and penalties of divers sorts. In the colleges too crackers and bonfires were prohibited. But Mayor & Warden notwithstanding there was great jubilation at night and the historic day was kept right royally. I did not indeed hear of any effigies being burnt but of fireworks there was a plethora. Not much in Merton, but our neighbours Oriel and Univ. were both in style; a crash of bombs was heard in the street right under my window at 11

p.m. and various other outbursts kept the town lively till midnight. At Trinity they lighted a bonfire which the proctors were powerless to extinguish. Last year or so they made up one in Merton but one of the tutors privately called the servants who made a sudden rush with buckets and put it out! I exulted in the undergrad's rebellion against laws.

Yesterday I had lunch with a Rev. C. S. Woodward, Wadham, and there were besides, Raju, Fyson of Balliol, and a Mr. Williams, Fellow of All Souls. At All Souls they have had two elections recently to fellowships in law and history - which were won by Somerville of Magdalen and Clarke of Balliol respectively. Somerville is a man who did Maths first, then Science and then Law, while one of the tutors said that Greats was the subject he should have taken, he is so good a philosopher. After lunch, Fyson who was as you know is a brother of the Fyson there and I went for a long walk through the meadows. He is coming out to India as a missionary and is doing Greats now. Raju's thesis is, I believe, "Philosophical Proofs of the Existence of God". In the afternoon I went to tea with Culpin and there met two other freshers. Today I am going to tea with a Bryan, a senior man of Merton. Today too there is a debate in the Union on whether women should be given the suffrage or not; at which a visitor, Lawrence Housman, is to speak. I do know him but in Who's Who he is described as 'author and artist' with thirty two works to his credit: so that any way he is a prolific writer. I do not think I shall go, however, much as I should like to record my vote against woman's suffrage, because I've a paper to write for Johnson and shall be very busy on Friday and Saturday, so that it has got to be done today or not be done at all. Yesterday Oxford played the South Africans in rugger and lost by 6 points to nil.

What else? Nothing, hoping everybody at home is well: I am myself fit as anything and have no cold at all now.

With love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah

#18

Merton Coll.

Oxford

14.XI.1912

My dear Apachen,

The letters came last Saturday, also the draft for which many thanks. It was quite early though for me and I was put to no inconvenience at all for want of money. As I have not got the homeletters by now I am unable to answer any questions there may be.

Now, for my doings. On Thursday afternoon I had tea with an American Bryan, a senior of Merton. There are a great many American Rhodes Scholars at the Coll. and they are most of them very nice people. Bryan lives in digs and had two other Americans to meet me. They all straightway began to talk with that peculiar accent I know so well from the Y.M.C.A., Madras, and I was amused. There was a debate on the election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency - one of whose books, *The State*, by the way I've read - but generally they seemed quite pleased. Bryan produced a map and there on I indicated Calicut and Madras. Seeing the words was almost like being there.

On Friday Naish came in to tea with me, but before tea I went to witness a soccer match - Merton V. Hertford. On Monday we had drawn but Friday's game was all one way. The Hertfordians - who included four blues - shot in goal after goal with quite monotonous rapidity and I grew sick and left before the match ended. They were far heavier men and played better. On the whole the match - it was not better than the Madras College matches. Merton grounds are just opposite comparatively few, for about every body else is engaged in his own form of exercise and has no time to look on. It is only such unattached light infantry like me who can witness matches.

Saturday was a much more crowded day. In the morning I went to Barker's lecture and then raced to the station to meet Miss Richards at 11:15. The train had just come in when I reached the station. We walked back to the High Street where she made some purchases and then onto the Cathedral in Christchurch. It is the first time I ever saw it. It is not very large but awfully beautiful. The roof of the nave and especially the chancel is just a maze of tracery and from all sides painted windows. None of great size but some of unusual brilliance and beauty - shot their coloured lights on us. Wolsey's original design was a magnificent church, but his untimely death and Henry VIII's insatiable greed reduced the noble idea to the present building:

which, however, is filled with carving and detail and glass so that you wonder how they every found time in those sleepy Middle Ages - it was already the 16th Century - to do all this. From Christchurch we wandered into the meadows and after rounding one went into my rooms and had lunch. Miss R. had then to hurry away to catch a 2:20 train to Abingdon where she was spending the weekend. We caught the train almost at the last minute and thus ended a pleasant three hours.

In the afternoon I went to tea with another American at Wadham, Whitcomb to whom Whitehair had given me an introduction. he is quite a decent man doing Engineering. Then I had to rush off to a lecture at six in the evening by Prof. Haverfield, the Camden Professor of Roman History, on Roman Britain. He is the biggest authority on it and so the lecture was sure to be crowded. I went early therefore to the schools where it was to be and found that another lecture had just ended. Warren, Prof. of Poetry, had addressed a big meeting, but curiously enough the majority of the audience seemed to consist of ladies: there was a fair sprinkling of dons, some of them passing down the vale of life; there was in particular one venerable man who had to be supported down the steps. Whyever he had come passes my wit to imagine - I suppose the persistent thirst of knowledge.

Well, after this mixed stream had passed, I went in and soon the room was crowded. The lecture began and nicely enough, it was punctuated with magic lantern slides and was thus made most interesting. Next Saturday there is the second and last of his lectures.

At night I went to a meeting of Quakers at the Gillett's, nice people whom I met. There was a discussion on their methods of worship, which was not entirely uninteresting, and about ten I returned.

Sunday was quieter. I went to my 33rd Chapel in the morning and my 34th in the evening. In the evening there was a sermon by Brook, the chaplain, quite a good one exhorting the men to have a purpose in life after the manner of Paul who, forgetting the things behind, pressed on towards the prize. Brook took a double first in History and Theology a few years ago. At 10:30 in the morning I went and saw a don of Magdalen, Leslie Johnston, who is a tutor at New College and lives there. he was quite nice and kind. When I was returning from New Coll. the morning service in St. Mary's had just ended and out poured a motley throng very like that of

the day before - begowned, behooded dons and ladies.

In the afternoon I asked a man to tea - Burnett-Hall. He is not so big as his name suggests, but about my size - a good man. He has got the nicest pictures in his room, which he told me, someone had given him. My pictures amount now to only three - two small ones, of Dantes' Dream and Addison's Walk and one a little larger of Hoffmann's famous Christ in Gethsamene.

On Monday I had a man in to tea again, a German Von Wurmb, who is studying law - a fresher. He is typically German and talks with the same accent and looks the same solid type as the B.G.M. people are. Nothing else remarkable occurred. On Tuesday, however, I had to give in my essay to my tutor and went at nine. He made me read it - as is often his fashion - and, strangely enough, became suddenly profuse of compliments. I am quite at a loss to understand what stimulated his enthusiasm, for the paper was probably no better than the others I've written. Anyway, he began to commend it in high terms - said it was 'extraordinarily good' 'one of the best he had ever seen' 'the arrangement is perfect', and that if I just wrote three or four like that on each paper in the exam I was absolutely sure of a first. Of course, the trouble is to write as well in an exam as in a paper on a subject you have deliberately studied and slowly and carefully written down. I was quite upset by this attack. He kept my paper - I do not know for what - probably to find faults in it!

Well, in the afternoon I went out to scull, but the weather had since Sunday turned suddenly very cold. Besides it blew almost a gale, a wintry strong steady breeze. What with the wind that blew back the boat and the cold that quite numbed my fingers it was with the greatest difficulty I rowed a hundred yards or more and was then quite glad to return especially since it began to drizzle. Then Hayes came to tea, all blown up after four hours training his boat and rowing. To be captain of a boat is no easy task - be it winter or summer, frozen or fine, you have to row like the law of the medes and the Persians which changeth not.

Yesterday, there were a good many things. At twelve I had a lecture to attend, but after lunch - which I had with Raju - I came here and wrote one or two letters. Raju is quite comfortably installed in his rooms near New College. He apparently enjoys the country and his work and the tutors are good to him. Fisher is his tutor in name and they had a long walk one day during which Fisher asked him

a great many questions of India, or Raju told me. His thesis is Philosophic Proof of the Existence of God - and he has begun with a research into the writing of good old St. Anselm of Canterbury. In the afternoon I went to tea with a Mr. Reginald Stevens. He is not in any Coll. having passed out a few years ago, but is going out in January to a C.M.S. High School in Jubbulpore. Miss Richards apparently knows him and thus the invitation. He asked me a great deal about missions and students in India, the latter of which is about the only thing I really know a little of. I gave him the most glowing accounts of the situation and we spent a nice hour together.

In the evening again I was out. Three years ago James Palmer, Fellow of Balliol, went out to India as Bp. of Bombay. Early this year his cousin, Robert Palmer went out on a visit to him and travelled all through India. McL. Campbell and Neville Talbot called a small meeting to let him talk on what he had seen. After coffee, there were about thirty of us there, were all sat down and Palmer spoke. He spoke very well indeed and had evidently succeeded in getting the main points of events in India in thorough grasp. He appealed for men and money for all India, for the neglected diocese of Bombay in particular. Of course he talked as everyone apparently does here - even at the Union - in an easy semi-conversational style. After him arose Raju and gave us an address in the best Indian fashion - flowing eloquence choked in a multitude of words. But he did speak very well too.

That brings me up to date. This morning I attended my 38th chapel, went to hear Barker - oh - yes - he was lecturing on the Witan and mentioned incidentally how the House of Commons came into being. And then "I have a great deal of pity for it. Poor thing!" We all laughed, for the admission was to yesterdays' violent rowdy scenes when the Conservatives proved the strength of their lungs and the survival of primitive barbarism in them; when the First Lord of the Admiralty was with difficulty restrained from inflicting a bloody nose on Mr. McNeill, I think, and when as the newspapers graphically describe it - pandemonium reigned.

This afternoon I am going to tea with a Christian College man, Koti Reddy, and tomorrow with Subbarayan.

I have come to an end of my news. Just one word. Georgekutty talked of an overcoat for Avarachen - what sort? Is it a raincoat, or a tweed waterproof, or woollen. I do not believe you can get it at under £2 at least, if it is woollen. But

there are rather thick tweed waterproofs which may suit better - they are as thick as a flannel coat, say but they'd cost the same, at the least.

I have a hideous paper to write on an impossible subject - some forgotten Statute of Artificers and Apprentices. When shall I rake up authorities for it?

Hope all there are well. My best regards of Muniachen, Cheduthy and hopefuls, Baby, Kunjunju, all at Angevidu etc. and of course all at home are specially remembered including Valliammachi and Sosamah. For Kunju, all the ivy leaves disappeared long ago, so shall have to wait till spring.

I am quite well, with not even a cold. Of course I go about well wrapped up.

With love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

P.S. I have just discovered that there is foreign note paper here - Hurrah!

#19

Nov. 21.1912

Thursday

My dear Amachi,

The home mail last Saturday: and I may directly answer it before I put in my own news. Many thanks for all the letters: esp. Sosah's, which I was quite proud to get. She asks if I have blankets - yes, plenty. But I'll come to that by and by. I was quite pleased to hear of Mr. Schaettis's letter: A raid on Switzerland had long been in my mind - cherished rather as an impossible dream than as practicable: and I am just in the skies hearing this. By all means give him my address - of course the summer or long vacation is the most convenient for me. It begins in July and goes on till the first or second week of October.

Now for Oxford:

Friday - 15th. Nothing more remarkable than a long walk with Fyson to Iffley and

back along the river - Iffley, a mile and a quarter off, is where all the races begin - practically the limit of the 'undergraduate river! Near Iffley we went in and saw an old church, part of it Saxon and part Norman. The arches and pillars were most curious with spikelike ornaments, which they call dog's teeth. The pillars were - several of them of black marble, as far as I know, a rather strange material to use for a Norman Church. The inside was dark, there being only a few windows high up and those darkened with painted glass. The tower was beautifully proportioned.

In the afternoon I had tea with Subbarayan where we demolished together a mountain of bread and butter and crumpets and drank oceans of tea.

Saturday. 16th was a crowded day - as all Saturdays have a tendency here to be. I had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Subbarayan at a cafe or restaurant where she was much looked at and her fine coloured garments no doubt much admired. But happily in the streets a long coat covers a multitude of painted sins.

Then I saw a soccer match between the Varsity and Old Malvernians which was a draw, 2 all quite exciting at the end. From the match I had to rush off to tea and then to the second and last of Haverfield's lectures, quite as interesting as the first, again with slides. I am now making an experiment. As may be guessed. I go rather early to my lectures, being an idle young man - but I've never been able to beat the ladies. To my extreme exasperation and provocation there always are one or two suffragettes - in - the - gorm there. Their sex unfortunately forbids physical demonstrations! But I am trying now whether by going in half an hour before I can beat the irresistible Somervillers. At night I went again to Mcleod Campbell's, but there was only one other besides and I returned early. But, ah me, I've forgotten the morning. At 7:45, cutting chapel, I went to a meeting of student volunteers. As I was going out of the lodge the porter hailed me and delivered a bundle of letters. As I was in a particular hurry I read the homeletter on the way and read the others after my return. There were about fifteen men there - in Oxford, however, there are altogether bet 30 and 40 student volunteers - and they had tea and some discussion for a quarter of an hour and then a few prayers. I go there because thus I am get to know a few of the men who sooner or later will be coming out to India.

Passing on to Sunday, the 17th

At a quarter to one I went to the Christian union meeting at which Temple, the Headmaster of Repton, a great public school and son of Archbishop, Temple spoke. He is a roundfaced, middle-aged, nice looking man wearing glasses. In the afternoon I had tea at the Gillelt's where there were also the Subbarayans. In the evening I went to hear Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, at St. Mary's - I did not much care for the sermon - his voice, it struck me, is not at all sweet or persuasive. Passim, I may say that on Sunday morning I completed my 40 chapels I am therefore now rather slack in my attendance at morning chapel.

Monday - 18th

In the morning walking along, rather aimlessly in the streets, before a lecture I met Subbarayan hurrying off to his tutor at Magdalen. As I had never gone in into that Coll. I accompanied him and we went in first into a small but rather nice quad, and on through a door and cloisters into another on one side of which is Addison's walk and on the other a deer park. Where deer were standing. If I draw a diagram from memory. Addison's walk, of course, was all bare but is very long and delightful in spring and summer, beside the Cherwell, a miserable straggling stream. I plucked an ivy leaf from the walk for Kunju, but unfortunately have left it in my rooms. There was no trace of the Prince of Wales visible - though he might have been one of a numerous group of undergrads I saw.

In the afternoon I had a long walk alone on the road of Abingdon: though I walked at least two miles along I came to nothing except another stretch of road and returned at 5 Subbarayan came in to tea and at 6:45, I went to my tutor with a paper. As hall was at 7:30 he asked me to return on Tuesday at nine. After hall there was the debate in the J.C.R. on the subject. The new buildings are the most beautiful part of the college." now the new buildings - the block near the Mob quad - are some of the ugliest in Oxford, about as high as they are long, square and squat, with no architectural recommendation whatever. And after some speech - grave & gay - the motion was lost - as it deserved to be - by 14 to 7 votes.

Tuesday, the 19th

I went to my tutor and discussed my paper. He said it was good but too long. In the afternoon as I was returned to College, just round Brasenose Lane I met a don issuing out of that College in red robes - a doctor probably - and looking - it tickled me enormously - as shy as a girl in his portentous adornments! To tea came a

Wadham man, Whitcomb, an American, studying Engineering. By the way, they were proposing to erect new Engineering buildings in the parks - there was great opposition. And I saw as I came in that it had been lost in Convocation by a heavy majority. After hall, there was a meeting of the Oxford House - a university settlement in the London slums, where Varsity men and spend some time - and the Head of the House and the President gave us two very nice speeches describing it and why we should go there at least for a week in vacation. They have men's clubs and boy's clubs and gynamasia and concerts etc. etc. and it is really doing a great work in bringing the upper and the lower classes together. I may go there for a week in Christmas vacation.

Wednesday 20th

Raju and I had lunch with an Indian of Jesus Coll. afterwards I went and witnessed a match - soccer between the Varsity and Kent.

Thursday

A man, Clark of Hertford, is coming to tea and I am going out after hall to coffee with Rees of Mansfield College. On Saturday I am to go to tea with Dr. Selbie of the same Coll. Well, that brings the diary up to date. Now: Amachi wanted a description of a day - and herein I try to give as faithful a one as I can, beginning with 12 o'clock.

5 a.m. Two birdies on the bare branches of a tree opposite my bedroom window begin to sing. I fancy them saying - as the bird does in the Child's Garden of Verses (R.L. Stevenson) "Ain't you awake, you sleepy head?" I answer, No turn to the other side, and go off to slumber again. At a quarter to seven comes in my scout - according to orders, turns on the light, draws up the blind and thus effectually wakes me. With some reluctance I abandon the warm bed, hastily pull on an overcoat in lieu of a dressing gown, take soap & towel and rush down to the bath. A hot bath. By a quarter past I am in my room again, dressing till half past, when I go to the sitting room and await with unconcern (till the 17th November) the chapel bell. Chapel from eight to a quarter past. And then breakfast takes me on till nine. At ten there is usually a lecture. Between nine and ten there may be various things to do - working at a paper or a book, or just gazing into the bookshop windows, or rushing into Subbarayan's room at Wadham where he'll be philosophically enjoying breakfast after a wash in the tub - for he has no hot baths and this is my greatest triumph over

him. Well, lecture at ten - and often again at twelve - lasting till one. Then I usually go off straight to St. Mary's and the C. Union prayer meeting. Lunch at a quarter past - often very light. After lunch, if I am not writing letters at the Union - which I usually do on Wednesdays or Thursdays - or working at a paper in a special hurry - rare - I go for a walk or to row. By half past three I return and wait for tea. Usually I either go out or somebody else comes in. Till six tea and conversation in the intervals of cakes, a most absorbing occupation. From six or half past five till a quarter past seven work. Then, donning my gown, I walk into the lodge and there find a great number of men similarly equipped. In a few minutes the dinner bell rings - which provokes a general rush into hall. Dinner till eight. Work from a quarter past eight till about nine thirty or ten, if there is no meeting etc. At ten I usually fall asleep in the comfortable easy chair with a couple of cushions stuffed in at the back. About eleven I get up and go to bed. Half an hour later comes noises of men returning, well drunk, their approach made audible by a song in the quad below or a great shout or some unmistakable indication of rowdyism. Into the lands of sleep - Avilion - I am floated on the half heard wings of such sounds (is the metaphor confused? it is very expressive)

Time is up. With love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila.

P.S. Best regards to everybody there.

#20 Merton College,
Oxford
28.XI.1912

My dear Amachi,

I do not know whether I wrote my last letter on Thursday or Friday. However I'll begin with Friday's events. In the afternoon I went out to tea with a Bombay man, non-coll. I had no dinner that day because the great visitors debate was coming on in the Union at eight and I had to go early to secure a good seat. Admission was by tickets and though I had one, if I went in late I should have been forced to stand. So I arrived early and assumed a seat in a front bench, soon the hall began to fill and by eight o'clock when the president & visitors came in it was

crammed, both hall & gallery. The speakers were tremendously cheered, first J.M. Campbell, K.C. M.P. - Attorney General for Ireland and then William Redmond (J.R.'s brother) M.P. After some private business of the usual futile sort (which even the Varsity, the undergraduate paper, neglects to notice) the public discussion began. First spoke Monckton of Balliol, president-elect for next term - the subject or motion was - "This house considers Home Rule detrimental to Ireland & the Empire" The speech was not bad, and then against spoke Bland, Junior Librarian, whose American accent at once betrayed him. For the motion again spoke Talbot of Ch.Ch. (son of the Bp. of Winchester) and against Griffith of Balliol (ex-president) The last was a really eloquent speech, the only real flowing speech I've heard in the Union or even outside in Oxford, Fifth spoke Campbell, with statistics & facts & figures, a grey haired tall man talking to boys - He had some hard hits against Remond. Redmond replied vehemently, but it seemed to me, hardly convincingly. His arguments seemed sophisticated and slight and his oration of little power. He gave us some curious turns of humour, however, worthy of an Irishman. It was not about 11.30 so further discussion was impossible & the house divided. I fancied there would be an overwhelming majority for the motion, but in a house of more than seven hundred home rule was negated by a majority of only 24.

I voted for the motion in the majority, Subbarayan in the minority. Not that I am seriously against Home Rule, but the speeches of its advocates were by no means remarkably persuasive.

Saturday was a rather crowded day. After lectures I went to Mansfield Coll. for tea with Dr. Selbie - where I plucked two ivy leaves which I herewith enclose for Kemju, who is desirous of a collection of Oxford Coll. ivies! Dr. Selbie is a small man, reminding me of Mr. Pittendrigh but by no means so cheerful-looking; with an almost bald head and a small white beard - I should say between fifty & sixty years of age. Soon after came in Mrs. Selbie and his eldest son, who is at Wadham - he lives at home as lodgings, lucky fellow. Mrs. Selbie is a large woman but she did not impress me much except physically. I had some little talk with Dr. S. and then came away.

For more riotous events were at hand. Saturday evening was the Freshmen's wine party. The second year men gave a dinner to some of the Freshers, so that when I went to hall there were only three other freshers beside me & the other tables

were also thinned. At 8.30 we had a concert in the J.C.R. There were several comic songs of various coll. men and a quartet of men from the neighbouring coll. of Oriel. I did not care one bit for the concert, because there was neither music in the songs nor attraction in the words. The only merit they had was that they were so broadly farcical, in fact too broad for my narrow taste. Then there was a very clever exhibition of thought reading by a Mr. Alfred Cupper - very clever indeed. He discovered thoughts and intentions with apparent ease. After this entertainment - if such it can be called - there was a general rush to Mob. Quad where the wines and drinks were kept. The rooms rapidly filled and I ate just an apple and went out again into the open to see the fun. Several men got dead drunk and rolled about on the ground. Some glasses were thrown about in quite a dangerous fashion, one went close to me and others crashed near where a group of men was standing. This continued for some time and then there was an adjournment again to the J.C.R. where dancing began and was carried on till midnight. I did not wait to see the dancing but stole to my room above. But not to sleep for you never could say whether some of the inebriates would not come in and disturb you. But tho I waited till one, dead sleepy, no one came in and I was glad to hurry off to bed. Into other rooms I heard later they intruded, till three o'clock. As a consequence three of the freshers were gated, that is forbidden for a time to go out of college after 7 o'clock at night - it is a serious penalty.

So passed the night of Saturday. The morning however had brought me letters from home, six altogether and a pamphlet - all of which I was glad to get. Though I could have wished for more I suppose ought to be thankful for what I get.

Sunday was, in contrast, quiet as it should be. I went to morning chapel and then to the Christian Union meeting and went in the afternoon to make two calls in North Oxford, rather far away. First, I called on Rev. Mr. Hargreaves, Wesleyan Minister in Oxford, but found only Mrs. H. who was very kind and said she would write and ask me some time to tea. next, I went on to the Moffatts' who were near there and was introduced first to Mrs. Moffat and then to Mr. M. Mrs. M. is a rather considerable lady, but quite nice in her manners and very kind. Dr. Moffat is a spare man, pleasant looking, and reminding me of somebody whom I could not remember. After a few minutes a young lady of six or seven their daughter, came in and soon after their eldest son who is at school and perhaps nine or ten appeared and forthwith utstretched himself on the hearthrug. Soon after several other visitors

came in, undergrads and several ladies from Somerville and we kept up the conversation till five o'clock when I took my leave and departed thence. I supposed it was a sort of At home and so it is: they are always at home on Sunday and Tuesday afternoons and I was invited to go again, which perhaps I shall, for it cheers me to see the kiddies. When I stepped into the street at five it was quite dark, but I hurried home in time for evening chapel.

Monday was quite an interesting day. After lectures I do not remember what I did till four, but at four I went to have tea with Clarke. It was a very wet day. After tea I cut one of my lectures at 5.30 - Johnson's extra lecture & went instead to one of Grant Robertson's at six, just to see the Prince of Wales. I had heard incidentally that he went to those. I was in the room ten minutes before time but chose a bad seat, as it turned out. At six the lecturer came in and immediately behind came in a figure which I at once recognised for the prince. He is quite a tiny man, not average height, with fair hair and a boyish face & he sat down near the door, some distance behind me so that I could not very well see him during the lecture; and after it he hurried off before ever I could emerge through the crowd, but I had a pretty good glimpse at the beginning. They say he is quite a nice fellow, talks with the other men, and asks them to tea or coffee in his rooms. They say too that he is always guarded by detectives one of whom keeps watch before his room at night. A heavy burden will be lifted off the minds of the Magdalen dons when he goes down. He has a very pleasing young face and I like the look of him immensely.

On Tuesday I had tea with Naish and there met among others Don Martino de Zilva Wickremasinghe, lecturer in Tamil and Telugu, a swarthy, moustachioed Ceylonese, not looking a don at all. His English is by no means above criticism tho' as he said he has now been ten years in Oxford. After hall I went to see the Regius Professor of History, Firth, at Oriel of which Coll. he is a Fellow. I waited some time outside his rooms before he appeared. I went to ask him about some books, my tutor referring me to him. He is well past middle age, but still quite hale & hearty and energetic and was awfully kind. I had expected a rather grumpy, short tempered old gentleman, an expectation natural, I suppose to an Indian, and was quite relieved to find him amiable & talkative & kind. I stayed several minutes and talked of everything I could remember, giving my opinions rather freely, for instance, I said I liked Medieval History better than Modern History. Why? Because, said I, you get the main issues so much clearer and not involved & complex as in later times; and

partly perhaps it is a prejudice from young days when one read of chivalry & romance. And so on. One of the most striking things here is the extreme cordiality & bonhomie of the dons. One would never dare to face, say, a professor in the Presidency College, without awe. One would never be asked to sit down, & would be dismissed as soon as possible, and as to being offered a cigarette, why, heavens forbend! But I was asked to sit down, the first thing, and then offered a cigarette, which I declined with thanks. And then quite a long talk of my particular object & things in general. This is by no means an isolated instance. The men are extremely free too, in their behavior. A class never rises when the tutor or lecturer comes in, and if he talks to a student he comes and stands near him & the student never stirs from his seat! A thing incomprehensible in India. I should not like to see the regard & respect for professors in India lessened at all, but I should like to see the professors kinder & more approachable than they often are at present.

On Wednesday I had lunch with Allan Gaunt of Mansfield Coll. and today I am to have tea with W. G. Lawrence of St. John's.

For the vacation, I am going to stay in Oxford till near Christmas, when perhaps I shall run down to London. The reason why is that I want to begin to work, and for that the libraries are essential and indispensable. And I could stay in my rooms, have entire quiet and freedom and do my work thoroughly and take proper exercise every day. Of course I shall not stay all through the vacation.

Now I have written a long letter and must stop. The third and small ivy leaf is from Addison's Walk.

I am eagerly waiting for news of the Mott visit to Madras and calculate that the earliest account will reach me by Dec. 7th. As I begin this Raju was writing a tremendously long letter opposite me and Subbarayan was at another table.

It is becoming distinctly colder - yesterday was a wonderfully wet and blowy day - no, Tuesday. And most depressing of the many bad days I have had in Oxford. Today is clear but cold. It is dark by four o'clock and not light till eight in the morning.

I hope everybody there are well - all at Angevidu, all at Unniachans, all at

home. Many thanks to the various writers for their letters which they must wait till next week to have replies to.

I am quite well and with love,
always yours affectionately
Kuruvila

No, I am sending the letters to Kunju etc. separate.

#21

5.XII.1912.

My dear Georgekutty,

Last Saturday I had a bumper mail - nine letters in all - and of course Amachi's letter from home for which much obliged. I suppose you are very busy these last weeks of term, but I hope to have a long account of the Mott meetings on Saturday next.

I have had a dull week as might be expected. In my last letter I mentioned I was going to tea with a man, Lawrence of Johns. He proved a remarkable fellow, not for himself, but for what he knew. His brother is conducting some archaeological investigations for the British Museum in Arabia and Persia and he gave us some weird stories of Arabs and horses and murder; and also some metal 'finds', no one knows how many thousands years old. And then Lawrence himself knows a great many interesting men in Oxford & out, by two of whom I was struck. There was last year a Pole at Balliol who took a double first, could not talk English well but could make epigrams & leave Chesterton behind. He was up a month ago to compete for an All Souls fellowship but failed to get it. The last of him is that he is accompanying Dr. Westermarck, the famous anthropologist, into the heart of Sahara! The second specimen was a don who works 15 hrs. a day, eats sandwiches for dinner, and writes novels for recreation at night.

On Friday Miss Richards came at 2 o'clock, I met her at the station and then we had tea and I saw her back in the train. She had left London and is now with Dr. and Mrs. R. at Shilton, very near Oxford.

On Saturday, a cold day and wet, I went out to scull. On the way were small pools of water looking curiously coloured and glassy. I wondered what it could be; but it was only after some time that the explanation dawned in the minds of my companion and me that it was water freezing. Naturally I was excited and tried to skate on the little patches on the road. The drops on my oar froze as I rested them; and returning I observed the whole of Port Meadow slowly freezing. It was only a quarter of an inch thick then and cracked under my foot. On Sunday there was a small snowfall, but unfortunately I quite missed it being indoors.

After my rowing I had a man in to tea - a fresher just come up and therefore unacquainted with the college ways. Here was a nice chance to patronise, and so I invited him and he came. A nice enough fellow who is going to do Science and Medicine. The Oxford B.M. is accounted a very good degree and doctors are proud to own it. Osler is here and McDougall, the biggest man in psychology etc.

On Sunday I went to tea at the don's, Fyfes, in Merton St. He has two kiddies, the elder about three, a boy most rigorous and amusing, the other still in arms. At night I went to a Presbyterian service and met the minister Mr. Matheson, who asked me to tea for Sunday next.

On Monday Rosedale returned my invitation and when I went up I saw him in the act of pouring water into a half a pound of tea. He is an absolute ignoramus apparently in all such matters and I had the pleasant duty of giving him instruction in the gentle art of housekeeping. He proposed to wash up (not Mr. Nupkins) the plates and cups himself, and I had to tell him it the duty of the scout. However he is a very nice man and I like him.

On Tuesday, of course, I went to my tutor with my last paper this term and the one I wrote most hastily. Fortunately there were good books on the subject and I drew largely on them. He said it was a very good paper, a first-class paper and so on, but I have long ceased to believe him altogether. Mr. & Mrs. Subbarayan came to visit me and I had the honour of showing them the various sights - the fellows garden, the thirteenth century library in which they have still some books chained to the woodwork (as all books were in medieval times) the chapel, the hall and so on. They left yesterday for London whence they go to Toulon on the 10th. There Mrs. S. embarks and thence Mr. S. returns to London again.

Nothing happened today. So here to an untimely end comes my diary and I am forced to have recourse to the fertile plan of answering Amachi's letter directly. Subbarayan indeed got in for trials but he got out again almost immediately, being accounted a hopeless oar. What is the trouble with one is the light weight. I do not think I shall ever have a chance unless I broaden out, and my sculling won't help me, because they prefer to have you innocent and then to train you. In this way all heresies are avoided and pure unadulterated science is instilled into your mind! Speaking of broadening out reminds me. I suppose I wrote about 'Foundations' the new theological book by seven Oxford men - after the manner of Lux Mundi - one of the authors was Neville Talbot - and there was a clever parody of Dryden on them in the Oxford magazine and two of the lines in N.T. stuck in my mind -

A man so broad that he was thought to be,

Not one, but all mankind in effigy!

He is indeed one of the race of giants.

As for my vac, these are my plans at present: to stay on in coll. for two weeks more and to spend the remaining three weeks partly or wholly in London. Perhaps I may go out to some seaside place in Devon or Cornwall for a fortnight. But these plans are subject to change.

About my photo: It is really ridiculous to have one in undergrad's dress: because it is simply a piece of black cloth hanging down at the back and coming to your waist, with two slits for the arm: so that all of it that can be seen in front is two ribbons hanging down. But I mean to have one taken in London, where it is cheaper and then shall send it. As for the fresher's group I wanted a copy badly, but as it cost 9/6 on 10/6 I abandoned the project. It is surely not worth acquiring at a cost of half a guinea with which as much might be done, especially by a not over rich individual like me. I am rather concerned to hear that Sarah had not yet got her p. cards; but I hope she has them now. It would be an awful pity if they are lost or stolen, because it was really quite a collection, made on purpose.

Much interested to hear the activity of athletics in the college - which I hope is going to improve not only in quality but in scope. It's no use simply having good teams, but you should include as large a proportion of students in sports as possible.

That is the real point of the matter here. At Merton, with its hundred and twenty men, there are about 15 in soccer, 30 in rugger, 15 in hockey, 20 in the boat, a few in tennis, golf, riding, fencing, cricket, so that practically the whole college is in the fields in the afternoon.

I am very glad indeed to hear how well both Kunju and Kunjunju are getting on and hope that victory will give them renewed vigour and that Kunju will set her heart on a first class in the university exam. For Kunjunju he might soon to be very high if he works hard: which I have no doubt he has begun to realize is necessary and by no means so irksome as it seems.

It is disconcerting to hear of the disappointments of the Calicut Y.M.C.A. but I hope with the appointment of a secretary the troubles will vanish and it will really perform its task. Yesterday for the first time I noticed the Y.M.C.A. building in Oxford. As I have written before it is not in England engaged in work among the students.

There are a few other things I might mention. First, that I was much concerned to hear of the collapse of Sosah's dolls and have dispatched one by Mrs. S. She will pass Calicut on her way to Mangalore on the 28th, 29th or 30th or possibly the 31st. So if somebody would go to the station on these days the packet could be obtained. I had to select one in Oxford, there is not a very wide choice and so shan't be surprised if the doll does not please. Christmas is soon coming on and in the streets the children sing Good Kings Wenceslas and other carols. Yesterday they were passing under my window at about ten at night, and I felt inclined to put my head out of window and look out like the good King. Second, I have discovered that a bicycle is an absolute necessity here: the distances are so great and so much time is wasted walking about. So I believe I shall buy one, either new or second hand very soon. If new it'll be the Humber Light Roadster (£6-10-electric Group and all) - if secondhand it would probably be about £4. Third, herewith I send the first installment of "Flights of an Oxford Pegasus" composed in leisure moments. As is but befitting the first flight is to the top of Magdalen Tower; but even that is not yet finished.

First seen, last - lost, of all the sights

That myriad-treasured Oxford gives;

For even thro many summer flights
Its stateliness in us still lives.

Past streams, past sighing willow-woods
Past miles of belted meadow-land
Past modern noisy towns wherebroods
The cloud where smoking chimneys stand.

The 'fresher' speeds and eager eyed
Scans the far mist which hides the spot
Where unimagined joys abide
And where is cast his future lot.

And so that thought his fancies soar
To deeds & days of derring-do
And for a while he looks no more
Wrapped in his firstclass & his blue.
All on a sudden a city of towers
Bursts on his half-believing eyes;
Low 'neath the haze of mist that lowers
The shapes of the magic city rise.

Tower & broadening dome & spire,
And nearest one that outstrips the rest,
Splendid & clear, high & yet higher,
Opal & purple, clothed with the west.

Hall on 'the High' close to the Cher,
Four hundred years have seen it stand.
Sufficient they to make and mar
And change the fashion of the land.

Yet have not changed its graceful form
Strong thro' the succession of years,
Fair through the tempest & the storm,
Young through the death of hopes & fear.

It heard the songs of cavaliers,
 And marked the ruffle & the lace,
 It heard the Roundhead psalms & prayers
 Marked the stern brown & fearless face
 (to be continued)

Why I began to write on Oxford is, if a reason is wanted, because it is the subject for the Newdigate Prize of 1913. There is not the ghost of a chance for my halting pegasus, otherwise I should have tried a shot.

By this mail I am sending a packet of cards to the home address which is to be distributed to the addresses. The ribbon on the card with the college arms is the college colours -(purple or) mauve and white. They are pretty, aren't they.

I do not know whether you are in Calicut or not - However I am sending this to Madras hoping directions will have been given to redirect in case you are not there.

I am enclosing letters to Saramah, Amma and Kunju - I hope they will pardon the shortness of them.

With much love and best Christmas wishes to everybody,
 Affectionately yours
 K. Zachariah

#22

December 12th, 1912

Scene: a lighted room. Author discovered in a great chair near a fire, writing on a tea table scattered with papers. Time: 7:30 p.m.

My dear Georgekutty (I hope I did not address my last to you),

Last Saturday morning Mr. K. Z. was up with the birds, earlier than the sun, rejoicing at the expected mail. "Even now", he soliloquised as he dragged the

reluctant trousers on and brushed his plume to either side, "even now it is in the lodge, my twenty letters or so which 2 rights I ought to get". As soon as he was fully dressed he ran for the packet, but fancy his intense disappointment when he was informed that letters there were none for him and the next mail was at ten. However he possessed his soul in patience and at ten he had the pleasure of getting seven (that mystic number!) letters among which were one from you and one from home, for which thanks are duly returned.

Abandoning the childish third person singular for the dignified 'I', I proceed to take the home letter into consideration, clause by clause, as if it were a bill in parliament. I shall be glad to send Sosah a p.p.e. next week. Raman Menon is the son of the Elaya Raja of Cochin. My progress in French for the present is nil, for I am frightfully busy otherwise and am waiting to get to France next year to learn it up thoroughly. I do not go to any lectures at all on the subject. The Warden is an Olympian, and we see little of him except his name on notices. He comes to the High Table very rarely, has the reputation of a misanthropic gentleman which is apparently borne out by the fact that he lives all alone in a big house and asks no company, but to me he has been kind whenever I had occasion to see him. As far as I now, he has done nothing remarkable, but his face is remarkable for its stern expression. My bill of fare for dinner in hall is like this: Soup or fish, Beef or Mutton, Pork etc. dear to the heart of Englishmen; pudding etc. I never dine in my room for the very good reason that I can get nothing to eat at dinner time, when the kitchen is not open. Very sorry to hear Mr. Mulley refused at the last moment; but he could hardly help it and perhaps it is for the best and you'll get somebody more wholeheartedly devoted to the work. A most curious error has crept into the homeletter. Apachen quotes 'Brooke of Balliol' as a history man: this mythical personage is evidently compounded of two distinct dons" Brooke of Merton, Divinity tutor and Barker of St. John's tutor in history who was to have lectured at Balliol. I was quite concerned to hear of Mrs. Eapen's ill health and hope she'll soon perfectly recover. I sent her a card for Mrs. E. and Kunjunju and Ammu, which I hope he has sent on. Glad to hear G.V. of Mangalore is coming so soon: but it is a pity he'll be up at Edinburgh. The Oxford medical course is considered one of the very best in England. The one with the most prestige. The other day I saw Sir William Osler working at some books in the Bodleian. Apparently he is careless about his dress, for I could plainly see his vest arms stick beyond his shirt cuffs! Shocking in a professor of medicine at Oxford, when even the students of it at Madras are "the glass of fashion and the

form of mould"! e.g. Mathaichen! I am sorry to hear of Amachi's renewed nasal trouble. The one remedy for it is a sea voyage. I do not know whether the things that I imagine 'did' for my cold could be any use to her: but they are the long sea voyage and open air life, a hot bath the first thing in the morning, and sleeping on the other side to that the nostril of which is affected. Rather curious remedies, but they cured me: or something else did. It is strange that the climate of Oxford is damp as it could be and yet I do not have even a cold - matter for thankfulness, when I remember the bother that "permanent cold" gave me in Madras. Sosah should be missing Cherukandan sadly!

I was most interested to get all the details of the Mott meetings from your long and full letter - and I do hope I shall be kept in touch with all that still goes on in most direction as your time and inclination permit. It was refreshing to hear of the 300 men who had signed the card and most of them at least are sincere. But besides the word must have touched many other souls and the harvest will not appear till perhaps years are past. But what one is particularly anxious about is the days after: when all prayer and supplication should be made and every energy used to carry on the enthusiasm and the work. On Saturday next I am looking forward to a long account of the Convocation Gathering, the eloquent speeches and the splendid teas. Glad to hear Maria Kunju is away from the Y.W.C.A. and its petty restrictions. Did she make a speech at the Social? She is equal to anything. Yes, I shall send you a postcard of Mona Lisa as soon as I can, which will be a fortnight more perhaps, for I could get them only in London. In return I want half a dozen Madras scenes - by return of mail, if convenient - to put on the mantelpiece and gaze at. One should be the Y.M.C.A. and another the College: the rest you may choose yourself, but of course you won't choose anything like the Madras Hunt, his Master's Bike, Drawing Toddy! Inspiring and exhilarating as these are I confess to a more prosaic disposition. But first of all I want a photo of yours for which I think I wrote before - and want it very badly. Any other photos you can scrape together for me will be welcome. Apachen wrote for a fresher's group, but it is 10/6. If he wants it still I shall be glad to send one.

Having thus eked out four pages and a half I proceed to such news as I have. The week has been dull because most of the men went down on Saturday, though in some respects I enjoyed it very much, but I am going ahead. On Thursday night we had the last Union debate of term on the motion 'This House would rather have its

First Class than its Blue'. The names on the paper attracted a full house and a more than usually eager audience as the debate was expected to be a "rag" one - funny. Rev. Carey of Hertford began & made a most excellent & humorous speech to which Rev. Knox of Trinity replied in as fine a strain. The latter is an ex pres. of the Union. Mr. Tinne of University made a poor third, but Canon Scott Holland, Regius Prof. of Divinity, made a speech in his usual, irresistible style. He is a very stout man, as R. monks are sometimes shown in pictures to be, notably in an edifying one we had in the dining room years ago appropriately entitled "Fish, flesh & fowl" and when he said he had once coxed (coxing of course requires the lightest weight possible) for Balliol, we broke into incredulous applause. It much enhanced the humour of the debate that the Firsts throughout spoke for a 'Blue' and the 'Blues' for a First. However, by a substantial majority we agreed to motion.

On Saturday morning at nine began collections. Not offertory in chapel, but what corresponds to terminal examinations. We went in, one by one, into a room where say the Warden and most of the dons and tutors. As each man went in his tutor read a short report of his terms work and the Warden spoke a few words of praise or censure as the case may be. Johnson was good & said - 'I wish my English students would work as hard as my students from the Indian Empire' - a compliment meant more for Bajpai, of whom he is very fond, than for me. Bajpai stays with him in the vacs. I would not stay with Johnson for £10. Then he added that I worked very hard at my papers, had a good memory, and besides very good arrangement and considerable power of thought. I was quite relieved to find I had a mind after all. The Warden said that was only what he had expected from the certificates he had had about me, but he was glad to find I had begun serious work in the very first term. And so I came scatheless thro' the ordeal. Of one of my friends his tutor said "He is the worst Latin scholar I have ever had and that is saying a lot!"

The Union is closed - as far as free stamping is concerned - during vacation and so I took time by the forelock and wrote all my letters while it was yet open.

Little on Mondy and Tuesday; but wait. On Sunday afternoon I had tea at Mr. Matheson's, the Presbyterian minister in Oxford - a very nice man. On Monday Miss Richards came in for some shopping. We went for a short walk by the river and then I had to go to the Bodleian and she to her shopping. On Monday afternoon I had tea with Mr. Hauer, who is staying up for some time. He seemed quite a fine man

and told me he was taking Greats next year and then his Ph.D. in Germany so that it would be two years at least before he comes to India. He seems to have some ideas on education besides simply on tiles and cloth; and feels that teachers and students might come nearer than they do now - a point which I rubbed in. So that he is not at all a bad bargain, talks English decently and rows.

On Tuesday afternoon I had tea with Crawford (Merton Coll) who is staying up this week, and yesterday Gray and Crawford came in to tea with me. This comparative solitude has given me a chance of knowing them better - they're both very nice fellers'.

But the great event of this week remains. Yesterday I went out to Witney to lunch. Witney is a dozen miles off & easily reached by rail - is the centre of a famous blanket industry. Mrs. Corley's father is there, Mr. Early, and a great lot of her cousins, all engaged in making blankets or rather having them made. Mr. Corley had repeatedly asked me to see them and so I wrote and was invited to lunch. I went at twelve, was driven from the station to the house, and met Mrs. Early who talked some time with me when first Miss Early, very like Mrs. Early, and then Mr. Early, came in. Mr. Early completely falsified my expectations, for he was small and thin with drooping moustaches, much like Mr. Arnold. They were all nice and I saw a great lot of photos and had a great lunch, and then went and saw the works, where hundreds of blankets are made every day. When they are woven first they are coarse and hard like sack, and have to pass thro' several processes to become soft and fluffy. Witney blankets are famous for their whiteness - said to be due to the river and all those which cover me at night are Witney. Just now it is a slack season for them, the pressure being greatest just before winter. I saw some coloured like Joseph's coat and was surprised to be told they were in great demand, even in the West End of London, but the large proportion are white with a few border lines.

Then I drove back and came away just in time to entertain my guests to tea. All the Earlys were very good and I was asked to stay to tea, but couldn't having guests myself. I was quite glad to have a few hours away from ----- Oxford.

That brings me up to date. I am now leading a happy-go-lucky life and quite enjoy it. Most of the day I spend in the Bodleian working at Calendars of State

Papers and Reports of the Historical Mss. Commission. The evenings I spend in my room, working again. Dinner we can have in hall, but there is no restriction now and as we get 1/6 for each day out I am trying to dine cheaply elsewhere. A restaurant in St. Giles does admirably, but today I forgot that everything closed at one o'clock by Act. of Parliament - the Shops Act - and was quite chagrined to find my cafe shut. I was in a dilemma - I could not have dinner in hall nor anywhere else, but a happy thought occurred, which had reference to a cake in my cupboard. Home I came, cut a huge chunk of cake and took a tumbler of water and made a very pleasant meal of it. I have found out - by practical experiment - that cake does me no harm whatever in almost any quantity.

And so Valliamachi need not be afraid. For her special benefit I'll say I went down to the river to scull today!

For my Christmas I am going down to Littlehampton, which you'll find on the south coast near Portsmouth. There's a Rev. Mr. Wheeler there and he takes boarders. So I go there, the advantages being several - a seaside (I am yearning for the sound of the waves, which is like home to me), a quiet place (I want to work and hate crowds), a son of the family now at Queen's Coll. Oxford, the presence of Raman Menon who comes with me, and last but not least Christmas in a home, not in a boardinghouse. But I shall go down only on the 21st. There's lots more to be done here.

I do not know whether I wrote about it last mail, but I bought a bicycle last week - a Humber light roadster which had been in use for a term, but look's practically quite new, easy riding, for £5 (orig. price £6.10) including bell and tools and electric lamp on which I insisted. So I am riding out almost every day now, though most days it rains miserably enough to make the roads slushy.

Nothing more. Hope everyone there is all right and my remembrances to Unniachen etc. With love and best wishes for a Happy New Year to all,

affectionately yours,

Kuruvila

London S.W.

December 20, 1912

My dear Apachen,

Amachi's letter last Saturday, which I rushed off to get in my pyjamas and read in bed. There are no men in College and so this did not matter.

I am awfully interested to hear all that news of Ramamurti I can understand how he may give a good performance but not a good lecture! But even in men of purely physical development I suppose there is a certain implicit acknowledgement of the necessity of the mental. I hope the concert will have turned out a success - a "crying" success it undoubtedly will be with Mrs. Schereun in it. I shall never forget her gymnastics conducting the English choir! I have been in half the colleges in Oxford. All my early letters of course were redirected from Keble Coll: Mr. Whitehead puts me down at Lincoln, and two weeks ago a letter came which had been addressed to St. John's College. I shall be glad to have any photos that may be taken and small articles would be welcome, but I suppose it would mean trouble to send them. A cushion cover I do not think I shall trouble Kunju to make: because for one thing it is so difficult to get it filled - and then that is one of the things often better bought than made - meaning, of course no discounting of her skill with the needle.

After reading through your whole letter carefully I find little to answer and so that fruitful resource eludes me. I am forced to have recourse to my own news.

Last Saturday the men I knew best all all went off home: and so I was left almost alone. Saturday afternoon was certainly a dull day, especially I grows so dark as early and I could not even go out on my cycle. I sat still near the fire - almost the only companionable thing - and devoured a magazine of stories to keep out reflection. The device succeeded. On Sunday I was happily able to plan measures for the spending the spare time: which meant practically the whole time. There were few I knew in Oxford, but at last I thought of the Moffatts' and cycled down to their home in North Oxford. Only Mrs. M. was in when I called, but soon Mr. M. came in and soon after the two boys. I had tea and was quite taken out of myself watching the kiddies Archie, the youngest, just four is chockful of mischief - as sturdy a youngster as anyone could not manage. He had had his birthday a few days earlier. Eric, the elder brother, is nine and I invited him to come out rowing with me on the river some

day next term. I was shown innumerable picture books and Eric has begun stamp-collecting, but did not have any Indians. When I came back I sent him some Indian and Travancore stamps which I happened to have and he was delighted. I sent Archie a picture book for birthday and Xmas and had a very nice letter from Mrs. M. in reply. I answered that the kids had done for more than I could ever do for them - which is a fact. Anyway Sunday was jolly, though it was drizzling when I cycled back. I hope Sarah has got her doll before this comes, and that she likes it. I could have wished to send everyone at home something for Xmas, but birthdays have to be remembered too and together they make too large a demand on my purse; but I hope the sincere wish will be taken for the deed.

On Monday the last man I knew went away and soon it began to be very dull and boring. My work in the library saved me from absolute ennui, but I soon found that it would be martyrdom to stay till Saturday. The work was hurried and I came down on Wednesday morning after breakfast.

After I came I met Subbarayan and Raman Menon and others and so had company. Also I changed my plans. Instead of Little hampton, Subbarayan and I are going to Haslemere in Surrey or Sussex, an inland place indeed but quiet and right on the Downs - a glorious situation and the very place for a holiday, all sweeping hill and field and splendid views and the bracing country air. We are going to live with a Mrs. Gurney and it is a place which the Student Volunteer men often go to for conferences and meetings. It is nice again to have a companion.

When I came to town I wrote to Mr. F. Corley, Mr. Corley's brother asking when I could call: but he is very busy just now and I have only two or three days in town. But curiously enough I met another of the Early's yesterday. Neither Miss Seek nor Mr. Cheshire was in and as I was presiding at dinner and there was a English student at the table whom I did not know. Toward the end by the merest accident I discovered he was an Early and we were very pleased indeed to see each other: of course he is only a cousin of Mrs. Corley's not a brother.

I met Mr. Mallet yesterday at the Indian office. I wanted to read at the British Museum and asked a certificate from him - a householder has to recommend you before you can become a reader - and he gave me one readily enough. He is a very pleasant-spoken and suave man, I think, and probably about fifty, more or less. But

as you know they have recently appointed men at Oxford & Cambridge for Indian students - a Mr. Burroughs who is said to be very nice is at Oxford, but I am afraid this is merely an unnecessary multiplication of organisation. A great many student are entirely against any organisation whatever, on the other hand I see several advantages of having some machinery and am quite in favour of a small office and staff for the purpose, but this veritable hierarchy that has been arising so fast - indeed I am reminded of Pandemonium "rose like an exhalation from the ground with dulcet symphonies & voices sweet." Not indeed comparing them in any way to the fallen angels, very much the reverse - but this extraordinary increase is, to some extent, certainly wasteful and harmful. I do not see how very much is gained by putting somebody at Oxford to control men who are in almost all cases over twenty, they would naturally resent any decided interference and certainly not ask often for advice if the functions of Mr. Burroughs are purely consultative.

However - from this long discussion you must have easily discovered that I am merely labouring to cover the pages: and not very successfully. Yesterday we were walking along Oxford Street, London's shopping centre. The scene beggars description and should be seen. The whole pavement was literally packed with people for whole furlongs engaged in Xmas purchases, the bookshops are crowded, the toyshops stormed by intending purchasers. It was noticeable that nine out of ten persons were ladies. I was much relieved to find that they were as much absorbed in shopping and so probably this letter would escape vitriol and ink. The real solution to the suffrage problem is to have daily "sales" at all the big shops; or a monthly Christmas!

There are many things to be done. I should get my hair cut, it is now as long, hardly as Absalom's; I do not care for that old warrior's original and interesting, but hardly pleasant device of shortening it, I shall enter a barber's shop. Then there are a few pictures to buy, I've already discovered them in a shop in the Strand, but have not yet ordered them - mostly landscapes. Then there is my mail to be finished off. Tomorrow I am expecting a shipload of letter and cards - for it is my Christmas mail. Hip! Hip! Hurrah! as the plum -pudding-stuffed schoolboy said.

I am at my wit's end what to write and so wil end here to save my wits - with love to all,

affectionately yours,

Kuruvila

Many thanks for Kunju's letter but as I wrote to her last week I shan't reply now. This is the best letter I've yet written. The inevitable Christmas tree and did Old Santa Claus, whom by the way I saw the other day at Oxford, visit Sosa's stockings.

#24

Oaken Bough
Haslemere
Surrey Dt.
26.Xii.1912.

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for all the letters and cards and birthday and Xmas wishes and the photo and the other things which came last mail. The photo unfortunately was a little injured, one corner being torn off, but still I believe I can make a good picture of it. The parcels I have not yet received and for a very good reason - they should have gone on to Oxford and I left Oxford last Wednesday - all my letters I only got on Monday, when I was at Cromwell Road. But that very afternoon I came here to spend Christmas. The parcels would probably not be redirected. I had also Georgekutty's photo, for which again many thanks.

At London I had a jolly time. On Sunday morning I went to the City Temple to hear R. J. Campbell preach. His figure is striking, and his sermon eloquent. The choir composed apparently of College girls of London who wore their gowns and caps was quite good - and the preacher, whatever his published opinions maybe, was in speech irrefragably orthodox. In the afternoon I did nothing particularly except a walk to Hyde Park. On Saturday too nothing remarkable had occurred, but I purchased some pictures at a London shop so that now my room will look much nicer.

On Monday morning Subbarayan and I started off from Waterloo Stn. to Haslemere. Haslemere, which may be found on the map, is about 40 miles from London and a small country town. Mrs. Gurney the old widow lady at whose house

we live, is about two miles off from the town on a hillside and very quiet and isolated. There is besides a Miss Karney here who was in the Presidency training school for mistresses. Mrs. G. has a small estate, a large wood and two small houses as in the picture. She is one of those religious old souls of whom one reads, and very nice indeed. But the neighbourhood does not lack attractions. Lord Tennyson used to live quite close by and Tennyson's walk is still pointed out. Lord Pentland lived for some time in the house next door. There are plenty of other lords about. This house in particular is one to which student movement men often come for a retreat, and Mrs. G's visitors book is crowded with names of Bishops and important people in the Church among whom I saw that of Mr. Azariah. We are enjoying ourselves immensely though hardly doing as much work as we should. But it has helped me to discover that when you want to work you should go into digs, boarding houses and not into a family - there you are bound by conventions and there is no time left for work.

We came in about five on Monday and it was too dark to see anything at all. So early on Tuesday morning as soon as I was dressed I ran up the hill and had a very quiet and nice birthday morning. The land lay hill beyond hill, heather clad.

Over the eastern range the sun was bursting in clear glory, a rare sight, and there was an absolute stillness in the air, even the wind which always whistles loudly thro' the leafless woods was quiet for the nonce. It almost, but not at all wholly - for the lack of the home wishes on the morning. The days have been raining and consequently much walking is out of the question. On Xmas morning I went to Church alone, through pelting rain, and attended a nice service. We had a small party in the afternoon for tea and all sorts of noisy games after that - the names of which I do not remember, but often romantic as Cock-a-doodle-do. The plum pudding came in with a sprig of holly stuck in it, and holly was all over the house - Mrs. E's Xmas cards adorned the mantelpiece and she had a great many. I had about twenty myself and about as many letters - the first mail which really contented me. The Church was not very prettily decorated nothing at all to what the Calicut Church used to look like. I calculated that when we were having lunch you were all attending the evening service.

There were carols in the afternoon at Church, but I could not go it was so dark and rainy, and so I missed them entirely - indeed the song part of Christmas was

nearly altogether absent. And all writers on Xmas had led me to expect a snow bound world on Xmas day and I was intensely disappointed not to see the least trace of snow. The silent snow possessed the ear, wrote Tennyson, but where. It almost shook my belief in him and in old Dickens and Washington Irving.

By a miscalculation I thought the mail would only go tomorrow, but apparently the letters have to be posted today, and when I discovered this I had only forty minutes to write in. Most of my other letters therefore remain unwritten - an awful pity - and this is hurried and short, which I hope you'll forgive. It is not at all lack of will, but lack of time. I shall be staying here for two or three days more and then two or three days in London and then to Oxford a few days before term begins.

I much wanted to - but cannot - write to all the others at home. I send a letter for Kunijovinu (Joseph Eapen), which as it happened I had written yesterday, care of you - for I'm not sure whether he is at Calicut or at Changanoor.

The picture post cards I enclose are for the album - though one is for Sosah, whichever she likes best. I hope before this comes she has got her doll and likes it. I shall of course want detailed accounts of Christmas there and all that Santa Claus brought to each of you. Did Georgekutty go to the Serampore conference after all?

I am afraid I must end now.

With love to all;

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

1913

#25

21 Cromwell Rd.

London S.W.

Jany. 2.1913

My dear Apachen,

All the homeletters last mail and one from Georgekuty for which many thanks. To elucidate my letter I should give you first an idea of my movements and that can best be done thus:-

1. Term ends. Dec. 7
2. Left Oxford for London. Dec. 18th
3. Left London for Haslemere. Dec. 23rd.
Christmas mail on Dec. 23rd too
4. Left Haslemere for London. Dec. 31st.
Got mails - Dec. 31st.
5. Shall leave for Oxford. Jan. 4th
6. Term begins - Jan. 10th

And now for news. As I believe I wrote last time I had a great Christmas mail - some more came in later and altogether there were nearly twenty letters and more than thirty cards. For my birthday of course there was the parcel from home which, I understand, is at Merton Coll - because a parcel cannot be redirected. So it waits my arrival. There were also besides some cards, a book from Miss Richards which it is was very kind of her to send, and then something else. As I was reading a book one evening at Haslemere after dinner there came a small packet for me redirected from Merton. As soon as I came upon the handwriting I knew of course who it was from, but when I opened it there was a great surprise. The sender was one of my dearest friends, a boy in the second class whose photo you may have seen. P.R. Krishnamachari, and the gift, of course a birthday one, was a wrist watch and a good one too. How he remembered my birthday I cannot tell, but in any case it was very sweet of him to send me such a beautiful present and I was quite overwhelmed for the time. His own birthday is Feb. 17 and he is coming to Oxford in October. I do not quite know what to do with two watches, but for the present I have relegated the older one to its case and wear the new one on my wrist like a 'nut' as they call the fashionable young man at Oxford, or a 'spark' as he was called in the 18th century.

I attempted to describe Christmas in my last but perhaps not very vividly. It rained all day instead of snowing - 'the silent snow' did not 'possess the earth'. However I went to church and heard a good sermon and came back. We had goose and turkey to lunch and dinner, the traditional Christmas fare and of course plum-pudding, the indispensable accompaniment, which came in adorned with a sprig of holly. The holly, by the way, grows in great bushes - almost trees - and in winter is a most lovely spectacle, all crowded with the scarlet berries. In the afternoon we had a small tea party, mainly composed of dependants of Mrs. Gurney, but we made merry nevertheless, ate slices of the very thickly iced Christmas cake and joined heartily in pulling crackers and in other games with romantic names. So after all I enjoyed Christmas, though one missed the tree, the carols and songs, and the home presents. I heard nothing of Santa Claus at all, though I met him long ago in the High Street of Oxford.

Christmas day came and passed in rain and so were the 26th, and the 27th, much walking was out of the question, but since I had got hold of some Kiplings I did not much mind that. In those days I first read *Kim*, a splendid story revealing a keen acquaintance with several aspects of Indian life, and *A Day's work* - a collection of short stories, and of which *My Sunday's Rest* sent me off into such peals of laughter that Mrs. Gurney and the maid presently looked in to see whether I had suddenly gone mad. Saturday was, however, very fair and we had some walks, and Sunday followed suit. I attended church again alone and Subbarayan returned to London in the afternoon. I stayed on till Tuesday morning. On Monday I had a long walk all up and down the hills among the heather and the trees. I gazed eagerly for a bunch of white heather but the quest went unrewarded. Indeed the winter has so paled even the purple heather that it would not have been easy to distinguish white heather even if I had found it. I went up a hill, more than 900 feet high, to the Gibbet Cross of which, as I mistake not, I sent a p.p.c. last week. It is called so because more than a hundred years ago a sailor was killed there and there the murderer was hanged. So was spent a warm Monday. On Tuesday I hurried back to London after many thanks to Mrs. G. So perhaps I wrote already she is an old widow lady, the widow of a clergyman, who has a small estate in Haslemere and keeps her home as a retreat or country home for people who may wish to get away for a few days from the town and especially for student movement leaders etc. and all this without any charge. She is just one's idea of a Christian lady, very religious (I had almost said, too exclusively so), and very kind. She let us have our way in everything, left us to ourselves most

of the time which was very considerate. And when I left asked me, I think to send her best regards to all at home.

Well on Tuesday, I came to London and immediately had my mail - a good many letters and a few cards. I had first the grievous news of the death of Mr. Craig. In his first term as professor and mine as tutor we had been associated together and I had always found him kind and open and sympathetic. The day I left madras I had met him in college, and the shock to me was great, because I had a very real regard for him. Sympathy is heightened as one, thinks of the poor girl -wife thus suddenly deprived of her husband. For him indeed it is only a change from a world of pain to one of complete happiness 'which is far better'; but for her the strain and the wrench should have been tremendous, and one can find many moments to remember her in her sorrow.

At night several of us went to a church close by for a midnight service. The church, a large building, was simply crowded and I am told it is everywhere the case: which is rather surprising. There was an effective sermon and at twelve the service ended and the stream poured out into the streets. Remembrance flew back to the old midnight meetings at Calicut at Mr. Eapen's house, when I slept half the time and ate ----- the rest - they seem now so far remote.

Yesterday I wrote some letters and had lunch at Rev. I. Robertson's. He is the clergyman of the Scotch Ch. in London and lives near Russell Square; there were besides his brother and his wife and their daughter and a curate of Cambridge. The evening I spent walking about and happening to pass the Albert hall at six found a crowd outside waiting to enter in and hear the great oratoris, The Messiah. That reminded me that Mrs. Moffat had asked me to go to it and I nearly went in, but the lack of a companion and the fact that I had not had any dinner prevented me from investing in a ticket. After dinner of course it was too late, for the music began at eight. Two hours earlier there were some hundreds of people waiting outside to get in! Yesterday morning I had my photo taken and here enclose a proof. It is one of three and the worst. I have ordered six copies each of the other two. The one enclosed looks so extremely boyish and so melancholy which latter fault I'm afraid the other slides have too. it is the result of an attempt to smile prematurely snapped! A dozen of these in Sepia mounted on nice cards costs only 3/3!

The New Year began with a taxicab strike and so the streets are much safer to walk now, there are so few motors about. The cause is an increase in the price of petrol; and many of the old horse hansoms and cabs have reappeared the motor cab having gone off the scene!

I am glad to hear Georgekutty went to the Conference tho' it must have left the home circle round the tree incomplete. Of course I expect to have full accounts soon of Christmas at home and all the presents everybody got and whether Santa Claus filled Sosah's pillow case or not and whether the carol singers came at night or the church was decorated with arum lilies.

The weather here has been quite warm for December - in fact 6 degrees more than the average which is only 38 degrees. It is not even so cold as August or November was. But they say that the Hilary term is the coldest and dreariest that is January and February and the first week in March.

The cards I had from home were very nice, especially the one with the ship: the other, I suppose, is handpainted, or why should it cost 6 ans. as is written on the back. In any case cards are much cheaper here than in India and the quantities sold are amazing, I believe. I had only about thirty - a fair number 'considering' as Mrs. Pipchen says - but Cheshire had close upon a hundred and even he paled before Miss Beck who sent out and received over three hundred cards each way, some of them of the most magnificent description. I had some very interesting ones, particularly a card from 'Eric, Margaret and Archie' - I'm sure everybody will guess wrong who they are - Dr. Moffatts' children. It is such a relief sometimes to go there after weeks of fine young gentlemen, and I am fast making friends with Eric, the eldest - just nine, and Archie only four. There were a few from College mates but the great majority of course came from friends in India.

Georgekutty sent me a photo and many thanks for it. The week has been so uneventful that I hardly know how to lengthen this out. Subbarayan is going to stay next week with one of his college men. Keep, at King's Langley - Mr. S. as I write this is in Mangalore, safe and sound. I feel inclined to say with the Preacher. Of writing many letters there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh. By the way I had notes from Unniachen and 'Oleshele Kunju' for which much obliged.

With much love to all,

affectionately yours

Kuruvila

Jan 2nd, 1913

London

P.S. I shall be much obliged if my best regards could be given to Messrs Isaac Pillay, John Master, and all the others there. Burroughs, the new man at Oxford is an old Ceylon Civil Servant, I believe, and of ample private means - he does the work honorarily - Berrians, the Cambridge man, is a young don of John's and both of them, acc. to all reports, are very nice men. The government are now charging a small percentage for the guardianship of students entrusted to their charge; but not, I believe, from govt. students.

Oxford.

#26

Jan. 9.1913

My dear Amachi,

The home letters dated Dec. 17 and 18th came in last Saturday and many thanks for the same. I was much interested in all the news, especially in the accession of our Eltan Rajah. "Lang Court" now holds a court of his own and will he blossom forth into a new era of green paper covered pamphlets in Malayalam and Sanskrit. One remembers how we used to wheedle him out of the eight anna bits offered as prizes to the side which won at badminton. He was then somewhere at the tail end of the genealogy - but behold in seven years the old athlete has become the new prince. My humblest remembrances to the Zamorin, and may he never forget his liberality. I shall never forget my laughter.

Apachen calls tigers at Mohurram intolerable = why, I long for the sight of one. The amusing spectacle of the scare crow in red and yellow parading the streets is one

of the joys of existence in Calicut; the other joys are and were the Mapilla who played the wonderful game of um, um, Maria Missi (which has enchanted even Sosah, the Kavidipallan, the irresistible beggar who cast reflections on his ancestry. Pirichan Moopan (of course I refer to our servant boy!), Mr. Greene at the Y.M.C.A., and a Mapilla at an auction. These were the spices of life in that dear old place.

I am somewhat taken aback by the audacity of Mr. Ramamurthy I.C.S. As far as I know, at Cambridge, he was famous for his 'swotting' and hardly knew whether a football was round or flat or whether tennis was played with the nose or the toes, wherefore our gentleman was unpopular at Trinity. Surprised to hear of the great attendance at the Phonetic's lectures. To my unsophisticated mind phonetics are as much a matter of ignorance as cosmetics and occupy the same place in my list of dislikes as anthropology and palaeography - but, as Marvell says, remote words of much efficacy.

I am amazed at Mr. Hoare's sudden loss of his usual foresight and admirable prudence. Why did he not levy a general tax of Rs.5 on those first detained as a fee for a reconsideration of their case and then send them up if he wanted to. A clear loss of Rs 100 to the old college. By the way Gastavus had the kindness, which I much appreciated, to send me photos of the Footer teams of the B.G.M. I have them on my mantelpiece and calmly exhibit them as 'Oh, that's a group the soccer team of my old school which won a cup this year' - for all the world as if my old school were Rugby or Eton. The B.G.M. - should be thankful for the honour.

Congratulations to Ammu and Sarah for first places in Sunday School. Can the former yet correctly multiply 3 by 5? Of course she can. Does the latter change here clothes before she has tea? Of course she does. Have both of them together, and considerably hindered by Sosah, manufactured miles of paper-chains - look at the drawing room which bears witness. Did Santa Claus come at all to Kurial or was he detained by the storms in Biscay. Behold Sosah's swollen pillow case. Did cakes tickle the greedy palates of Kunju and her regiment? Why, there were a dozen. Did Sosah see at last a Christmas tree. Why she'll tell the tale for the five hundred and ninety sixth time if you care. Spare me!

So far I have eked out the home letter and to good purpose. Four pages are covered and now exit home letter into the substantial envelope. Enter English news.

Act I: Scene I.

Scene. London. Cromwell Rd. Time Saturday morning 9.30 A.M.

K.Z.I "Go call a cab and let a cab be called, And let him that calleth be the caller -

And in his calling let him nothing call But cab, cab, cab, oh for a cab ye Gods.

(exit Porter)

Fifteen minutes later enter Porter

Porter - Such is the power of the taxi strike That I have whistled for a good long while And yet no cab appears

K.Z. I shall not chafe at fate nor petulant strive to make cabs where cabs are none at hand;

But I will wait and watch the fleeting hours

Whether an empty taxi passing by

May not attend my needs.

In other words I missed the 9:50 because I could not get a taxi to drive me and my heavy bag to Paddington and had to take the 10:20. The taxicab strike, due to the enhanced price of petrol, has had many results - one of which is seen in my delay - but another is that the streets are much safer to walk in now.

The 10:20 brought me at 11:44 to Oxford and thence a cab deposited me at the familiar gates of Merton College. In I swaggered as an undergrad should and installed myself comfortably in my old rooms.

And now:

Saturday,

As soon as I came I had my mail, not very large, and rather saddening on the whole. There was one from Mr. Hogg which was as touching as it was brave and it

moved me, I confess, a good deal. I took possession also of my parcel and the elephant now adorns my mantelpiece, the provisions were welcome, my only regret being their insignificant quantity and they were in excellent condition. In five or six days the dates vanished, a few in which an inconvenient animal appeared into the fire, the rest into the capacious digestive receptacles of K.Z. The other sweet was prime and I discovered by experiment, that half a bottle at a time did me no injury whatever except morally, perhaps!

The rest of Saturday was chiefly spent in waiting for some other men who were coming up for the History Scholarship Exam; but they did not turn up and I spent rather a lonely day.

Sunday 5th Jan.

Sunday afternoon Gray came from Scotland; he is my greatest friend among the freshers and I at once asked him to tea, which since he was very tired after a bus journey he was glad to accept. We had a long talk and I exhibited all my new treasures including the elephant, he brought his which happened to be two books, but he undiscerningly declined the offer of 'sticky sweets' as I rather disparagingly called our banana slices. At night Crawford came in but I met him only next morning. We dined in one Hunt's room, a senior, and thus I made his acquaintance too. I stayed there to coffee and he had asked one of the new men come up for the scholarship exam too; the difference the Varsity makes is palpable, the public school boy is awkward, his speech is different, and in a hundred small ways the distinction is manifest.

Monday

To begin Monday auspiciously I had a cold bath; the baths not being yet open for hot water. I jumped into it and as hastily climbed up again, for my feet were nearly frozen. Nevertheless heroically I perserved and completed a rather hasty ablutions; a cold bath is hard to bring myself to indulge in but once taken it has a wonderful soothing and exhilarating effect. But greater things remained for Monday; for I went to lunch at the Moffatts and stayed the whole afternoon. After lunch we had all sorts of games, for the kiddies were full of their Christmas presents. I played at ball rode Mr. Archie, who is four and the most michievous little fellow imaginable, visited

his great rocking horse, only appreciated Margaret's new doll (her third she informed me) saw Eric's mechanical toys, played unendingly at bagatelle in which I fared badly, took my share in 'Kingdoms', 'Fan-tail' and other novel and enjoyable games. In short I had a very happy time. After tea I returned at about six. Both Dr. M. & Mrs. M. are very kind and good and I like the children very much, nobody I suppose ever suspected me of being a childrens man nor am I, but I cannot help liking them, they make the little variation of life I have from the unending vista of 'nutty' (i.e. fashionable) young gentlemen and crusty old dons. Eric gave me some tulip bulbs, which now in two pots are on my window sill, in spring they will probably bloom. On the other hand he has just contracted that epidemic, stamp collecting, and I had the pleasure of giving him the Indian stamps I had from my letters.

Tuesday, Wednesday

I had tea with Gray, but hardly anything further happened except that I rode miles away in one direction and found nothing but flat country and leafless trees; so returned disgusted. But the next day was rather eventful, for Subbarayan came in late in the afternoon and I had the pleasure of getting my new pictures which were in his room at Wadham. I fixed them up in my room that very night disdaining to call the 'scout' (the servant) to aid, for his appreciation of art is less than nothing; and now my room presents a brave aspect. To elucidate the improvements a sketch is desirable and I shall indicate the tolerable accuracy the position of the various ornaments of the room; gradually it is becoming quite nice to look at.

(diagram of room)

A= bedroom door

B= door to the landing

Dark lines mean windows

C= fireplace

D= window seat

E= shelf or cupboard

F= mantelpiece

1= small picture of Addison's Walk

2= large one - colours - called Nature's Garden

3= small Rossellis 'Do les Dream'

- 4= large - Hoffmann's Christ in Gethsamene
- 5= medium - Landscape - colours
- 6= medium - Turner - Agrippina - colours
- 7= small - Landscape - colours
- 8,8= Bulb - pots

Going to Wadham we met a great crowd going along the High to Confax: it was a suffragette procession. Sensible of them to have it before term began, otherwise there would have been disturbance. Since Subbarayan professes himself an ardent suffragist I advised him to hang on to the procession, which he hastily declined to do.

Thursday - Yesterday nothing noteworthy happened except that I chanced to meet the Warden and Mr. Johnson both of whom remembered and spoke kindly to me. Another don, a Mr. Allen, asked me to an At Home he was giving in the Hall; but as it was a big 'function' at which evening dress, which I possess not, had to be worn I could not go. Naish too came to Corpus and we had a walk round the flooded meadow; Gray and I biked down in the morning to the upper river which was swollen and Port Meadow was one sheet of water on which sailing boats were ready for any who liked it. I must learn sailing one of these days, it seems a very enjoyable exercise; of course both rowing, hunting and sailing are all as different as possible from the fossilized rowing, poling and sailing with which we are familiar on our lovely backwaters.

Friday.

Today is Friday.

A few other things more and I have done. The photos came from London and did not justify my optimistic hopes - on the other hand they look exceedingly and most undesirably melancholy. As a matter of fact to think that I am anything like the photo is to conceive as false an idea as could be imagined of me. If you could fancy a broad smile in place of the sickly expression now adorning my countenance you'd be about right. I was minded to destroy it privily when it came, but just to show how plump and stout I've grown and the swell nature of my suit I send three copies herewith - as Georgekuty may like one.

For the history scholarship none of the men I know got it. Reid did very well, but they said he was too old; so that there is no chance for me too anywhere. Johnson told me he'd have had it if he had been younger - he is twenty four. Gray and Crawford came up high but not quite near enough.

When I came up I got my terms battels together and the items may be interesting:-

	Kitchen & Buttery	£8.	1.	0
1.	Fagots		4.	0
2.	Coals	1.	9.	0
	Knocking in		2.	6
	Groceries	1.	6.	5
	Percentage		12.	0
3.	Varsity Dues		12.	6
4.	Establishment	5.	16.	0
5.	Room rent	6.	16.	0
6.	Furniture rent	1.	15.	0
7.	Rates & taxes	1.	5.	2
8.	Tuition	7.	7.	0
9.	Electric light		12.	0
10.	Baths		5.	0
11.	Glazier		4.	8
		£36.	18.	10

My other expenses for term and the December vacation came to about £ 35/-. of course such items at Senior standing, Matriculation £3.10, Admission and others won't recur; in London, of course, before coming up I had to spend a good deal besides for clothes and other necessities. Now, after getting the scholarship of Jan - March I perceive I have in the bank the grand total of ----- so that I shall not want any money at all till at last October, even then perhaps I may not want any - even if I do it will be a comparatively small amount. In battels most of the items, e.g. all those numbered, are fixed charges - and for the rest i think I can honestly say I've lived as economically as possible though perhaps I have indulged in occasional extravagances. When I go into cheaper rooms in October it will be possible to reduce the battels by at least £2 or £3 termly.

That is all the news and this is not at all a bad letter for length. I am hoping tomorrow to get long and brilliant accounts of Christmas at home.

With much love to everyone,

ever affectionately yours

Kuruvila

P.S. Kunju and the others must pardon me, for this week I am very busy in the matter of letters. Best regards to Kurujunji (Jos Eapen) Baby and all the others.

#27

Merton Coll.
Oxford
Jan. 15th 1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter came as usual on Saturday morning in the Indian mail, not very large this time for me; but I was expecting a reaction from the excesses of Christmas and did not anticipate many; hence was not disappointed.

The week has been a quiet one and there is not much to write of. On Friday the men began to pour in and in hall all the freshers were present or almost all. Friday I spent beautifully, in spite of the fact that the day was cold and almost foggy. In the afternoon I went to the Moffatts and Eric and 'me' went for a cycle ride; "We had-na' ridden a mile and a mile" before his back tyre developed a puncture - The necessities of the quotation compelled me to say a mile, as a matter of fact we had gone scarcely a hundred yards. However a cycle shop was near at hand and there the tyre was patched up in a quarter of an hour. Adjacent to the cycle shop was a sort of 'Velunde Peedika' and there I annexed a quarter pound of chocolates, partly to revive old memories. Thus equipped we proceeded along Woodstock Road and soon laid the miles behind us; the chocolates fell speedily before the onslaught, until at length we

came to Woodstock where is Bledheim Palace, residence of the Dukes of Marlborough. It was too late to inspect the house, but I saw the great park stretching on all sides. Woodstock is eight miles from Oxford. Back we turned, but now the wind blew in our faces and the country sloped up, so that we had a hard ride and arrived tired and ready enough for tea. After tea I came away to college.

On Saturday besides reading through the mail I had to see my tutor about lectures for the term. He gave me practically no choice and I have eight divided thus -

Barker	English History	- 3 a week
Leys	Stuarts	- 1 a week
Hodgkin	Documents	- 2 a week
Wakeling	Hobbes	- 2 a week

He also released me from essays for the first half of this term as I had other work on hand. Barker, of course a Don at John's and formerly a fellow of Merton; Leys is an old Merton man (or rather young, only about 30) & now Fellow of University Coll. Hodgkin is a fellow of Queens, & Wakeling of Brasenose College. Barker as I have said before is a brilliant lecturer, not eloquent but fluent and most impressive and original, Leys is most laborious but nervous and not effective - very good lectures for matter, not for manner; Hodgkin I heard to-day, and he is remarkable apparently for the absence of both; he seemed not only dreadfully dreary but to be very superficial; Wakeling is fluent and has a very dry, sarcastic humour, but is not a man in a million. Besides these I may go to this year's Ford Lecturer, Tout of Manchester, on Thursday afternoons at five. The Bampton Lectures are delivered as sermons at St. Marys and are by Rev. G. Edmundson (B.N.C.)

So far for my work. On Saturday I did little except walk up and down and other interesting things of a similar description. Sunday came, and after morning chapel I went to Mansfield Chapel at 11.30. Dr. Selbie preached; the congregation consisted mostly of undergrads, the chapel itself is large and in some ways grand but hardly a beautiful place. The sermon was on Hope and was very good indeed. In the afternoon I asked a man, Lawson, to tea. he is a fresher and classical scholar and I had not talked much to him before, but he looked and seemed nice, so I asked him. I was not disappointed, for he appears to be a very quiet, clever and agreeable man. He comes from Dulwich College a public school near London. We have a mere

scattering of Eton, Harrow and the other big and famous public schools, the majority of most in colleges coming from such places as Repton, Fettes, Shrewsbury, Dulwich, Chester, York, Malvern, Bedford, etc. An Indian, Bonnerjee, is classical scholar next October at Balliol - he had been at Rugby many years.

Then there was evening chapel after the old fashion and then sleep. Monday was an ordinary day, very foggy and a bit rainy. I had no lectures to attend and in the afternoon went to tea with Rosedale, when we had a long argument about faith, prayer, etc. subjects not usually mentioned in undergraduates circles. Tuesday I had two lectures and spent the afternoon wandering about. Then came Wednesday, ie. today. Two lectures from eleven to one, then this letter and 'after that the dark'! The reason why I write it today is that tomorrow I have Mr. Hauer to tea and cannot come to the Union to write. Hauer is a nice man and has just got a classical Exhibition at Jesus. he intends, he told me, to take up the Literæ Humaniores school first and graduate at Oxford and then win his Ph.D. in Germany. From a talk I had I should imagine that in several respects he differs from the usual type of German missionary for the better; and he seems a man with both understanding and judgment.

Beyond that I have few engagements at present except a breakfast on Feb. 1 in the Town Hall to which I was invited by Canon Christopher (whom I do not know) to meet Trebendary Fox of the S.P. G. (Whom I do not know) and to be presided over by the Vice-Chancellor (whom I do not know). In any case I have accepted the invitation anticipating a good breakfast and few words. A few days ago I had a card from Mr. Larsen inviting me to a Students' Conference in Denmark in March and saying that a similar invitation had been sent to George and Raju. I am wondering whether I shall go or not, it is vacation time and I could stay some days with Mr. Heiberg and Mr. Larsen; but it will be cold and then there is the expense to be thought of. Besides I had wanted to go either to Scotland or to France in March. If Mr. Schaetti had written I should have gone to Switzerland, but he has not yet. I hope he will sometime or other.

Miss Richards wrote yesterday saying she may return to India in April and could take any package I wished to send. So if there is anything Amachi or any of the others particularly desire I shall be much obliged if I am told of it.

News seems to come to a standstill. As I said the week has been so very

uneventful. My time has been chiefly occupied with doing nothing or walking about the High. In the High there is one notable feature: a bookshop, among many. But the particular merit of this is that it sells most lovely editions at very cheap prices. New books, bound in ravishing leather and vellum, it sells at a third of the published price. I cannot explain it, but there the fact is. The other day I went in for three Ruskins in beautiful leather, at a shilling each. If I had money I could spend pounds in that shop today.

The river is in flood still and the meadows are under water. The Vice-Chancellor also rose to the occasion and has issued a notice warning intending rowers that, if they cannot swim, they risk their own lives and that of any other who may attempt to rescue them. So I have accepted the suggestion and put off sculling for a time. The dreadfully slippery and muddy roads make cycling anything but a pleasure and I am for the moment left with any exercise except turning the pages of rusty books and trudging to lectures. Tomorrow there is a debate in the Union on the Insurance Act which will probably be condemned by our orators. No, not orators for none of them or very few are really eloquent; they call themselves debaters, but it is debate of a poor quality mostly.

When I had written so far there came in a man in an unmistakable clerical habit looking much like Mr. Hill which a little startled me. I have yet to learn the truth that half the clergymen are like Mr. Hill and the other half like Mr. Jones - they show a remarkable conformity to two or three types.

It has begun to be genuinely cold - under my two blankets and rug I still felt it at night and shall therefore petition the Right Worshipful C. Miles, the Domestic Bursar, to look on me with charity and grant an increased winter allowance of blankets for which act of mercy the petitioner shall ever be in duty bound to sleep soundly.

One of our men, G. G. Levo, has recently got a Senior Demyship at Magdalen; he took a brilliant first in Greats last year.

At this point or a little before appeared our old friend, Mr. P. Subbarayan, looking blooming and ready straightway to wield his facile pen to indite a ninety page epistle to Mrs. P. Subbarayan far-away on the lovely Western coast of India. Boldly

he takes up a pen; mightily he pulls a ream of notepaper out; valiantly he sets it before him and glares around as much as to say that he would like to demolish anybody who forbids him to write more than two pages; and then he sets pen to paper and flows on in an even regular manner with a speed of sixty miles an hour which I thoroughly envy but cannot imitate.

If Georgekutty wants the suit he is welcome to it; my only fear is it may be a little too small for him. If he thinks it would do why I'll send it by Subbarayan or Miss Richards.

And now I must stop for sheer lack of news. With much love to all.

ever yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. Georgekutty may undertake to give my thanks to Mariakunju for a card of hers and to inquire why she does not reply an old letter of mine. Has Mrs. Hensman persuaded her at last that all Syrians are humbugs? Also my best compliments to Johniachen, Chackochen (esp. for his card) and others in Madras.

#28

Oxford

Jan. 23.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter as usual on Saturday. I am sorry mine did not reach you on Sunday: it did follow Georgekutty to Calcutta, and in future I shall always address letters direct to Calicut whenever I know Georgekutty is not in Madras.

My news is not very interesting perhaps this week. On Thursday afternoon Hauer came to tea and we talked together for a good long time. I returned the visit on Tuesday last: and was astounded to hear that the redoubtable Dr. Meyer who used to drive us mad by addresses three hours long is also at Oxford, at Mansfield. Never shall I forget one memorable evening when he held forth in the old Y.M.C.A. hall

while we were fain to find consolation - as did King Charles - in sleep. George Verghese then nearly made one burst by saying that even Mr. Isaac Pillay had succumbed!

On Friday little of note happened as far as I remember, except that I went a long walk down Abingdon way with another and on the roadside slightly subsidised a person who informed us gravely that he was 'not a tramp'. I go today to Abingdon, tomorrow to Wantage, a third day to Witney! We winked at the illogicality which was probably induced by an extra dose of strong whisky.

On Saturday morning I had breakfast with Sugden, another fresher and then of course lectures. At night I visited Mr. McLeod Campbell who had been at Hindhead (near Haslemere) after we had left it.

On Sunday I attended morning and evening chapel joining even in the hymns but just when I was starting to S. Mary's to hear the Bishop of Stepney preach it rained like a monsoon and I gave up the idea.

In the afternoon in came Rosedale to tea and I had the surprise of discovering that he was a Jew, though he hasn't the physical characteristics of one. Raman Menon also dropped in and stayed at my invitation to tea. I have serious doubts whether he will ever be able to wear a hat in a respectable way or to walk as decent men do. If now you met him you would mistake him for a paralysed brigand! The hat unmistakably suggests a brigand, slouched in an indescribable way on his head, and the gait a shambling shuffle. I have been lecturing him on the duties of striding on erect but without apprent effect. However he is quite a nice harmless person in other ways and as he is the only other Malayalee we improve the shining hour when we meet with a flow of eloquent vernacular.

On Monday I went to tea with Lawson: Buckland was also there, our year's History Exhibitioner, a clever enough boy but much too anxious to show it off. Lawson is a quiet sort of man - Classics Scholar - and I spent most of my time listening and eating 'real Scotch shortbread'!

On Tuesday as I said I went to tea at Hauer's in North Oxford near the upper river. On Wednesday Reid came in to tea with me. That practically brings things up

to date.

A few other things: First, I am practically debarred by the condition of the weather which is rainy though not very cold from either cycling or sculling. And so I have entered with zest into running. Yesterday Naish and I started to run round Christchurch Meadow just at the back of Merton Coll. Of course I had to wear sweater, white shorts, stockings and light canvas shoes and I did the round which is more than a mile quite easily and at the end felt fit for another mile. But after I had returned my muscles ached because I had been doing nothing since term began. But it will keep one quite fit and I shall be able to run with Togggers. I do not know whether I described Togggers or Torpids last time. They are the second boats, so to speak, of the colleges, composed of men who have not yet rowed in the eights, and the Togggers are to come off on the six days beginning Feb. 13th. Meanwhile the crew is entertained to breakfast every morning by dons and undergrads for almost a month, so that they have a jolly time. In Togggers we are 16th on the river, about mid-way, because some colls. have second boats. We hope, however, to make some leeway this year and to come up to the head at least of the second division, i.e. 10th or 11th. The varsity eight, who are to row against Cambridge in March, near London, from Putney to Mortlake (4 miles) are practising daily now and it is a regular treat to see them row, they do it beautifully, all the oars sinking and rising together and the boat gliding like an arrow. Sometimes the rate is more than 30 strokes per minute. By the end of the race they are half dead.

One point about the weather, which has been very dull though just now it looks like clearing up a bit. Yesterday evening small drops as of rain began to fall on the ground as I saw through the window. I thought it was raining at first but the flakes looked whiter than raindrops and began to pour very fast when all of a sudden it dawned on me it was snow. I looked out into the street through the window and in the light of a street lamp that stood right under gazed at the sight. The wind blew from the east and from the east the snow flakes came, faster and faster, all hurrying to the west, like a great army marching to battle. At first it was simply sleet and melted as soon as it touched the ground, but later on came thick and dry and gathered on the earth so that I walked to Hall at 7.30 treading on a white carpet of snow. I gathered it in my hand and with one squeeze it was hard and stiff. All the earth looked white and beautiful and I hoped that morning would still show me the sight in all its beauty, but it rained during the night and when morning came all the snow had

melted and the glory had passed away. The earth was the same old colour, cold and wet. However I feel that having snowed once it may easily snow again and am looking forward with great interest and the second instalment of the story.

I did not go to the Union debate last week nor do I think I'll go today: the subjects are much too uninteresting, Insurance Act, Food Taxes etcetera, all the stock phrases of confused English politics of the present day.

You may be interested to hear that there is an undergrad who wears kilt and tartan and walks the streets thus 'highlandly' attired; and there is an Indian, a Sikh, who wears a turban which seems inseparable from him, I've never seen him without it and have suspicions that he goes to sleep with it. Such curiosities are extremely rare in Oxford and are generally stared at.

Glad to hear all the home news. Sorry to hear the Y.M.C.A. has not yet got a Secretary though the buildings are finished. Surely it was not built in a day and therefore should endure and spread like Rome; and since beautiful enchanting fairy palaces were always constructed by obedient Genii in a night perhaps the delay in this case explains the want of beauty. However if the hostel rooms are all right that is a good deal. I am glad the party to Syrian Christian students went off so well. I wish I had been there to guess and eat and listen to Kochukutty's flowing periods.

Many thanks to Georgekutty for his letter and this Saturday I am hoping for a long and inspiring account of the various Conferences and the sights of Calcutta. Many thanks again for the cards promised which I shall stick up all over my room which now looks quite nice. I often think of the old Madras days when we tried our best to make the rooms look nice and M. P. Chacko always tried the reverse - unconsciously of course. When we got a green table cloth it was a great triumph and as for pictures, the less said the better. My rooms now would smite any -----C.A. man with green jealousy, they look so nice and trim and comfortable - little credit to me however. The elephant perches (if the word may pass!) on the mantelpiece.

I remember a promise last week to write to Sarah and Kunjunju, I think it was; but this week I put off writing this letter till the last moment and I do really hope they will forgive me. I shall write them early next week and meanwhile hope for good news from home. I hope that imp, Sosah, is all right, flying in her balloon with the

doll or dolls most of which are hors de combat - maimed in domestic strife. Hope Valliammachi is quite well and as vigorous as ever in the administration of Kunji and oil. I am thinking of running in the Varsity Cross-Country Runs which are seven miles. If I feel tired I should of course stop half way.

We were beaten by Keble in rugger the other day in the first round for the cup. And now I must stop.

With love to all,

ever affectionately yours

Kuruvila

#29

Merton Coll.

Oxford -

Jan. 30.1913

My dear Amachi,

Your letter last Saturday. I shall begin by answering one or two points in it. I easily discovered that the Moffatts had been discussed at home, because both you and Kunju ask whether they are any relations of the Madras Moffatts. Now observe the crucial 't' - there lies the solution - for the Oxford Moffatts have two t's and the Madras Moffatts only one - Hence the deduction that there is no near relationship while they have some sort of connection, the same clan or something like that. But it is certain that they know each other, for Mr. Moffat introduced me to Dr. Moffatt.

As to the cold what the Germans say is probably a fact - but besides this winter has been exceptionally mild, half a dozen degrees higher than the ordinary one. Both facts together explain why i do not feel the cold. As for catching a cold I did perform that feat about a week ago, but happily it disappeared entirely in three or four days and was never very violent. Many thanks for the card. As for the nose trouble what I recommend finally is sea air: which I believe killed mine. It was rather surprising that it entirely disappeared the very day I left India.

Now for my news. Last week, meaning from Friday to Thursday, has not been uneventful. To begin with on Thursday afternoon I went to the Christian Union weekly tea at a restaurant in the High. They had a room to themselves and it was crowded. After tea there was a miscellaneous social - sing-song, recitations and songs etcetera until gradually we all dispersed. When I came out I met a John's man whom I knew slightly coming out too and forthwith I went to his rooms and talked for an hour - quite a nice man doing English Literature which is a rare subject to take. John's is a big college, but lies at one end of the varsity world as Keble does.

On Friday I had to lead the Christian Union midday praper meeting at one and in the afternoon, Burnett-Hall, whose name I have mentioned before, a Merton fresher, came in to tea. Friday passed thus comparatively uneventfully. On Saturday of course I had my letters, only five, but all containing cheerful news and gladdening - a pleasant mail. After receiving them, but not after reading them all, I had to run off to the S.V. meeting and back from it I had a lecture, but Barker failed to turn up having been detained in London and so I was free.

In the afternoon I went for my first cross country run. There were three other Merton men which was rather nice and altogether about a dozen men including three blues of whom one was Sproule, the Secy. We started from the Iffley Athletic grounds and sped on along the road for about 3 miles; but at the end of two miles I was fain to stop, weary in every limb and scarcely able to breathe. Sproule talked to me as we ran on asking whether I had done anything like this before. When I dropped out another blue encouraged me to go on - but I saw the game was up and counting discretion the better part of valour politely intimated my inability to proceed; whereupon they went on and I walked back - it was a sunny day and about 3 o'clock I was in a white sweater and shorts, a noticeable and rather curious figure to be seen in the outskirts of Oxford - Mrs. Hoare was wrong when she said that no one would turn to look at me, for everybody did, and the little children were formidable. However, I made the best of my escape, missed my road and at last came back to the grounds to find the other returned. My legs were like a headachy head, and I could hardly walk as decent people should for a day afterwards; but it was quite encouraging that at the first attempt I had run two miles and I determined to stick to the game.

After coming back I went to tea with the Secretary of the Christian Union,

Chamberlen of B.N.C. (Brasenox College).

On Sunday several things occurred. I called in the afternoon at the Moffatts whom I had not seen for nearly three weeks and stayed till near half past five: wherefore I missed evening chapel. In the evening I wanted to go to St. Marys, but thought I would call on Sproule first. Now Sproule is an Australian, and a blue, consequently a great man. He has remarkable running powers and was first in the Oxford v Cambridge cross-country. He looks thin and his legs small, but they are as iron. To call on him required some courage but I determined to do it since I'd heard he was a very nice man. I went to Balliol at about eight, and he was much nicer than I had ever expected him to be - asked me a lot, made me stay to coffee. At nine he came back with me to Merton to call on one of his friends, another Australian, Rischbieth. By that time, of course, I had missed St. Mary's but I had made the acquaintance of a blue.

On Monday I felt tired and did not do any work, but called on Subbarayan and we went out on our bikes Woodstock way. After hall there was the J.C.R. debate on the Govt. and Socialism.

On Tuesday, which was a depressingly rainy day I had much to do - lectures first and then at 2 Miss Richards came on her way to Shilton from London. She had to leave by a 4:30 train and there was only time for a walk back to Merton, a short rest in my rooms and then tea at a restaurant. Merton kitchens do not open for tea till four, wherefore, the restaurant. However we tea'd there and I took her back to the station and ran back in the pitter patter of incessant drops, much like our much-missed monsoon. The resemblance struck me so acutely that I believe I actually enjoyed the splashing of the drops in my face and all around me - laughed in the face of the wet and felt a genial glow in my heart. I had tea in the evening at Fyson's where I met Hauer again. He is much more civilized than the maj. of Germans there, eager to acquire knowledge, hardworking which I suppose are national characteristics and generally nice but has a touch of that obstinacy and strong-mindedness which is another B.G.M. characteristic. I do not know whether he goes as far as to be altogether blind to the other side but he has certainly a prejudice for his own. He is a clever man.

Yesterday, Wednesday, lectures. Coming back I met the Prince of Wales

whom I see regularly every week now for he comes to Merton for a lecture - the smallest of all the men - small face, fair hair but pleasant features.

In the afternoon I again went out cross country running. We started at 2:40 and after a bit of road began climbing up a hill which nearly finished me off. However I caught on and held on to the rest for some time more. We soon left the road and plunged into country - field upon field we traversed and this was distinctly interesting, for the ground was so soft that at each step almost we sank more than ankle deep in mud. My running shoes were new - cost me 2 bob - white canvas but in these dreadful fields it became so thickly coated with mud that I could hardly lift it. The wet earth splashed into my shoes and my socks were like cold lead on my feet. We had to get across a couple of hedges and the blue helped me over. In one field were bulls and we were a long line fleeing to the other end. I nearly last. All on a sudden caught by the mad impulse of imitation they followed suit and careered beside us which gave me considerable alarm. However we got through the fence and jumped a stream where I all but fell in and the bulls looked on with a curious wondering look in their eyes - worrying their silly heads thinking what foolery these mortals were at now. But by this time we had done four miles at least: it was 3:35 and I was finished up, so I stopped when we came to a road and walking back soon came to Marston, a small village and from there ran back to Iffley Grounds and then two miles. The others had taken an enormous circuit and had not returned yet. The day was foggy and so I escaped the following of children who came after me the first time as if I were a travelling menagerie. I thought I had done well in doing six miles, much more than I had expected - but there comes a time when you are desperate and leaning forward just go on while your legs move like unconscious instruments. However I felt quite fit after a bath and am ready today for another run. But there is one only next Wednesday. My shorts were a mosaic of dirty terra cotta colour and cream, my fine sweater all besplattered with mud - and myself dirtier than ever I have been since I waded in flooded Indian streets. A few more runs and I shall be able to go the whole way and may next year run in the 'A' team, that is the second best for the Varsity. Hip, hip, hurrah!

As for the vacation plans, I talked I suppose of Mr. Larsen's invitation to Denmark. George Mathai tells me he can't go, but I am undecided yet. I should like to avail myself of every opportunity to see the world and this clearly is one. On the other hand Subbarayan wishes to go to Scotland and I should like to go with him.

Scotland is of course nicer in July than April but he won't be here in July. Besides one of our freshers, Gray, has invited me to his home in Scotland if I go there in the Easter vacation. I believe he'll be away too in July. So that I may arrange it like this - Mar. 15th - 28th or 30th - Denmark. April 1st - 15th or so - Scotland. In Denmark I should meet both Mr. Larsen and Heiberg. In Scotland I shall be able to go to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling and the Bridge of Allan and perhaps other places.

Many thanks to Georgekutty for his long and very interesting letter of Serampore - the p. cards have not come yet but probably will this Saturday. I'd promised to send him Mona Lisa and was going to get one when I found all the shops shut, it being Thursday afternoon. I may get one tomorrow morning and send it. Must stop now. Hoping all are well, with love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

Write to Kunjunju and Ammu next week.

Many thanks for their letters.

Oxford

#30

Feb. 6. 1913

My dear Apachen,

Your letter last Saturday - and I was very glad to read all the news. I do not think there is much in it that needs an answer. I have no public exam at the end of the first year, but there may be a small college exam conducted by Johnson. As I am a Senior Student I am exempted from

1. Responsions.
2. College Entrance.
3. Divinity.
4. Moderations.

and the only exam left is the Final Honour School. As for the Eng. magazine or journal I regularly read I am afraid I have not changed my old dislike of newspapers. I read one very occasionally but I do read two or three magazines pretty frequently, but unfortunately their interest is purely local; they are the Oxford magazine, a don's paper, the Isis and the Varsity two undergrad magazines. I should have sent the Varsity home as it comes out weekly in term and costs a penny only but all the news are almost unintelligible outside of Oxford - the Union, Athletics take up the greater part of the space. Yet, if you care for it I shall send it home every week.

I have had a busy week and to give you an idea of my engagements just now I shall write them down altogether from Friday 31st January to Saturday the 15th.

31st Jan.	Coffee at Heywood's, Wadham
1st Feb.	8.30 Breakfast, Town Hall
	4.30 Tea, Shahani, New Coll.
2nd	4.30 Tea, Dr. Selbie, Mansfield.
	8.15 p.m. Meeting of Livingstone Society
3rd	4.15 p.m. Tea, S.V.M.U. Heptford Coll.
4th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Culpin, Merton
5th	2.30 p.m. Cross Country
	4.30 p.m. Tea, Rosedale, Merton
6th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Gidvani, Non Coll.
8th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Shahani comes
7th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Bray, New Coll.
10th	1.00 c/c Lunch, Dr. Meyer, Mansfield
11th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Timpson, Worcester
12th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Genner, Jesus
15th	4.30 p.m. Tea, Raju comes.

and probably as I get on the remaining days will be filled - and this with refusing one or two invitations already.

And now let me take it day by day. On Friday very little happened except after hall when I went to Wadham. There is a study circle there composed of three A.V.'s and two others including Subbarayan and as they were reading Andrews the

Renaissance in India they asked me in and I gladly went - had coffee and discussed problems. On Saturday I got my mail and cut chapel and read it! Then I ran off to the Town Hall for breakfast. Now that sounds great. The fact is the CMS have an annual dinner there and a great many dons and undergrads are invited. This year the Vice-Chancellor presided and there were about a hundred dons and four or five hundred men. After the breakfast we had of course to listen and the inevitable address which was delivered by an old veteran of the Society, Prebendary Fox. He spoke very well indeed - One particular thing struck me. He spoke of the work of the society and the need of various countries - the work 'to which he had had the honour of giving two sons' and the audience after the manner of audiences clapped: and then his face became soft and the voice became inexpressibly tender as he went on - And one of them has won the martyr's crown already!

In the afternoon Subbarayan, Raman Manon and I had tea with Shahani, a first year man at New College. He is quite nice apparently and of course from the North.

Sunday was quite crowded, morning chapel, brekker (breakfast) class (10-11) studying Simpson's 'The Fact of Christ', Mansfield Chapel where Mr. Frank Lenwood preached a good sermon. When I had come out Mrs. Selbie saw me and ran up and asked me to come to tea to meet F. L., I agreed - and at 4.30 went in. Mr. Lenwood is a very nice man (Corpus Christi Coll.) and once president of the union. Mrs. Lenwood told me Miss Lenwood of Madras was engaged to Mr. Leith. In the evening after Hall again I went to a meeting of the Livingstone Society in the Mansfield J.C.R. as a guest. Mr. Lenwood read a paper which I thought was very good on the Revenges of Caste on the Indian Church and of course, referred slightly to the Syrians 'one of whom was in the room'. After the paper there was a discussion and behold Hauer began it. He made some good points in the curious roundabout way of the Germans - and after Hauer uprose a gentleman with spiky hair I could not at first recognize the speaker but on being told it was Dr. Mayer (sometime of Tellichury) the sense of remembrance and recognition was mixed up in my mind with not baseless apprehensions. For on a remarkable occasion some years ago he had held forth in the old Y.M.C.A. for two or three mortal hours putting, as George Verghese remarked libellously, even Mr. Isaac Pillay to sleep. But in this case happily for me, the rest of the audience the worthy doctor after talking for sometime about nothing in particular sat down. I had then the honour of saying half a dozen words about the famous Syrians. After the meeting Meyer invited me to lunch at his

'digs' (lodgings). Mr. Lenwood asked me to go and stay with him for a few days if ever I went up to London, which it was very good of him to do.

On Monday there was a tea of the S.V.M.U. at Hertford and then a short discussion. After hall we had the J.C.R. debate, supposed to be a 'rag debate' or a funny one but as solemn as ever. On Tuesday I went up to Rossdale's rooms to have tea but he had forgotten all about it. After some time he came in and was shocked at seeing me in as much as he had himself accepted Culpin's invitation to tea. I said it did not matter the least bit and the matter ended by Culpin asking me too, and Rossdale asking us both for Wednesday. Thus I had two teas instead of one.

On Wednesday after noon of course I went out to run. We ran up Headingdon again and out into country, almost but not quite as dirty as last week's. There I got properly besmirsched with mud and then we ran up Shotover Hill and came to a village. I got rather behind here and lost the others in the numerous side streets of the village and had to ask my way out. By the time I emerged the rest were out of sight. But by dint of continual interrogations I ran on in their track and came back some time after all the others had returned. The encouraging point was that though I was hopelessly behind yet I had run most of the way the others travelled. By the time I was back my legs were coated with mud as in those delicious days when we disported our bare legs in the dirty waters of the 'Kandam'. A hot bath after this was one of the luxuries of existence.

Today there has been nothing very eventful. I had tea at Gidvani's, a Bombay man doing History, non-coll and there met two Englishmen, one a senior and the other a mere Kid. He is, I believe the most boyish looking man in the varsity and is really extremely young, perhaps eighteen certainly not more. He is a Mathematics Scholar of New Coll. and Bray is his name. We walked back and he asked me to go to tea there tomorrow and showed me his rooms. He seems a very nice fellow and clever too and I shall ask him to tea sometime in return. After hall I went to the Union but returned in less than an hour after hearing only one speech - Wedderburn of Balliol, Secretary, who is also a Rowing Blue. The subject was about the Disestablishment and disendowment of the Welsh Church.

Toggers begins next week, the 13th. The crews are meanwhile in hard training - every morning they have to run round the meadows, then they are treated to an

enormous breakfast, row most of the afternoon, and have a heavy dinner. They also eschew strong drinks and smoking and have to give up such things as chocolates etc. We are only 10th now and Magdalen is head of the river.

About my vacation. I suppose I wrote about Mr. Larsen's invitation to spend a few days in march with him and the Heibergs at Copenhagen and then to attend a Scandinavian Student Conference at Gothenburg, Sweden, Mar. 24-27. I have just written back to Vinor particulars of expenses etc. I may go but it is not very probable as the expenses may be heavy and neither George Mathai nor Raju seen willing to go. Then I have all but decided to give April to Scotland. Subbarayan goes then and probably we shall stay a few days with Dr. Miller at Bings Park, Bridge of Allan, near Stirling. But besides two days ago I had a letter from a Mrs. McLaren saying Mrs. Moffat had written that I may be going up and kindly inviting me to stay sometime with them at Edinburgh. There I shall, again, see Dr. Cavins, Hogg's great friend. Then Gray, one of the freshers, has been good enough to ask me to go to there for a week or so if they happen to be at home then - they live near Glasgow and if I meet them we shall probably have some expeditions all along that part of the country. So that if I go to Scotland, as is most probable, I shall find plenty of people to stay with and shall doubtless have a most enjoyable time.

My tulips are coming out bravely, though they will take a month or so more to flower. Meanwhile I have some hyacinths in flower, stalks of small flowers, all colours, and most gloriously scented. They fill the whole room with the perfume and if Kunju cares to embalm and preverve it I enclose a bloom. (Nothing was enclosed)

Work is proceeding pretty fairly I am coming more into the working mood and am tackling Maine and Hobbes just now besides doing some other work which will soon be finished. The old lectures of course continue and I attend regularly.

I enclose also some picture post cards of various scenes in Oxford. The lake in Worcester Coll. is a 'beauty shot' and their gardens are in fact one of the finest in Oxford though the College itself does not stand high. Tom Quad, Christ Church is the larges in Oxford and the broad verandah - like a walk running beside the walls show the floor - if Wolsey's original scheme had been carried out - of what would have been the most magnificent cloisters in any varsity. The spire is I think the Cathedral spire and the high building to the right of the tower is the great hall.

Balliol Coll. Quad is not a proper quad but has buildings only on two or three sides. New. Coll. has more queer and unexpected bits of architecture than, I believe, any coll. in Oxford. The triangular tower is one of them. In the right of the Magdalen Coll. card is the famous tower which gleams at night like an enchanted thing. As for the Merton Coll. ones - the 'quad' is the Front Quad. In the left is part of the east window of the chapel; the door in the centre is the great gate. The tower is a splendid one and if it had been a wee bit higher would have fairly rivalled Magdalen Tower. The gateway in the right is the Corpus entrance and the street is Merton Street of which a nicer picture is the last which gives the entire or almost entire street front of Merton. It is unfortunate that my window should be the next to the middle one on the extreme left of the picture and so just outside. However, that is the nearest I can get.

Georgekuty's postcards have not come yet. I hope they are not lost - but Miss McKibbin's card did and many thanks for it. Last Tuesday we had a commemoration service in the chapel 'pro fundatore nostro Waltero de Merton' and other benefactors - a long list.

7th Feb.

This morning I had a letter from a Mr. Gibb asking me to go and stay with him at Dumfries - Mr. Moffat this time!

Nothing more, with love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruwila

The post cards are in a separate cover.

#31

Merton Coll.

Feb. 14. 1913

My dear Amachi,

Your letter on Saturday last with thirteen other letters and a photo of Mr. Hogg. For once I was perfectly satisfied with my mail, almost tired of reading them all through - but it was nice to have so many.

My improvement in health which you notice in the photo is, I believe, quite real. I feel quite fit though dreadfully sleepy at nights, and if weight is any index of health I am surely a healthy man. For on leaving India I was with light clothes only 7 st. 10 pounds or therabouts, while weighing myself here the other day I found to my surprise that I was 8 st. 12 1/2 pounds. The clothes of course make some difference but cannot surely account for the all the increase of a stone and odd pouds. I hope J. R. Isaac is making himself liked in Calicut, he is a very nice man with considerable powers of organization and more of persuasiveness, as that I shall be surprised if he does not do something with the Calicut Y.M.C.A. I am nearly blown over hearing that Mr. K.T.P. has accepted a Y.M.C.A. Secyship - perhaps it is a travelling secyship and will not interfere with his N.M.S. work. In any case one should suppose the increase of duties might mean a diminution of thoroughness in their performance.

I am very sorry indeed to hear of P.M. Matthew's death. His brother too wrote to me last week from Madras, poor fellow, a most touching letter, almost crying in it's intensity of grief. He asked me to tell you all how awfully good he felt you'd been and how grateful he was for all the help rendered to his brother. He can hardly remember his mother and had only his brother to look up to as a friend.

I am sorry I shan't have a chance of meeting George when he arrives. If he had written to me I should have met him in London. However I hope to see something of him when I go up to Scotland in Easter. Edinburgh is a hard place for Indians to live in. They say there is strong racial feeling there and so the Indians, a great lot they are, form their own society. That reminds me of the evidence given by Madras people before the Commission which I read in the weekly mail Subbarayan gets. Almost all the remarks about Oxford & Cambridge I felt I could not agree with. To take one instance, Mr. Sankaran Nair's evidence on the point was absolutely false. He talked of race bitterness here - I can talk of Oxford with some authority and say there is little or none. And this is an opinion in which not only such a man as

Subbarayan who plays games concurs but also Raman Menon who is the most absolute recluse and who, one would think, would be tabooed. As to his contention that poor men cannot come up to the varsity, it is largely untrue. If a man is any good at all he gets a scholarship of £80 or £100 and then he wants only £50 besides for the varsity. If selection were made from the public schools the great majority would be from such schools as Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby; while in ordinary cases these comprise only one third of the scholars of Oxford, the rest come from the most obscure schools. If again public school men are taken you'll get civilians ten times worse than at present in lack of sympathy and exclusiveness. Oxford makes the enormous change in liberalisation of a man's views. The public school fosters a narrow, hard and conventional, all-the-world-is-mine type of man. But when they come up to Oxford they come into a new world and there is a development nothing less than miraculous. This I have heard from many people. If any sort of selection is to be made it should be from the older varsities. Talk of exclusiveness'. The first man who called on me was a C.S. probationer.

This week has been almost as crowded as last week and I have more work to do. I have gone out or had men in to tea almost every day, and especially met a man, Bray, of New College several times. He is quite a nice fellow doing mathematics and is senior scholar of his year. I met Dr. Meyer at lunch on Monday and he asked me to convey his best regards to Apachen and you. He had a railway accident last year it seems, and has to be in hospital several months. He is at Mansfield for a term or two, not taking any degrees, I believe. On Tuesday I went for the first time to tea at Worcester College. Their gardens are very fine and the college itself though small looks quite nice. But, partly because it lies out of the centre of Oxford life and partly because it is rather late and has made no mark in the varsity it stands low in the list of colleges - on a par perhaps with Pembroke. I learnt with surprise that it was one of the most expensive colleges to live at, some ten pounds a term more expensive than Merton for instance which is about the average. On Wednesday I went to tea at the Genner's. Mr. G. had to go away at 5:30 but I stayed on half an hour more and talked with Mrs. G. who is a very nice sort of lady, just the wife for Mr. G. who is restless, highstrung, fidgety, nervous and excitable. Coming back I found myself in a thick fog, but as I knew the way well there was not even the romantic chance of being lost in the middle of Oxford. The fog has been continuing since and makes the Toggerys harder. Coming to Toggerys, they began yesterday. I may preface my remarks with an observation on Oxford language - there is a decided tendency to end

words in 'er', e.g. my tutor Johnson is universally known as 'Johnner', Radcliffe library - Radder - Breakfast - brekker. Prince of Wales, Pragger Wagger. Waste paper basket, Pagger wagger bagger, et cetera. Thirty three boats were entered and were divided into three divisions, the first to row at 4.30, the second at 3.30, the third at 2.30 p.m. We being sixteenth were in the middle of the second division. Now last year's finishing order was the order in which the boats were arranged, e.g. in the first division Magdalen I stood first, 130 ft. down were St. John's I, then 130 ft. down Balliol I, and so on, 130 ft. being the interval between one boat and that below and in front of it. At a given signal they all started together and the boat behind had to row up and touch the boat ahead - called bumping. If a bump was made the two dropped out and the next day - for this goes on six days - they exchanged places. So some boats go up, some go down and some go up and down. We had Balliol II right in front of us and Johns II behind. We were hoping to bump Balliol II who were a poor boat. Well at 3.30 we started. The boat and about fifty of us on the tow-path all in shorts and stockings, with pistols and trumpets and bells and rattles. I had invested in an enormous wooden rattle for the occasion which made a most blood curdling noise and would no doubt frighten Sosah out of her wits. This, turned round, was a fitting accompaniment to the yells and shouts. We did very well at the start and drew up within 3 or 4 feet of Balliol II in a very short time, and in another ten seconds would have bumped them when suddenly one of our men fainted - it was a most unfortunate accident but one which could not possibly be foreseen and could not be helped.

He was a thirteen stone man, looking like a giant, but the training is ridiculous and the strain dreadfully hard - many men have given way like this though it is but temporary. However, tomorrow we hope to bump Balliol II whom John's will bump today and then we will go on to Oriel and Pembroke who are both bad boats.

This is the order and yesterday's changes.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Magdalen I | 19. Exeter I. |
| 2. St. John's I | 20. Lincoln |
| 3. Balliol I | 21. Worcester |
| 4. New Coll. I | 22. Hertford |
| 5. Ch. Ch. I | 23. Queen's |
| 6. Corpus | 24. St. Edin. Hall |

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 7. Trinity I | 25. Jesus |
| 8. Ch. Ch. II | 26. B.N.C. II |
| 9. University | 27. Univ. II |
| 10. B.N.C. | 28. Wadham |
| 11. Magdalen II | 29. Keble II |
| 12. New Coll. II | 30. Ch. Ch. III |
| 13. Oriel | 31. Trinity II |
| 14. Pembroke | 32. St. Catherine's |
| 15. Balliol II | 33. Exeter II |
| 16. Merton | |
| 17. John's II | |
| 18. Keble | |

There is hardly time for anything more. Mr. Schiatti wrote on Saturday asking me to Switzerland in the summer. How ripping! Of course I shall go. I think I have given up Denmark for this Easter, but shall do Scotland. I am having essays again now. Lectures as usual.

I hope everybody is well. I am pressed for time, otherwise would write to Kunju and the others, Sarah and Ammu and Kurjunju, who so kindly write to me, with much love to everybody,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#32

Oxford

Feb. 20. 1913

My dear Apachen,

Your letter, Kunju's and Georgekutty's on Saturday. Many thanks for all of them. I might answer a few points in it first. My rooms are quite nice but I have two objections to them, that they are expensive and that they are too large for me. One feels much cosier in a small room where everything is at your elbow than in a

big one where you have to walk a dozen paces to get a book. It is something like what Georgekutty would feel if he had No. 18 to himself and as a bedroom no. 22. I am sure in a month he will be rather tired of the vast expanses. But I shall not quit the prest room unless I can go up to some rooms on the second floor, smaller but quite nice and quiet, and cheaper by about £4 a year. They are in St. Alban's Quad too - as a matter of fact all the second floor rooms are in that style while all the first floor rooms are like mine. I shall not go to any other quad, because this is about the quietest and nearest the baths and the J.C.R., which are great advantages. Besides in a new quad the rooms are ever so much finer than in a 14th century one and the staircases are not specially constructed with murderous intent. Of course I miss the divine chance of living in a room thick, perhaps, with memories of Duns Scotus, but I would barter all those musty associations for a wide grate and a pair of windows with a chance of seeing the sun if it is there.

It is easy to talk of Johnson, familiarly called 'old Johnner' or 'the Johnner'. He comes from Eton but I cannot remmember his Oxford Coll. since 1872 or thereabouts he has been a fellow at All Souls (and his rooms there have never been cleaned since) He was in his day a fine athlete, a great long distance runner and a man who was at Eton years after told me his reputation still survived. He was one of the old school of riding and hunting parsons, one of his fellows being the Master of Balliol. His early achievements account for his still being so hale and hearty, though now he pretends to grumble (with strange inconsistency) at the excess of athletics at the present day. He was a great tutor and has had many men, now dons themselves, under him. But now he has mannerisms and talks like this - "Hobbes was a pessimist, look at this idea of his, pessimism, pessimism, pessimism, pessimism", with a chuckle between each reiteration. When we go to read essays he usually stands in front of the fire and lights his pipe with pieces of paper at least a dozen times in a hour. Sometimes when it is cold and I go alone - as yesterday, he makes me sit near the fire and we have a sort of semi-talk. Sometimes he drinks tea when we read our essays. Mrs. Johnson is a great person in Oxford, having done many things - on the Poor Law Board and so on. He is a curator of the Parks and was Ford's Lecturer four years ago. The way to get on easily with Johnson is boldly to argue with him, when he calms down & grants half your points. In his lectures he tells us all sorts of stories and the hour is rather amusing, though not exceedingly profitable.

Oxford is the place for Kunjunju. There are only about two lectures a day and

even those one can cut with impunity and hardly any scruple of conscience. One lecturer thus began for instance yesterday - "When I told you last time that I would lecture on the Church today I expected that you would all take the hint and stay away, but since you are here I will try and make a dry subject as interesting as I can". There is no attendance or anything like it, people come or keep away as they please. And in most lectures they even come in after the lecturer has begun.

We had fun today in Barker's class. He had been down with influenza for a week and when he came in was greeted with clappings and stampings in which, I remembering old days, took a prominent part. Then he talked of feudal tenures etc. and came to 'wardship' which he said was due to military reasons. 'A woman with the perversity of the sex' etc. - tremendous applause (there were a score of women students present) Then Barker smiles and says 'I am glad to understand the sex' Loud stamping. From this it is not to be understood that stamping is a common feature in lectures here; on the other hand it is very unusual; partly because lectures are four time out of five held in dining halls, there are few proper lecture rooms in Oxford and those are very small; so that for all large lectures you go to a hall. Everything is informal, you sit as you please, anywhere at a table, and take down the notes if you want to. The lecturers usually talk in the ordinary way and do not orate like Kochukutty. ?

Anyway I am glad to hear Kunjunju is growing - by the time I return he may be a giant and unrecognizable. I am extending laterally and my weight has gone up. It is about a stone more than in India and my convocation suit is now absolutely useless - too small in every way. It is jolly to see that Georgekutty has taken up photography and I am looking forward with some interest to the specimens he has promised to send me next Saturday. The picture postcards are ripping and I have stuck them up on the wainscoting and they look glorious from my chair. This letter was awfully interesting with all the news.

And now I must talk for a moment of my own affairs and doings. I have had a very busy time of it these past weeks and even now am working at high pressure.

On Friday, the 14th, I had Bray and Gray to tea and after Gray went away I had an awful lot of songs from the New Coll. man who sings quite nicely. On Saturday Culpin and Rosedale came in, to tea again; on Sunday I had tea with

Burnett-Hall, one of the first year men. On Monday two Indians were my guests Gidvani, a Bombay man and Koti Reddy, a Madras man, both non colls. Gidvani gets a great lot of Indian sweets and then I go to tea with him and finish off some lots. On Tuesday I went to a tea party at Burroughs'. Mrs. Burroughs is an Austrailian does not look prepossessing, but seems quite nice. He is a good man, they have a large house and he does his work for nothing. There were several other Indians and a lot of ladies, including one Indian lady who is studying in London - married of course, name forgot. We had a nice tea and I met two cousins or other relations of Mr. Mayhew. Unniachan may like to hear that his parents are Oxford people and I shall go and visit them some day. Burroughs is an Eton and Exeter man, but I do not think I am under his guardianship. Even if I am it means nothing. On Wednesday I went to tea with Bray at New Coll. and found a Keble man and a Queen's man besides. Today I am off to New Coll. again to tea with Shahani, so that at tea time at least I am not starved.

But this is a record only of the time between 4 and 6. In the mornings till one, I attended lectures and worked as much as I could. After lunch, which now consists of a couple of apples and some biscuits I had all last week to go to the river. But before I get on to the subject of Togggers I had better make a few remarks about food. All last term I had poached eggs and toast and tea almost every day for breakfast and fairly tired of them by the end. So that this term I have gone in for porridge, boiled eggs as alternatives. Valliammachi may be interested to learn that I am charged only 2 d. for each egg, and they are not very much bigger than the 'lays of Ind'. I have have also learnt how to make custard and with a package of Bird's Custard Powder am going to try a few experiments in cooking. One gets tired so of the same thing every day and I must have variety. Lunch is very light and I now go in chiefly for fruit and a few biscuits. Tea is heavy whenever I go out or have company and dinner is quite good. Prices are atrocious. For a chop, one lean chop, I pay 7d. or therabouts and for a piece of sole only one and four pence. Porridge is only two pence and cakes are quite cheap - almost any variety, even iced ones only a shilling. But a piece of buttered toast half the size of this page - or rather smaller - is worth its weight in gold, three pence.

One gets all sorts of notices and pamphlets here. There is of course the deluge that overwhelms the freshman. But besides there come such interesting reading as 'How to Live on a Pound a week' from the Fabian society and 'The

Shakespeare Myth'. The latter is simply killing, and the one of the many proofs that Bacon wrote Shakespeare is this. On page 53 of the Folios of 1623 is this 'Honey-hog is letten for Bacon' on the p. 53 of the Second Part is 'I have a Gammon of Bacon', and on the page 53 from the end the first letters of three consecutive lines is p.i.g. All of which together is conclusive evidence that Bacon wrote the plays!

And now I come on to the Toggers. The 'Varsity' I am sending this week shows the changes in the list, how the boats started and how they ended. Magdalen was first and kept their place easily, John's was rather hard pressed by Christchurch (called in Oxford 'The House') but managed to remain second: Christchurch were perhaps the best crew though they never quite got John's. Corpus made six bumps last year when they had a splendid crew and would have made more if they had more days. This year they went down six places and would have gone down further if they had time to do it in. Magdalen II did splendidly and came up into the First Division. New Coll. I fell but New Coll II came up and the last day they rowed behind each other. If the second boat had bumped the first they would have been fined £5. John's II were good, but Merton went down five days, becoming quite demoralised after the first day's mishap, one of the men suddenly collapsing when within a yard of bumping Balliol II. I ran with them every day at 3.30 and found it not hard to run the mile after my cross country attempts. The last day, however, I did not run as I had Eric with me whom I brought to see the races: we got in only in time to see the finish, when Merton came in easily before Hertford. Worcester did very well and so did Queen's, Wadham, St. Catharines' or the Non-Coll. Balliol II were rotten and would have been bumped all six days if we had not missed them the first afternoon. Two days I stayed for the first division at 4.30 and ran with New College. There was a friend of mine running with them and I ran with him and cheered them. Eric tried to run the first day but did only about two furlongs - it is a fairly fast race. New Coll II has Haldane in it, a nephew of Lord Haldane and the heaviest man of any crew, 15 stone. One good thing. We did not have a 'bump supper' this year - a great many men would have got drunk and made a row. The great majority of men are quite sober usually but there are about half a dozen who are 'tight' very often, and most objectionably rowdy, then. They break electrics, sing songs at twelve in the quad, knock men up out of bed etc. Most of them, for a mercy leave next July, but one exceptionally dangerous man stays another year. I have been quite secure all these days; however, and hope to continue so. Nothing worse than a few more hours of sleeplessness happens in any case. The Prince of Wales ran some days with the

Magdalen boat. The towpath is crowded with irrespressible ladies who will always be in the way, and where the path is narrowest there they are thickest. But the men when they come rushing up in great groups do not consider etiquette and everybody has to stand out on pain of being knocked away.

My tulips have not come out yet though they are growing. The hyacinths are still on the table; crocuses in the gardens, and the hawthorn is in bloom, white flowers. But it has suddenly gone cold all on a sudden and the last four days the temperature has been about 30 and they cold wind that blows makes it worse. Today for about the first time I wore gloves, but I hope that the spell of cold weather will not continue.

Term ends on the 11th when we have collections again. I have not paper but only a 'don-rag' like last terms'. I may go off to town immediately after to see the Inter-varsity boat race which is on the 13th. Gray wrote to one of his aunts in Hammersmith and I can go down to her house and watch them go past. I may stay with the Lenwoods. Then I may stay a few days at Shilton with the Richards'. They were kind enough to ask me. Towards the end of March I go to Scotland - Denmark looks hopeless.

There are some interesting things in the Varsity I am sending. The Rag-time Revue is about the newly elected proctors from St. John's and University Colleges for the next year. Of course they go about at nights to catch undergrads who go out after 8 o'clock without gowns or drunk or go into publichouses etc. and fine them. In the group on P.25 the short man just behind the cross is Sproule, the next is the great Jackson of B.N.C. who was world's champion at Olympia for some races.

We usually play Emmanuel Coll. Camb. once a term or so. Last term they beat us in Cambridge in rugger, but this afternoon we smashed them in hockey here. They will leave presently, but are still here. We are rather a good hockey team and stand a chance of winning the intercollegiate cup - tomorrow we may beat Magdalen.

Tonight is the Vistors' Debate in the Union. Mr. Walter Long M.P. is speaking and the subject is whether the present govt. deserves our confidence. Of course the house will be crowded. By the way, Cambridge men = Cantabs = 'Tabs. which is the proper contraction.

I remember just now, that today is Kunju's birthday and I hope she has had a good one and will have a very happy new year.

I must stop now - it is a long letter. Hope everybody is well. Very sorry to hear of poor Mavan's death and of P.M. Mathews'. How these crowd. I am in the best health.

With love,

Affectionately yours

Kuruvila

Joseph Ealson?

P.S. I hope Baby, Kunju (J.e.) and others at Calicut and Johniachen, Mathaichen, Chackochen and others in Madras are quite well.

21.2.1913.

I enclose three cards of the Merton boats of which two represent them at practice and one (179) in actual racing. The names from left to right are Hutton, Sugden, Hunt, Watson, Newall, Von Wurmb, Swartz, Rischbieth (stroke), Worthington (Cox) - (Freshmen underlined). The trees are willows about halfway in the course, some men are seen on the bank, but that is not the towpath which is on the other side. Only a few men run there, I did one day. Notice a megaphone in the hands of the man who stands apart. Instructions are yelled out through that. See on the oars a purple cross - the Merton oar. The cox is a very light man and simply steers. In the blurred picture they are seen starting off from the barges to practise. Those are the barges, I cannot say whose - not Merton. In 109 again they are practicing near the willows. Alas a Mona Lisa for Georgekutty.

P.S. Somebody has been sending the Kerala Manorama for two weeks now. Whom have I to thank for it?

My dear Amachi,

Your letter of the 5th and may I begin by pointing out that some statements of mine regarding the cold have been much exaggerated. I remember that the week I came up was rather bad and a few days last week, but even then I hardly felt bitterly cold. In fact I rather enjoyed it and hardly ever wore a glove since winter set in. And the blankets too I did not ask for. Today I feel like not having a fire in the room. So that far from shivering with impotent rage and potent cold I am feeling fit and almost warm - and though the weather this term has not been very exhilarating yet I may truly say that I had a nicer time on the whole than last term, partly from the greater homeliness of the surroundings.

To answer your letter. Hauer is a very decent sort of man and I believe rather clever, for he has got an exhibition at Jesus - but he is best in languages like Greek and Latin. The exam - he takes is Greats or Literae Humaniores; so that though he would know heaps of Greek and Latin literature and history and general philosophy, yet I do not think he would be any better fitted to teach English if that is what he is meant to do. It would be a case of absolute unappropriateness - and neither his English accent nor speech are by any means impeccable.

Talking of photos - your letter mentions my last - I have to say that this afternoon one of my Indian friends Kodaked me; I have not yet got the result but I do not think it will be startling because there was bad light. It would be a ripping idea to send Margaret a doll in the Indian dress, and I wonder whether Kunju would care to do it. I have no doubt she will be greatly pleased. I am lost in speculations as to where your first letter was all this while. Near six months have elapsed and it should have had a very Odyssey of wanderings perhaps all over the world.

I am afraid my letter this week will be rather dull. I should begin with the Union debate, I ran away in the middle of hall to get a good seat and secured a fine one on one of the front benches. If I haven't drawn a diagram of the house here it is -

The debate was 'This house has full confidence in the present government' and assuming a conservative attitude I sat on the 'no' side - all other Indians were on the other! After we had sat there about ten minutes came in a procession, all the officers,

Mr. Walter Long, the visitor, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Winchester (Mr. Talbot) and a few others. They all seated themselves at one end. The debate began with a speech from Bland (an American) president-elect for next term, for the first time a foreigner. G. W. L. Talbot, the bishop's son opposed, third spoke Dennis, junior treasurer, and then Walter Long. He is rather short, nearly bald-headed, round red faced man of about fifty or fifty five and his speech was, to me, who was prepared to be appreciative, a failure. The first five minutes he paid absurd compliments to the Union and all the former speakers, among other things how nice it would be if the House of Commons would occasionally invite and listen to members of the Union - and then made a poor attack on the Government. When I had heard the speech I nearly voted Liberal but did not. The P. of W. is of course, a member though he does not often come. Somebody complimented the Bishop on his son's speech. Well, answered he, but he spoke on the wrong side. Bp. Talbot is a Liberal but G.L. Talbot (Ch.Ch.) is a Conservative and one of the best speakers in the House. When I had heard Long's speech I congratulated myself that he had just missed being made Leader of the Opposition and probably Prime Minister some time, but of course, he may not have been in form that day. The gallery was crowded with ladies, as usual and every night several of them drop something, a muff or a bracelet, into the midst of the undergrads, I believe deliberately! This creates a momentary sensation but is becoming far too frequent now.

I like Barker. In his lectures every day he has some sharp and humorous remark to make against ladies - today he twitted the suffragettes.

On Friday afternoon I went to see the hockey match between Merton & Emmanuel, Cantab. We always play each other and they beat us last term at rugger, but we beat them hollow at hockey. I wondered whether any of them knew George. Returning I had a Madrasi to tea, ^{Sir P. I. Rajan} Rajan of Jesus - a man who has been in an English public school, but whom I cannot say I like very much.

On Saturday I had Bray to tea again, and he sang more songs. he is a very nice man indeed, apparently not very swell but awfully jolly and chummy. I see a good deal of him and like him better every time.

On Sunday I went to chapel and in the afternoon ran down to the Moffatts. Poor Mrs. M. was unwell and so I did not stay long, but I shall go again before term

ends. She has not been very well this term, I am afraid. Then evening chapel. After hall I had the Maths scholar of my year to coffee. I have never had anyone to coffee before because it takes up so much time at night but on Sunday evenings there is so little to do that one is glad for some company.

On Tuesday morning I had Sugden to breakfast, my first breakfast, and I cannot say I have yet mastered all the duties of a host or all the details of housekeeping. For never using napkins myself I forgot them, though there are several in my drawer. Nor did I remember the omission till today. However it was all right; on Monday afternoon I went for a long walk down the towpath and then back by the Radley road. On Tuesday afternoon I had Subbarayan and Raman Menon to tea - quite a Madras confab. Menon is always changing his plans - History honours, Juris - prudence honours, a pass school, B.C.L., he has at least seriously considered these four and just now inclines to the last.

On Wednesday I had Johnson in the morning; and in the afternoon I went to the parks to see a rugger match Varsity v the old Alleynians. We won by 4 points, though at one time it looked as if they would win. They had a Cambridge blue on their side and he was exceptionally clever in getting tries. The same day we were beaten decisively by Cambridge in hockey but today we beat them in lacrosse.

This afternoon I had tea with a third year american of Merton, Williams doing maths - in his digs. He is quite nice, though I have observed in most maths men a certain tendency to show narrowness of vision, which is perhaps the result of their study. You lose the broad and catholic outlook which Greats undoubtedly gives. And that reminds me. The Schools have, some of them begun, e.g. Honour Moderations in classics. This is the strictly classical exam, taken usually at the end of two years and jolly hard - the men have to do practically the whole of Latin and Greek literature, or at any rate a great part. Balliol and Corpus are the best colleges for Honour Mods. I see the men going to the schools in the morning, in black suits and white ties with gown and cap, for once. It is an interesting sight. Of the five examiners two are Fyfe of Merton and Genner of Jesus, whom I know.

This afternoon I had an interesting experience. As I was in the J.C.R. Burnett-Hall came and told me the King and Queen were in Merton Coll. I immediately ran out and took up my station in the Lodge through which they must

pass to get out. Presently I saw them going into the hall and then they came out - first the Queen in a blue dress and a veil, with someone beside her, then another gentleman and the King ^{George V} who is a rather short person wearing a bowler with a manly face, then the Pragger Waggoner in a bowler and the Princess Mary in a blue dress and hat. The P.W. for once gave up the undergrad and must have felt great to walk along in such distinguished company, the Princess is about his size and not quite so enchanting as Princesses in fairy tales. They all passed within three feet of me - that is as near as I shall ever again come to the King or the Queen. Few of the undergrads cared for these things, like Gallior, and though there was a small crowd in Merton Street it was mostly the poorer class of people. The King etc. walked along the pavement into Corpus next. They are evidently 'doing' Oxford. of course, King George was never an undergrad at the varsity.

I am sorry I kept Georgekutty's Mona Lisa so long but as a matter of fact I had bought it several weeks ago tho' I only sent it last mail, a day before his letter came to remind me. I shall try to send a few things by Miss Richards, though I should advise nobody to expect anything which is the safest course to avoid disappointment - I shall get some gas paper for Georgekutty soon.

I have done all my chapels and so now have the whole morning to myself, which is a great thing. My hyacinths have drooped and faded; and the tulips have not yet flowered - a wild doubt assails me whether they may bloom in the vacation when I am way - that would be the triumph of the irrational and the defeat by fate of desire. Logically therefore my tulips lead straight to stoic philosophy, perhaps. What a march! Meanwhile I have some daffodils just over my head, and I saw my first primrose last Sunday, which I enclose. We had our college 'debagger' (a debating society) last Monday, and it was a visitor's debate - viz. Robert of Trinity, Bland of Lincoln, Sykes of Worcester and Runacres of Jesus - all great union stars. Debate - Tariff Reform and the first and third spoke for about the second and fourth against. I spoke for the second time since I came for a minute or two, and make a slashing attack on the Tariff Reformers! Cheek!

I find from my diary that tomorrow the Ellerton, Stanhope, Gladstone, Lothian - Matthew Arnold, and Compatriots' Club prize Compositions are to be sent in. Would it not be a jolly idea to write an essay, say for the Stanhope today and send it in tomorrow. The only objection is that people usually take a couple of

months over it!

I hope all at home are well. I was never better - the days are warm and sunshiny (What in India we used to call cloudy).

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. To Ammu and Sarah this time: to Kunju and Kunjunju next time. The Varsity next week. Many thanks to Kunju for her kind letter. All good wishes for exam! Has Kunjunju got over his troubles?

#34

March 6th, 13

My dear Apachen,

Your letter, Kunju's and Kunjunju's lat Saturday. Merton does not by any means hold a very undistinguished place in manly sports. On the other hand, we shall perhaps go up into the First division in Soccer and we are among the best six teams for hockey in the varsity. In tennis we have a blue and so in athletics. On the river though, our Togger boat went down yet our Eights are 10th out of 30 boats - i.e. we are top of the second division - which is extremely good for a small college as Merton is. The boats above us are New College 1st, Magdalen 1st, University 1st, Christ Ch. 1st, Lincoln, Balliol 1st, B.N.C. 1st, Christ Ch. 2nd & St. John's 1st. Of these the first, fourth, sixth, eighth and ninth are more than twice our size, while Magdalen, Univ. B.N.C. are all extremely sporting colleges and the first two are much bigger. This leaves only Lincoln as a rival on the same terms. We have besides a cricket blue, Bardsley, who will probably get his half blue for golf this year. A score of years or less ago Merton was a very "swanky" or swell college, and the scouts still tell the story of the day when twenty men in Mob Quad kept their own horses! Under the regime of the present Warden chiefly it has become comparatively quiet - but nevertheless it comes rather high in undergraduate estimation.

It surprised me to read that there were 84 Indians in Oxford. I cannot believe it.

In any case I know no more than about a dozen. Of them, one is Subbarayan and one Raman Menon of Presdy. Coll. & Hertford, Shahani of Bombay and New. Coll., Rajn of Madras, Agra & New Coll., Bajpai of Allahabad & Merton, Rajan of Madras & Jesus, Chari (the Diwan of Travancore's second son) Bombay & Balliol, Koti Reddy of Chr. College Madras & Non-Coll., Gidvani Bombay & Non-Coll., and perhaps one or two others. One reason is that I have not joined the Indian Club partly because it is an Indian Club and partly because it meets only on Sundays; and another is that most of the Indians are non-collegiates who live in digs and whom it is difficult to know. However Mr. Burroughs is about the best man for the place and quite interested or disinterested, he does the work honourarily. He has got my friend Krishnamachari into Lincoln and I believe he'll come to England in the summer to learn Latin and pass Responsions before term begins. Many of the Indian students are men who have either not taken their degree at all in India or have taken a third - to such Oxford cannot give much. I feel the difference in the standard of the intellectual atmosphere - a confused metaphor - intensely; there is no comparison between an Indian college class and one here. Not only is there keener comprehension and a more powerful understanding but much more sanity and sterling good sense and seeing of both sides here than in India. Everything is on a much higher level. And so the Indian student needs to be a man of considerable mental calibre to be able to appreciate Oxford at all or to receive her gifts. One loses an incalculable deal by being non-coll; for there is to be learnt not merely the academical knowledge but a hundred other subtle things that go to make up culture and a tolerant wisdom. I have no hesitation in saying - not I hope with bias or prejudice - that a good English varsity man is much more reliable in almost any capacity than the average good Indian varsity man; and in some degree superior to the latter even though he has passed through Oxford or Cambridge. The problem is to get sympathetic Englishmen. I wonder how far Indian publicists will agree with this - but then they have not seen both sides as I have or think I have in some measure.

It is quite sad to hear of all the troubles into which the B.G.M. men are getting - I think Mr. Daub's a fatal mistake in a teacher. He seemed such a nice man when he came, I wonder when they will learn that sympathy, confidence and love are as necessary to the teacher, as indispensable as God's free air for life - and that those qualities sooner make a quiet and obedient College than any amount of sternness, suspicion or punishment. If they would only give the method a fair trial even they might be convinced. I hope Hauer will be a different sort of man, I am almost sure

he will. When I think of what this means to the boys, what to the coming of Christ's Kingdom and when I look back on my own year in Madras as a teacher when I was enabled to keep almost perfect discipline in classes of over a hundred almost entirely because I was interested in the boys though I was a bad teacher, when I think of all this I could cry over this cost of hopeless and incensate blundering.

Many thanks for the stamps - I sent them to Eric!

And now for my news. On Friday last I went to breakfast at Mr. McLeod Campbells'. There were a few others, all, except Subbarayan, Christian Union men. In the afternoon I had Bray to tea. On Saturday I went to breakfast with Chamberlen B.N.C., Secretary of the C. Union. On Sunday very little of importance happened; on Monday I had lunch with Koti Reddy, a Christian College man, doing B.C.L. W.G. Lawrence of St. John's, of whom I have written before was there too. He told us stories of walking tours he had. When you go on a walking tour you reduce your luggage to about 10 lbs. which you carry in a knapsack. It is a delightful and exciting form of seeing a country. Lawrence has been through France and Spain thus, crossing the Pyrenees he and his companion, a fellow of All Souls, walked three days without seeing a soul and were nearly lost in a great blizzard on the high hills. Next vacation he is going to meet a friend at Rome and together they are walking through Tuscany. I have ambitions to do something in this line myself later; it must be wonderfully adventurous and interesting - as indeed Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey and Inland Voyage prove. On Tuesday I had lunch at Pusey House with Mr. Way. On Wednesday I had tea at Bray's in New Coll. On Thursday, that is today, Gray and I went out in the afternoon for a long cycle ride down Woodstock way. We came in an hour to Woodstock and decided to investigate Blenheim which lies there. We went in at a great granite gate and then had a glimpse of part of the park. There was not much time left, so we took a short walk. It led us partly round a piece of water in the grounds. The path we took is marked with arrows and though it does not lead one thro' a quarter of the entire grounds yet it was fully a mile long. The whole concern certainly covers several square miles. When we had got near the palace we could read the inscription on it, how it was built in 1715 by John Duke of Marlborough and how Queen Anne (or rather the nation) contributed £240,000 to its construction. From the side on which you approach it first it looks a low and scattered pile of buildings, quite unimpressive, but as we walked on and came to the bridge, D, we had a much nicer view. There were magnificent castiron gates, B to

begin with and then the palace somewhat like the figure A. The central portion was more or less two stories high but the wings with the exception of certain towers had only one roof. The style of architecture too was none with which I am familiar - it is probably an imitation of some Renaissance or Italian style. The general effect of the lowness, though the edifice occupies a vast extent, is to give a curiously inadequate impression of the building. I cannot say that it is architecturally a success.

But the grounds are beyond all praise. The sheet of water in the centre is magnificent, the ground falling towards it on all sides in graceful slopes, trees studding the banks amid the green lawn, and an artificial islet or two in the middle of the water CC. A bridge overarched it, a massive construction which is singularly successful. I could imagine no more pleasant occupation than rowing a boat up there from one end to the other or reading a book on the sloping lawn by the waterside under the shade of mighty trees. All around are woods into which we had no time to penetrate. As we were completing our circle we could see E, a monument celebrating Marlborough's victorious career, a smaller edition of the great Trafalgar Sq. monument of Nelson. Blenheim is of course called after the great battle Marlborough fought, but the house itself is open only in May when I shall probably see it. The grounds are beautiful now and must be enchantingly lovely in summer. In the afternoon, after our ride, Gray had tea with me; in the evening I went to the Union and heard one speech - it is the last debate this term and the audience was extraordinarily small - about 50 or 60 men. Last term there used to be sometimes 4 or 5 hundred.

This is the last letter I'll write this term from Oxford - the next will probably be from London after I have seen the Oxford boat row ahead of the Cambridge one to victory, next Thursday afternoon.

I have just packed up a box for home to be sent through Miss Richards. It contains two suits of mine, my Convocation one and Esoop's famous sartorial creation. The former is far too small for me now and Amachi may find some use for it as it is still in good preservation; the latter is for Georgekutty if he can use it. I have used the coat a few times as a sporting jacket, otherwise I have hardly touched it since October - the first few days in London of course I wore it and on board a little. Then there is a book on Oxford and Oxford life for Apachen, it is quite interesting and gives some idea of life at Oxford. The facts are very largely true

though not quite up to date - and it is well written. Then two books of selections from Ruskin for Kunju, they are his best and are indeed glorious - better things than some of the descriptions of natural scenes there are none in English literature. For Amachi there is a folding photoframe which I believe is about the size she wants. I wish I could have got an album, but that could only be had in London and I could not wait till then to send off my box. Then there is some insertion for Ammu, which I hope is not just the opposite of what she wants - Fancy ordering lace insertion in Oxford as if equally good ones could not be had in Madras! For Sarah there is a small purse which I hope she'll like and for Sosah there is a box of chocolates, quite intact minus one. I wanted to get her a box with a Merton Crest and colours, but apparently while most other colleges are for sale Merton is not and so I had to be content with old Cadbury. Kunjunju craves for stamps and since I cannot get any in Oxford he should wait some time longer when I shall try to send him a few.

Kunjunju also observes that my letters are becoming less and less interesting from which I argue that that is the general opinion. I wish I could make them more interesting, but the degeneration was inevitable when I settled down to a fixed routine of life in Oxford. My Scotch tours ought to provide some pleasant items.

Well, I should stop now. Glad to hear Chettan is recovering - With love to all,

yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#35

21 Cromwell Road

March 13th

My dear Amachi,

Your letter dated February 19th on last Saturday. I had a small mail of only four letters then. After I got my mail I went away to spend the day at Shilton with the Richardses. I went by train - as Shilton is nearly twenty miles off - to Alverscot, the nearest station and then cycled the three miles odd to Shilton Vicarage in the face of a strong wind in about twenty minutes arriving in time for lunch. After lunch I

walked a good way along and around the village with Miss Richards. It is a very small place of about two hundred people and the vicarage is next door to the small church. The latter is not without interest as parts of it are eleventh century and there is a most curiously carved stone front, almost unique in England. The village is situated in the hollow of a cusp of hills and along the valley straggles along the fourfoot wide and foot deep shill which gives it name to the little place. I believe the quiet and the keen country air suit Dr. and Mrs. Richards who are both rather advanced in age. They were all very kind to me and I had a nice time till I left about six, cycled back in less than fifteen minutes with the wind behind me and a lonely road with the dusk falling ahead, and got to college a few minutes after hall had ended at eight. It was an enjoyable 'day away'.

Sunday afternoon the chief event was that I paid my last call on the Moffatts before going down. Eric had a chill and was in bed and I went up to his 'bedder' to see him. Somehow I like going to see people a-bed - I cannot explain the feeling, it is largely perhaps the satisfaction that they need your help, but I always visit anybody who, I hear, is ill. This by the way ERic, I suppose, now should be all right. Archie and Margaret were flourishing and as Dr. and Mrs. Moffatt. I hope Kunju is at least hard at work already on the doll dressed in Indian fashion. It need not be very large but it should be sent, please. I am going to write to her on her birthday which is March 29 that this doll will soon come. So there is no opportunity to get out of it now.

On Monday somehow I dragged the weary hours along, doing nothing in particular - except a little packing. But on Tuesday there was the 'don-rag' as undergrads call 'collections' at the end of term. My turn came at about 9.50 and I went in to meet with a similar reception to last year's. Poor Johnson hopelessly perjured himself - because I only wrote three essays for him and each of these I mostly wrote between eight and nine when I had to see him in the intervals of breakfast in an agony of hurry. And I had done very little work too. Now hear what he said with little regard to truth - "I wish my English students would work as hard as my Indian students" evidently a sort of formula which as it was last term's repeated, very nearly made me burst out laughing. Then he said a good deal of my essays - how I read all the books he could recommend or I would find out - another

mournful sort of way as if to say that my work was beyond him! The Warden thereupon congratulated the college on its Government Scholars and said other nice & untrue (as far as I am concerned) things - and thus I came out covered with glory and blushes (invisible). I am rather glad, however, that they are pleased with Bajpai and me - for that may mean that they'll take more Indians now - hitherto Merton has refused to take any but Government students. My friends did not all come out so successfully as I did. Gray did all right - though not with éclat - but Burnett Hall had a rather bad time because he had done his papers very badly and had moreover failed in the Divinity Examination mainly because he had to take it upon four week's notice. However he can take it again easily in October. Crawford passed 'Divers' as it is called and Gray's results are not yet known. As a matter of fact he should have had his 'viva' yesterday, but I do not yet know how he fared.

I left Oxford by the 1 o'clock train with Bray of New Coll. and came to Paddington at 2:10. There was some delay in getting a taxi - a necessity because of my luggage and cheaper than a cab - but I came to Cromwell Rd. all right by about 2:45 in plenty of time for tea. Lunch I had given up for the day and indeed I do not care much for lunch. I was lucky enough to get a room and so here I am now. Subbarayan had left Oxford on Monday and is now somewhere in London, where I do not know. I have written to him, however, and hope to meet him soon.

In London as usual there has been little to do. Every day the sun makes feeble attempts to get through the thick cloud of fog and every day it fails disastrously. The utmost reach of its achievement - the floodtide and highwater mark of its power and glory is an undefined haze of brightness in the gray skies! So Tuesday passed and so Wednesday - I got some necessary articles of clothing, had one of my shoes reheelled etc. But today, Thursday, was more exciting, and I should give a full description of it.

In the morning I went with a Madras friend to see the National Gallery of British Art, otherwise called the Tate Gallery. It is near the Thames in Westminster and we walked down to it along the side of the Houses of Parliament and the venerable Abbey - which I should see someday. The Tate Gallery is a rather nice building from the street with the inevitable Greek pillars and triangle in front. We went in, admission being free, and in the hall into which the door opened there were a few sculptures - of Flaxman, Reynolds, Wilkie and one or two others. To the left

as you go in there is a large room with a good many pictures, mostly rather old - 18th century and so on, none of which I particularly recollect. But opening out from it were several rooms, one from another and so on, two of which at least were full of Turner pictures. In one of those rooms I noticed the originals of the Dame's School, Landseer's Blacksmith shoeing the Brown Horse and several other famous ones - and another of special interest to me, Beatrix Knighting Esmond - of course, a scene from Thackeray's Esmond - but the picture itself did not impress me much. In another room were Leighton's Boyhood of Raleigh (?), Millais The Order of Release, Rossettis' Beata Beatrix, Eace Arcilla Domini, and others, and one of the death of Chatterton - a picture in which the young poet is shown lying on a sofa in a garret, his head drooping to the ground, a box of papers open beside him and the contents partly strewn on the ground. Through the attick window the sunlight is streaming in and plays upon the dead body. I have never seen nor had hoped to see such marvellous colouring - the spectator could actually see the golden rays illumining the whitish garments of the dead boy and reflected from it is a living blaze of glory. Then there was Spring in the Tyrol, Between Two Fires, A Dana of the Uplands, Blossoms, Rose Lily Lily Rose, and a host of other pictures too numerous to mention - but I should put in Millais' The Play Scene in Hamlet, and his The Death of Ophelia and somebody's The Lady of Shallott. The Turner's were a splendid collection including such well known ones as The Burning Temeraire, Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus (?) etc - mostly of course landscapes, some of them executed with great boldness, success of colouring but some it seemed to my untutored eyes, hardly creditable. However, on the whole, it was a sight worth seeing and I believe I shall again and spend a few hours gazing at the art treasures of the Tate Gallery.

But this was by no means the biggest thing on Thursday - for the Tate Gallery is always with us - unless the suffragettes blow it up - but the Boat Race is not. In other words the great race between Oxford & Cambridge was rowed today and with what result you'll know long before this reaches you. Gray had written to an aunt of his in Hammersmith Terrace and she had asked me to go there and see the race, if I cared. At three I went and even then the tube, the buses and the trams were crowded and overflowing with people, many of them wearing either the light blue or the dark blue rosette. I smiled at the light blue sympathisers (for they are no more and have no real interest in either side, for the very immense majority) thinking of their impending disaster! I got at length to Hammersmith Terrace and the following plan of the course

will elucidate matters a great deal.

.....diagram.....

The house as it turned out was situated in a strategic position, because it commands a view of both sides of the bed of the river past Hammersmith Bridge. I had tea and then clambered up to the roof whence I had a good view of nearly half a mile (see the dotted line) The crowd filled the Surrey side which is open, while the opposite side where we were is all a row of houses all the windows and gardens of which, however, were a mass of eager faces. The entire course was patrolled by launches which were there to frustrate any designs of the Suffragettes. As a matter of fact, it was rumoured long and persistently that something or other would be achieved by those rank idiots. It was apprehended that a boat might rush out and block the way of the racing crews, and to prevent this elaborate precautions were taken. The Oxford & 'Tab boats themselves were zealously guarded by policemen all yesterday night. However at 4.38 the crews started from Putney and Cambridge at once drew away nearly a length. This distance they maintained for a long while. A length is about twenty yards, the oars being 62 feet long, so that it is no mean advantage. When they came within my view Cambridge were thus still leading and my heart was as lead within me and the cheers all but died on my lips! However, I perceived that Oxford were just then warming up to their work and were rowing a bit faster, so I did not by any means give up hope, though it did look a gloomy prospect for Oxford. Then they passed away and as I learnt afterward Cambridge increased their lead to 1 1/4 lengths near Chiswick, and even past Barnes Bridge they were ahead. Then were the Oxford men stirred and their hearts rose up in them & their muscles hardened and they pulled and behold they gained on the Cambridge crew and despite the utmost desperate efforts of the light blues they won by 3/4 length - a most remarkable achievement - within the last half mile. Thus for the fifth time running we have won the Boat Race, the greatest event of the sustained intervarsity competition. Altogether the race has been rowed 70 times now, once it was a dead heat, 39 times Oxford has won and Cambridge 30 times. Great then was the joy of all Oxonians at this nearly lost victory - and there will be rejoicing everywhere.

One advantage we had is a heavier crew - heavier by about thirty pounds - and in a long and exhausting course like this it always tells. The Oxford either weighed nearly 101 stones, and at least four of them are over six feet - from which Amachi can

see that there is no immediate prospect of my becoming a rowing Blue. Two are Australians and all the rest either Eton or Winchester men, chiefly the former. They all belong either to Magdalen or to New College with one Balliol man and a Univ. man as 'spare man'. But looking a total of rowing blues I find that while Magdalen heads the list with 90 and add, Merton comes tenth with 22 - not bad for a small college. The boats are 62 feet long, 2 feet wide, one foot deep and the oars 13 ft. long.

Tomorrow come the shorts, which there is a very good chance for us to win. I took courage into my hands and went in for a ticket - because this year's performances will be very fine, and because I will never see the shorts again - it is not worth while a second time. But I have also decided to make penance by abstaining from hall thrice a week for two weeks next term and having something in my own room. That ought to compensate for the extravagance of a ticket costing 7/6. The trouble was, the only other alternative was 1/- where you had to stand with a crowd of all classes of people in a position from which you could hardly see anything at all. The tale of victories and defeats is like this now:-

Rugger.	Cambridge.
Soccer.	Draw.
Billiards.	Cambridge.
Boxing.	do.
Tennis.	do.
Hockey.	do.
Cross-Country.	Oxford.
Lacrosse.	do.
Boat.	do.

A 'blue' is to be had by playing any game for the university - with this difference, that for some things you only get a half-blue, eg. in hockey, in billiards, in chess, the 'second strings' in shorts etc. While rugger, soccer, boat, the first man home in cross-country, first strings in sports etc. have full blues. Sproule came in first in the cross-country with Cambridge and so got his full-blue.

I hope Kunju has done her papers well - and that all there are well. I am quite well, thankful to say. But I should stop now. I have no news of Valliammachi.

With much love to everyone.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

21 Cromwell Road
London S.W.

#36

Address
Merton Coll.
Oxford
March 19.1913

My dear Apachen,

Your letter of the 13th, February and many thanks for it. There is little or nothing in it that requires a direct answer, and so I will proceed to my own news. Full details of the boatrice of course are in my last, but the sports have to be described. Subbarayan and I went together and discovered our places and at about quarterpast three the events began. The first was the hundred yards in which both the Cambridge men were first and second, a few inches between, with the Oxford men a foot behind. Then came the 120 yards Hurdles with ten hurdles. In this again Ashington (King's Cantab) was first, with Macdonald (Oxon) second. Time 16 1/5 seconds. Thus Cambridge were two up, but Oxford presently equalized with the High Jump and the weight. The Oxford first string failed at 5 ft. 5, but the second string jumped 5 ft. 8 1/8 in. while the two Cambridge men both managed to do only 5 ft. 6 in. The weight was a forgone conclusion for the American Rhodes Scholars, of whom Oxford gets such a large supply, invariably win the strong men's events. In this instances, Zeigler (Wadham - Subbarayan is always thrusting this fact on me!) easily beat Woods of Cambridge with a put of 43 ft. 3 ins. with a 16 pound ball. Woods did 40 ft. while the third man did only 36 ft. Thus it was two all. Then came the Quarter-Mile which was known to be a certainty for Cambridge and which they won easily in 57 seconds. Clarke of Christchurch, whom I know slightly, was third. But Oxford replied with the Mile. This was expected to be a great event - for A.N.S. Jackson of B.N.C. (who won the world's championship of 1500 metres and broke the record by 3 seconds: he did it in 3 min. 56 3/5 seconds) was running for Oxford and though it was sure that he would win it was expected that Clarke (St. John's Canbab)

would press him hard, and that Jackson would break the record. Three men ran for each varsity, but the two others on either side were simply pace-makers, who ran fast to make the first strings run and then dropped out or lagged behind. They all kept on together till at the end of the second round, three laps making the mile. Then the pacemakers dropped behind and Jackson and Clarke began to run for all they were worth. Clarke however was altogether outclassed for by the end of half the round Jackson had left him far behind. The latter ran on, amid great shouts, and finished 110 yds. ahead of Clarke which is an unprecedented length of win by in the mile. Jackson was immediately presented to the King who was present - and though he did not break the record not being pressed at all, he had run a magnificent race. At the same time Pollock - Hill (Keble, Oxon) who had won both the Mile and the Three Mile some years ago (a record) was also presented to His Majesty. Then came the Long Jump and Throwing the Hammer. In the Long Jump Stolz of Oxford did a very fine jump of 22 ft. 3 inches - but Ashington - that versatile athlete who saved Cambridge - jumped 22 ft. 9 ins; at the second attempt he did 23 ft. 5 3/4 ins. which broke Fry's record twenty years ago by 3/4 inch. Subbarayan, again, was hard-hit because Fry was a Wadham man. When it was known that Ashington had beaten the record there were great shouts and applause. Stotz suffered defeat and Cambridge was now one ahead. The balance was redressed by Zeigler (Wadham. Oxon) in the Hammer. He does it most gracefully and in a throw of more than 142 feet completely shattered the Fenner's (ie Cambridge men, because Cambridge is in the Fens) whose best performance was a paltry 110 feet. But then came the Three Miles. This was again expected to be a great race - it consisted of course of nine laps round the course - and there were three a side. The Oxford first string was D.N. Gaussen, a first year man of John's, and the second string Sproule (Balliol). The Cambridge man was Atkinson - but it was wellknown that - as the Times put it - nothing but a stroke of apoplexy would prevent Gaussen winning. Nevertheless a good race was hoped for as Atkinson in the Trials had done the distance in the same time as Gaussen. For two miles all the men held on together, the Oxford three in front, the Cambridge three a few yards behind. Then began the serious running - and Gaussen and Atkinson soon got away with Sproule, who had an injured foot, a few yards to the rear of them. Atkinson however was no match for the marvellous fresher from John's and Gaussen easily ran ahead and began to run really fast. The second mile had been run rather slowly, but in the third Gaussen showed his remarkable powers of endurance. He appeared perfectly fresh and easy and ran most gracefully. Atkinson who thundered on in the second place was, on the contrary, apparently half dead - and his gait, to

quote the Times again, was like Dr. Johnson's down Fleet Street - heavy, ungraceful and lumbering. But all his efforts were hopelessly un-availing, Gaussen had the race all his own way, and won by the comfortable distance of 300 yards: while he was at the winning post Atkinson was half a lap behind. The time was 14 min. 47 sec. only $2\frac{2}{5}$ seconds behind the record; and there is no doubt that if Gaussen had been at all hardly pressed another record would have been broken on Friday. It was a splendid race, well worth watching. Oxford was now one ahead, and everything depended on the last event, the half Mile. Ashington ran for Cambridge, while the Oxford representatives were Dickinson (Kemble, Oxon) and Pitman (New Col. last year's rowing blue). They all came down nearly together at a great rate till about the last hundred yards, the Oxford men a little to the front. But their sharp pace had tired them and when Ashington began to 'go', he drew closer and closer and at length passed them and won the race for Cambridge. Thus the result of the shorts was a tie, five events all. Ashington who had done the unprecedented feat of winning three events in one day was accorded an ovation, Cambridge men being justly proud of him for he had saved them from utter disaster and rout.

On Saturday I lunched at Mr. Bevan's house in the Chelsea Embankment; and had dinner at Rev. Frank Lenwood's. he lives in one of the suburbs, Herne Hill, and I had to take the underground to Victoria and train from Victoria to Herne Hill to get there. I met there McEwan Lawson and Lazerus, apparently a son of the Dr. Lazarus of Madras, who I gathered was in the Baptist Missionary Society training College and appears a very nice man. Mr. lenwood showed us many pictures of Himalayan scenes apparently painted by himself, some of them quite good. They had asked me to stay over the Sunday if I cared but I thought I had rather not. And luckily. For when I came back at night I found two Syrian Christians waiting for me. Their names are Ninan and John and they are doing Engineering in London. As the hour was late they invited me to their digs for Sunday afternoon. I readily agreed.

On Sunday morning I went to the Marylebone Baptist Chapel where I had gone before and heard a good sermon from Mr. Gillie. In the afternoon I went to meet Ninan and John. They gave me tea and there I met several other Travancoreans who dropped in - one from Kallupara! Another was a brother of Pandalai who does law. He was a flourishing lawyer at Quilon when he took it into his head to take the Bar-at-Law and the London L.L.D. Madness in a properous middleaged man with a wife and family! So he came, did the Bar-at-law, and is still waiting for the elusive

L.L.D. Meanwhile he spends his days walking about London and talking to other Malayalees - ignoble occupation, if occupation it is. Our Syrian Christians gave me dinner too and then saw me home. They appear rather nice people, but without much acquaintance of English life - our ignorance inevitable in a London student living in digs.

On Monday I did little; on Tuesday I lunched with the Hon. Montagu Waldegrave, Mr. Bevan's brother in law. He is a friend of Jacob Mathais' and was out in the N.W. Frontier as a missionary a few years ago. He has three ripping kiddies - two girls and a boy of about seven. They are all keen partisans of Cambridge as their father is an old Tab; and I amused them by detailing the Sports which they had not seen. They were very much piqued at the loss of the boat race and I gave them a list of Oxford victories - seasoned with achievements of Cambridge to keep them from utterly despairing - to see their chagrin. They were well pleased at Ashington's victory and startled at the distance he had jumped. The boy especially seemed a brick and they all seemed very nice. Mrs. Waldegrave was out; he is a very keen evangelical of the Keswick tpe, and an extraordinarily good man.

I was hoping to get away from London for the Easter and spend it in some quiet country place; but application of digs which Mr. Cheshire suggested proved fruitless - they were full up - and I decided to stay on in London till Monday. I thought for a moment but only for a moment of Cambridge, but decided it was not worth while for three days. I do not like London at all and shall not come here again if I can help it. Work is absolutely impossible under such a gray and dull sky and with so many distractions. A quiet countryside or seaside place for work - not London. On the 24th I go to Edinburgh where I shall live with the McLlarens and then probably two or three days at Stirling. Dr. Miller is at Edinburgh his house at Bridge of Allen being under repairs. I shall meet him there. From Stirling I go to Glasgow to Gray's; and then to Dumfries and then probably to Melrose. I hope to be back in Oxford on the 17th April, term beginning on the 18th.

I am expecting Georgekutty's photos - of the College and the Y.M.C.A. and hope to find a few hostel people among them. I wonder whether he could tell me when Mrs. Moffat's birthday is, I cannot remember. Mr. Cheshire tells me that he'll soon be going out in the Educational Service to India - probably to Madras. It will be very nice if he does, as he is a man who is convinced of the necessity of cultivating

friendly relations with the students - which most Educ. service men are not. Besides he is a strong Christian. He preferred Madras, he said, because he had found Madras students the best to deal with in England and often the most intelligent.

I am very sorry indeed I missed Sosah's birthday - but I did not remember it was on March 10th. It is too late now to do anything but I hope she is not prejudiced against me beyond recovery! I hope she had a happy birthday and surely I may wish her many happy returns. Many thanks for Sarah's and Kunju's letters.

If this letter is very uninteresting the blame is on London, not on me. I hope all at home are well. With love.

Ever your affectionately

Kuruvila

#37

St. Oswald's
Edinburgh
March 26, 1913

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter to hand. I should begin with Friday, the 21st. It was Good Friday and I went in the morning to St. Paul's. There were nearly a thousand people present at the service, but the Cathedral is so large that the crowds hardly filled one corner of it and the service had a meagre and desolate aspect. I did not care for the choir which had a harsh and not a soft note about it; and the sermon was good but hardly equal to expectations. One has the instinctive anticipation in a great cathedral of a great sermon; and anything less than the best leaves a taste of disappointment in the mind. It is perhaps an unfair but a real criticism and feeling. I do not remember to have done anything particularly on Friday afternoon, but on Saturday afternoon I called on Shahani of New College who is out in digs Ealingside. Together we went to the Kew Gardens which were quite close by. They cover an extensive area and are full of all sorts of trees, plants, shrubs and flowers. There were beds of crocuses, hyacinths and other spring flowers which were ravishingly beautiful; and

at another place half a dozen giant creepers knit their branches together to form a great bower. Then there were the hothouses, several of these were unhappily closed but we inspected two, one of flowers, the other chiefly of plants and trees. The flower hothouse had various English flowers. There were the most enchanting hyacinths, white inside, a pale blue outside, rhododendrons of many colours but few so large as the ones I found on Kodai hills, roses, giant lilies, one nearly a foot in diameter, tulips, daffodils of many varieties and several other interesting flowers. In the shrubbery or whatever it is there were among other things the nutmeg tree, an attenuated mango which I delighted to behold and a few sugarcane, insipid looking beyond belief. Beyond these were orchids of all colours and patches of colours. It was altogether a most interesting visit - and I should not forget the banyan, a feeble specimen of which was exhibited too. The temperature inside as we saw from a thermometer was 70 degrees - which is almost tropical.

Then we walked through the rockery, an artificial glen with small rocks on either side and a miniature fountain in one corner, on the sides of which were all manner of small ferns and plants. When we emerged out of it we came upon a hillside covered with great yellow daffodils - a pretty sight and then we had excellent tea at nine pence a head in a restaurant close by, sitting there I saw a flash of lightning and a puny peal of thunder, which, child's play to me accustomed to the music of Travancore hills, seemed to affright the unaccustomed and ----- ears of the Londoners who neither face nor understand the elemental forces of the world. We walked back to Shahani's lodgings and then I hurried back to S. Kensington to be in time for dinner.

Easter Sunday! I went to a church close by and heard Prebendary Webb - Peploe preach a rather disappointing sermon. You'll of course remember his name, for he is an evangelical of the Keswick type and takes a prominent part in the activities of that conference. In the evening I went to another English church close by and thus ended Easter Sunday - hardly like Easter at home, for here I was stranded amidst a company of Hindus and Mahomedans and had to make the best of Easter as I could.

Monday morning, however, I was at last free of London to which I shall not return in a hurry. There was another Madrasi student coming up to Edinburgh and we started together by the Great Northern line from King's Cross station in a comfortable compartment all by ourselves and armed with two magazines chockfull

of ridiculous stories to pass the weary hours. It is 395 miles and we did it in just 8 1/4 hours, starting at ten and reaching Edinburgh at a quarter past six. I remember how we used to make of it 'a day' when I travelled the same distance from Madras to Calicut, packed carefully away in a compartment along with ninety nine other people, so carefully that there was no chance at all of your falling in a doze to this side on to that, or even to the front, for before you squatted a loud voiced lady on a blanket - bundle. It was rather different here.

To begin with, we passed thro' two smoky tunnels each nearly a third of a mile in length, but after some time we got quite clear of the gloomy suburbs of London and flashed out into the green and open country. It was a splendid day, warm and sunny and the landscape stood out in bold outline. We passed through numberless small towns and over numberless small rivers with stopping, through Hatfield, where the great family of the Cecils issue from, through Hitchin, through the ancient Cathedral city of Peterborough with it's pinnacled tower rising high above the trees, through Grantham associated with the great name of Newton and boasting his statue, through Newark famous in the Great Civil War where King Charles surrendered to the Scottish army, past Lincoln with the three towers of its great cathedral on the horizon, through Doncaster noted for its racecourse and Selby for its noble abbey until we came to the ancient and historic city of York, capital of the Three Ridings - York, I am told, is well worth a longer stay than ours - quarter of an hour - and has a history longer than almost any other in England. It was a great and renowned camp in Roman times and since then its archbishop and its position as premier city of the North have given to it an extraordinarily high rank. It was the first of our two or three stops, and we were indeed glad to rest for a minute after a run of 188 miles. The next place of interest on the line was Northallerton, where in King Stephen's time the Scots were defeated by the bishops and sheriffs of the North Counties in the Battle of the Standards. Then Durham, with its ancient university and ancient cathedral, but paused at neither of these places but fled on till we came to the smoke crowned, chimney ridden city of Newcastle - which a memory dating from childish days connects with coals. The association is unpleasant, and so is the city. It is manifestly important, a centre of industry and commerce, busy, thriving, populous and smoky. We crossed the Tyne, I believe, on King Edward Bridge, but on the other side was High Level Bridge which is more than a hundred feet high and more than a thousand and three hundred feet long. Newcastle itself is an unlovable place, reeking with the effusion of many tall chimneys and clad in a prevailing black. It proved unpleasant

for us, because here a family travelling north boarded the train and effectually filled our compartment, yet not intolerably. The father of the family occupied his time chiefly in emptying a bottle by slow degrees and offered us a glassful of some tempting (!) and rosy beverage. We escaped the offer on the ground that we were tee totallers whereupon he pledged us, a proceeding which I did not in the least discourage - for I do not object to 'live long and die' appy'. The mother's attention was mainly divided between her children and provision basket - the former suffering under her sore displeasure. They consisted of a boy and a girl of the usual pugnacious type and spent their time most agreeably in clawing each other amicably as children do. While these domestic felicities were going on inside we were riding over the frontier into Scotland, through Morpeth and Workworth, past Bamborough Castle unto Berwick. Meanwhile we had drawn close to the sea which after this time remained visible throughout with occasional eclipses. This made a most interesting sight and indeed it was this prospect that had made us choose the Great Northern in preference to the other lines. By a long bridge of 2160 feet and 120 feet high we crossed the Tweed at Berswick and slid into Scot country. In the broad dialect of our companions we had already had a hint of the coming change. The countryside too had been gradually losing its gentle English aspect of mildly sloping green hills into bolder and more decided outlines - and pine trees began to appear. On the right hand side was the blue sea, at times close to the line, having the cliffy rocks and at others rolling up occasional sands - very rare indeed. It is mostly falling precipices that here make up the coastline, here and there a small fishing village nestling up among the rocks. After Berwick the names of the stations changed and we constantly read such appellations as Grants house, Bockburnspath, Innerwick, Inveresk. The one interesting place in the last fifty miles was Dunbar where the green park is still to be seen amid the crowded trees where the army of the Commonwealth bivouacked on the eve of the battle. The Scots under Leslie were on a height, opposite but they unwisely left it - 'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands' - Cromwell quoted Scripture as he saw the move; and the event justified the quotation. One would not think that on these peaceful slopes, now all bright green lawn, the blue sea under a blue sky at the bottom of the rise, a few sheep browsing on the grass, perhaps a few clothes fluttering on a line to dry bloody wars were fought and the destines of nations decided. Yet so it is - and the wheat grows rich and golden on the field of Waterloo; and the apple-trees I think are weighed down with their wealth of fruit. Out in the ocean was a rock uplift, which might interest Kunju, the Bass Rock, where David Balfour spent a few days amid the skirling of the solan geese and the blood curdling

stories of the guards. Does she remember Tod Lapraik, that horrible tale of which Stevenson was so proud. Yet another reminiscence of Catriona, for we passed Gullane sands whence Alan took ship for France. Prestonpans brought up the memory of Scott who described the fatal battle in Waverley and, fitly enough, when in the falling dusk we steamed into Edinburgh after a minute of the suburbs with tall chimneys trailing smoke to the heavens, the station - the largest in the three kingdoms - was called Waverley. I took a cab and came to St. Oswald's in time for dinner.

St. Oswald's is the home of the McLarens' and is a fairly large house beautifully furnished. I have a large and splendid room looking out on a small hill and beyond the Pentlands, white now with a fall of snow. They are very well connected, Rev. Mr. McLaren's brothers being, one in Parliament as Lord somebody, and the other sometime ago a Lord of Session in Scotland - Lord McLaren. He is somehow connected too with John Bright. Small wonder then that the house is so nice and even splendid. They are both exceedingly nice people, he unmistakably Scotch, quite, a man of few words and weighty but courteous and of good counsel. She is very good to me and takes me round all the places of interest in Edinburgh - which is kind. I have had a pleasant stay here till now and shall no doubt have an equally pleasant time in the few days that remain.

As I rode into Edinburgh on Monday evening three things struck me - the first that the cab seemed going up interminable heights the whole time, until at length I fancied we must be on the Alps; the second that it had evidently snowed hard here on Sunday, for the street edges were still fringed with white and in the occasional gardens the white was prominent; the third that the names of the shop fronts had changed, it was now all Stewart and Scott, Thomson, Ferguson, Henderson, Benson and Donaldson. But I could not catch much of the general lie of the city or of the general aspect of the houses cabined in a rickety cab on a gray evening.

Tuesday morning, after breakfast, however we sallied out - Mrs. McLaren and I. We walked first to Greyfriars, notable for the tomb of many persons. It is a weird place, at the back of the elaborate tombstones a few inches behind, almost touching them, rose the backs of squalid houses, and a granite carved with grim crossbones and skull obstructs the view of some back windows - curious juxtaposition of the quick and the dead. The most interesting monument in the whole place is however that erected to the memory of the persecuted Covenanters over eight thousand of them

with the inscription. Here generations of Scotch have gazed at the embodiment of a spirit of which they are so proud, the poor embodiment of a noble spirit which suffered so much at the hands of men who delighted to use the thumbscrew and the rack. From Greyfriars we walked to the Castle pausing between whiles to look at the curious old 'closes' which honeycomb the 'old town' of Edinburgh - they are narrow passages between houses which lead to a small courtyard on which a house looks down - sometimes several houses, as in Lady Stairs' close. In one of the houses in this last lived - to believe an urchin who volunteered the information - Professor John Blackie. We came up a long incline to the Esplanade of the Castle where a few recruits in white drill suits - boys most of them - were being trained. At the gateway we met a guide who offered to conduct us. He had a goat - beard and wore medals with the names of Kandahar and other places on the clasps - and a nose of a glorious purple colour, the result of too intimate an acquaintance with strong drinks. This alcoholic - at the time he was quite sober - conducted us explaining the various sights in his best manner, and thus accompanied we thoroughly inspected the Castle. We looked into Queen Margaret's little chapel - that Queen Margaret who in the eleventh century. I believe, married a barbarian monarch of Scotland and tried to tame him and his savage people - by mild degrees subdue them to the useful and the good. Near it was the famous cannon Mons Meg which has had more visitors, I suppose than perhaps any other single object in Edinburgh. Then, on one side a small cell illuminated, but hardly illuminated by one barred window, small, cold, bare, with an arched stone roof where Argyll spent the night before his execution, the undisturbed sleep of the just and the innocent. Underneath it the State Prison, a larger but not more inviting room. Through a courtyard again. We passed into the Banqueting hall, now hung with flags and armours and weapons of war and most beautifully panelled - a large room full of the pomp and circumstance of war. On another side of the court, through a narrow staircase a room in which is exhibited the Scotch Regalia, a crown, some insignia of orders, a few swords of state, up another staircase a small dark room in which Queen Mary stayed some time and opening out from it a tiny bedroom in which King James was born. This, I believe, is a catalogue of the more important sights of the castle, but of course perhaps the best sight is not of but from the Castle. It stands upon a high and sudden rock, as all the world knows, and from its battlemented summits there is a fine view on a clear day of Edinburgh and beyond - below Princes Street and beyond it the streets of the city - farther away the great Scotch public school of Fettes - and beyond, the hazy blue of the Firth of Forth with

the Pentlands and its spurs. From the heights, however, we came down and then walked into St. Giles, the Cathedral. Here were many interesting relics, the Church itself is a good building, almost noble, with a fine series of painted windows, obviously rather modern. But here was a bronze statue of John Knox and what I cared for more the relief of Stevenson, writing on his couch; overhead one of his own beautiful prayers, underneath his own epitaph.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die.
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse ye grave for me
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

His body lies on a mountaintip in Samoa but surely his spirit abides in the city he loved so well and described so charmingly. Another of the sights of St. Giles is a tablet marking the spot whence Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the minister who read the Episcopal Service - an act worthy of the suffragettes, but far more his tonic, for it was the first act in the war which ultimately cost Charles his throne.

On one side of the cathedral is a chapel of the order of the Thistle. The knighthood of the Thistle is, as you know, after the Garter, the highest dignity in the power of the King to confer and there can only be twenty Knights altogether. In this chapel there are nineteen seats all round and one in the middle for the King. Above each of these - except one which is vacant - are the arms of the Knights in enamel, and the canopies above the seats are carved most exquisitely and elaborately in wood in marvellous patterns in which the thistle figures prominently. Above, the ceiling is just a mass of intricate tracery. Altogether the small chapel is a wonderful specimen of detailed and crowded and highly successful architecture.

Out of St. Giles' into the light of day. Then into the Law Courts close by - it is

now vacation - where the chief sight was a long hall filled with legal statuary and legal paintings - lords of session, justices, lords of appeal, chancellors in splendid profusion looking out of the canvases with severe if intelligent faces. Out of the courts and then back home for lunch.

After lunch I went to call on Dr. Miller who is still in town, and found him in. It was the first time I ever met him but of course I was quite familiar with his face from the pictures. He looked very much like them though a good deal older, his hair and beard quite white, except where it had yellowed a little through smoking. But he looked well and could apparently see a little - for he found his way to a chair and pushed me into another and did such other things - but of course he cannot see very well at all. Our conversation was interrupted by the constant arrival of visitors - at least half a dozen of them while I stayed. He had a marvellous memory for names and told me of a great many Indian students in Edinburgh and asked about all the people in Calicut - even Maryan Master whom he called Dairen and I was at some difficulty in apprehending. He asked me to send him remembrances to you and told me he was sorry he could not welcome me to his house at Bridge of Allan. I am to dine with him on Friday and to meet other Madras men.

Today, Wednesday, was at least as busy if not as interesting. In the morning again Mrs. McLaren and I went out sight-seeing. We drove first to the Calton Hill - for Edinburgh is full of hills, a city of steeps and inclines and unexpected depths and heights - and thence had a good view of the city. There is a monument there, as you go up, to Dugald Stewart; a tall and ugly one to Nelson up which we clambered: a third on the slope to Robert Burns. On the top there is an unfinished building - row of Greek pillars - called the Scot's Folly. It was begun as a great national monument, but had to be stopped as the funds failed - but now, in its unfinished state, on one of the most commanding sites in Edinburgh, it looks exceedingly fine.

Down we clambered from the Calton Hill and then went to visit John Knox's house which stands in one of the streets - exactly as it was - as far as shape is concerned - in his own lifetime. It is full of relics of Knox - paintings - writings, books, tables and chests - and with other interesting things of the time. His study in a particularly small den, hardly six foot square. This house is a great place of pilgrimage to Scotchmen who revere John Knox as one of the national heroes.

After this interesting survival of medievalism we went to the Museum, a curious

blend of the modern and the primeval - for here were mummies and ornaments from ancient Egypt, arrow-headed writing on Assyrian bricks and all sorts of other curiosities from all over the world, of all times and ages. But what was perhaps most interesting of all was the Livingstone Collection. This included the various medals and diplomas he had been granted, the addresses of London, Glasgow and Dundee which had given him their freedom, various journals and books of his own, letters, manuscripts, a bit of pencil, his instruments, medical and geographical and other things of interest. Of course, this is his centenary year and that is the raison of the exhibition. I noticed too that the Statue in Princes' Street was hung with wreaths.

In the afternoon I met George who lives quite near and together we went to call on Dr. Russell (late of the Christian College) but he was away from home. I met, however, J.H. Oldham, the Student Union man, to whom Mr. Hogg had given me a letter. We then walked back thro' Princes Street, which is the great street of Edinburgh and certainly a very beautiful one. On one side, along a great part of it was a park in which were several statues, in which Edinburgh abounds. There was, greatest of all, the Scott monument - a noble piece of architecture with the general design of which you are no doubt familiar, but the noteworthy feature of it is a white marble statue of Scott himself in a characteristic and most striking attitude. I should think the statue is a great piece of sculpture, it looks so human, so pathetic, with a touch of greatness and a touch of sorrow on the brow. On one side of this there is Livingstone and on another Dr. Guthrie and the figure of a soldier of the Black Watch in memory of the men who fell in the Sth. African war. In a quiet churchyard close by is a small unpretentious stone in a corner sacred to the memory of Thomas de Quincey and his wife. There, with no high sounding epitaph on his tomb and no flourish of mural grandeur lies the English Opium-eater.

Edinburgh is, without fear of any contradiction, a beautiful city. It is not very large, the population is only about 400,000, but the town is built upon a multitude of hills. The streets come sweeping down from one summit into a flowing valley and then rush up another crest. And as the streets are built in all directions you get the most amazing features. Looking over the edge of a commonplace road you discovered another city below you with men walking about and shops and trams and houses; and thus city upon city you rise to the heights of the Castle or the Calton Hill.

It is a pity about poor M. T. John. I remember how last summer vacation he was

married and when he came back we pressed him to give a muttai. Glad you like Whitehair - he is a hearty man, as most Americans are.

Kunju makes a small mistake. I never had any intention of running at the Oxford Cambridge boatrace - the course is 4 1/2 miles and the speed of the boats is that of the best runners in the world - more; our redoubtable Gaussen ran three miles in 14 min. 47." Taking only that rate he would have done 4 1/2 miles in something under 22 minutes - which is more than the time the boats took. Besides the course is too crowded for any race. Races are only possible at the inter-collegiate boatraces in Oxford itself. Toppers in February and Eights in June. The course for these is only one mile, yet for the second most men would find it hard to keep up with the boats.

Many thanks for Ammu's letter. Thankful to hear all are well. Hope Apachen is perfectly recovered now from the results of the accident. What about Valliammachi? kunji and oil are things of the past for me!

I should stop now, with much love to everyone.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#38

As from
Merton College
Oxford
April 3 1913

4 Clairmount Gardens
Glasgow

My dear Apachen,

adventures. On Thursday morning I posted my letter. In the afternoon I went out with George and made several calls. I called at Prof. MacKintosh's - Mr. Hogg having kindly sent me a letter - and was met by a bairn who told me he was away in Canada. 'When would he be back', I inquired - and was floored to hear the answer 'in May'. On Thursday evening we had guests in to dinner - a Mr. and Mrs. Cowan, missionaries in Livingstonia, Africa, and a John Martin, undergrad of Edin - Varsity. I enjoyed a talk with the last.

On Friday morning, the long expected permit having come, Mr. M. & I. walked down to Holyrood Palace. It is shut up for fear of the suffragettes and it was as an exceptional favour that he got the pass for me. We went in and after being accosted by two sentries passed into the building, the door being carefully closed behind us. It is a great quadrangle, but only one corner of it is historic - connected with Queen Mary, the ill-fated; the rest is later in date. We went up first into a great long low hall ceilinged with oak and being round with pictures of Scottish Kings - far the greater majority of which were obviously faked - for instance one of Robert Bruce which was only drawn to an imagined likeness, there were others of Kings whose very existence is perhaps doubtful and whose features, if they lived at all, have long faded in the mists of antiquity. However there were others of Mary and all the James's and the two Charleses. From this portrait gallery we went into other rooms, Mary's living rooms, extraordinarily small in size. They are there exactly as in her time, even a good deal of the furniture survives. The first we entered was, I think, her audience chamber - a small room, and near the door is a brass which proclaims that that was the spot where Rizzio lay after he was murdered. The assassins came by a private door into Mary's tiny dining room where she was sitting with Rizzio and one or two others, stabbed him there and pulled him out into the audience chamber where he was dispatched with fifty-six wounds.

Mary's bedchamber is next to her dining room - about the size of our old drawing room, and there still is the great bed on which she slept. Then there was Darnley's bedroom. One of the most notable features of these rooms is the Tapestry which is very good still and in some cases - particularly the perspective of a street - remarkably successful. There are also many other small curiosities of historical interest. From this suite of rooms we descended into the quad and then went to see the ruins of the old Abbey of Holyrood. The ruins look remarkably beautiful, some of the pillars being most artistically set up. Now the whole Abbey lies open to the sun and the sky;

it is, I believe, twelfth or thirteenth century and has many legends attached to it, but these I do not remember and have no time to recount.

So we passed out from Holyrood. On Friday afternoon I went to pay another visit - Mrs. Hogg had sent me a letter to a Miss Small, of a Woman's Missionary College - and I went with the letter. I found the college without much difficulty though since I did not know the number, I had to guess it from the aspect of the building. The guess was happily correct and when I went in I found that it was a sort of At Home day of Miss Small's. A good many people were in - among them I met Mr. Passmore, last of the Madras C.L.S. Then I was introduced to one of the pupils, a lady who had lived in Madras for many years, near Eymore. These encounters made the time interesting and after looking at the small but pretty chapel they have I came away. On Friday evening, I was to go to Dr. Miller's house. He had asked a good many Indian students to meet me. Most of them were South Indians and Christian College men, but there were a few others, notably Frank Mayadass, who is to join the N.M.S. after his medical course, and his brother. There were half a dozen Syrian Christians - all who were at Edinburgh: George and a Paul, M.C. Chandy, a Joseph and a Lukose. Dr. Russell too was one of the guests and I was very glad to meet him. He looked much better than when I saw him last in Madras but it is almost certain that he won't go back to India again. There was coffee, cakes and fruit for us and Dr. Miller was at his best. He laughed and talked with all of us and at times argued. He cannot clearly distinguish persons but can see the general aspect of the figure, I believe - and often guessed successfully who he was talking to. It was rather pathetic to see him there but he looked much cheerier and much better than I had thought. He told us of his picture which has just been painted - it is of him as he looked ten or fifteen years ago - the foundation being an old photo - but he gave sittings of course to the artist. He got us all cards to go to that and I planned to go with some others on Sunday - it was only open on Sunday and Monday - but they started off without me and as I did not know where it was I had perforce to stay behind and miss it. It was a pity.

On Saturday I had an early breakfast and with George and two other Syrians took train to Stirling, 36 miles off. The first object of interest was of course the great Bridge over the Forth, about eight miles from Edinburgh. It should be nearly a mile long and has a series of enormous trestles and supports which, climbing up, forms a sort of roof overhead. The bridge is absolutely straight so that looking from one end

you can see out at the other - a small circle of light. It was a most interesting sight, the Forth floated forth on either side and under the great high bridge passed the boats. Scotchmen are rightly proud of this triumph of engineering science. When we arrived at Stirling the first thing to do was obviously to explore the castle - and a little reflection counselled that the castle would be on the highest eminence of the city - and up a sloping street we walked to come to the gate of a church. On the way many small boys and girls followed us half with alarm half with curiosity. And here I may remark that Scotch children have a just appreciation of colour than English; for in Scotland if you are called anything at all - which is rare - it is 'darkie', which you are; but in England you are designated 'blackie' which you are not! At the church door we were accosted by a guide who offered his services which we after some hesitation accepted. Into the church we went first - and found it partitioned off into two - one side of which was the older and is now being repaired. The other side is evidently used at the present day and contains some beautiful glasses, which are its chief feature. There are a few by Ballantyre of Edinburgh, the tone and colouring of which were exquisite - and a characteristic one by Burne - Jones. Our guide informed us that £1200 and £1400 had been paid for each of these but how far his figures can be relied upon is a matter of doubt. Out of the church we went into the churchyard - something like the fish in the proverb. The churchyard is a beautiful one if such an epithet may be applied to the place where most tears are shed and most hearts sore and desolate - there was one monument in particular which excites both sympathy and admiration. It is sacred to the memory of a girl who rather than abjure her faith in the troubled times of Scotch politics suffered death by being tied to a stake within deadly reach of the side in the Solway Firth. In her honour is a piece of statuary representing her and her sister with an angel behind them - a noble and exalted bit of work. Then we went a few yards further on and climbed up a hillock whence the land suddenly declines and many battlefields can be seen. Leaving these places we walked a quarter mile into the castle, which is built upon a steep and precipitous rock on three sides. We walked upon the ramparts for some distance and then went into the only one of the rooms that is open - the Douglas Room. Why it is so called I do not remember, but Scott's Tales of a Grandfather would probably give the reason - it had some connection with the famous Black Douglas of Robert the Bruce's time. There were a few curiosities there - none particularly worthy of mention. It being nearly one we bethought ourselves of our natural needs and had an excellent lunch. After lunch we took tram to the foot of a hill a mile off and walked up to the top of which rises the Wallace Monument, built in deliberately ancient design about fifty

years ago. It is a tall structure like a lighthouse with a staircase leading up to the top and opening into three or four rooms. In the rooms were busts and other things, but the only one worthy of mention is an old sword, more than five feet long, with worn and dented edge which is said to have been the one wielded by that mighty man of war, William Wallace. From the roof we could get a glorious view of the country around, the battlefield of nations. For within a circuit of twelve miles no less than eight battles were fought, I believe. It is the opening from the Highlands to the Lowlands and so opposing hosts found it their natural meeting place. Bannockburn at our foot, Sheriffmuir among the hills to one side, Falkirk on the other, Stirling Bridge itself over the Forth which wound along slowly, most involvedly on the low earth. So intricate are its convolutions and so nearly does the river return upon itself that the effect produced by a bird's eye view is that of a chain and these are the so-called "Links of Forth". In the north west were many hills and summits, the outposts of the Highlands. The picture post cards I shall send will, I hope, give some idea of these places. Coming down we took train back and I arrived in Edinburgh in good time for dinner.

On Sunday morning I went to hear Dr. Kelman at St. George's Church. He is one of the most famous preachers of Glasgow and I was quite surprised to find a comparatively young man in the pulpit. But the sermon was very good and fully up to my expectations - though I believe that he has more felicity of language than originality of thought - though he works out his ideas very well. I was well-pleased to hear him and the big church was almost crowded. The organist of St. George's is a blind man and is said to be a marvel - for he can perfectly reproduce any tune he has heard once. He did play finely. In the afternoon I went to the McLaren's church where Mr. Rankine preached - again a splendid sermon. He is quite a young man yet and but newly come to Edinburgh from Aberdeen but should soon make his reputation.

On Monday morning I left for Glasgow. My host and hostess were more than I could wish, extremely kind and considerate. They are of a very good family, Mr. McL's father having been a noted M.P. for Edinburgh years ago and his uncles, one Lord of Session in Edinburgh some years ago and another still Lord McLaren in the House of Lords. The house is a rather large one and exquisitely furnished - there was plate on the table - and all the arrangements were perfect. Altogether I lived as rather a swell the whole of last week. Nobody could have been kinder than they.

When I arrived in Glasgow - an hour's journey or 45 miles - I was met in the station by Donald Gray and immediately came to their house which is situated in a nice part of Glasgow near the University and the Museum. But I have no time to go on to all I saw and did these last three days - it is already past twelve at night - and this is my only scrap of leisure to write - I will keep for the next letter which will be a very long one. On Friday afternoon I am off to Dumfries where I shall stay nearly a week, I expect. I hope to be back in Oxford on the 16th, a day before term begins on the 18th.

As for the doll, I wrote to Margaret and she replied thanking me - so now there is no way out of it and I hope Kunju will send it to me as soon as she can. It can be sent by post-need not be very large though it should be decent size. I am hungering to see those kiddies again. Archie too was kind enough to send me a letter which resembled Sosahs closely - being an unintelligible medley of lines and curves. However it is intelligible in one and a real sense.

There is an awful deal to tell about Glasgow - I have been nearly walked off my legs seeing sights - and some of them were really worth any amount of trouble - but I should not write further now.

I hope all at home are well and that Kunju has done very well in her exam. Hope that you'll all be able to take a quiet holiday - perhaps Qinlandy. It will be an immense advantage to get some real rest. My vacation is now 'rest' whatever else it may be - for I am tired at the close of every day.

With much love to everyone.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. From the top of the Wallace Monument we could see close at hand, to the north, that cluster of houses and streets which make up Bridge of Allan. It is only about two miles off and is a very nice place. Dr. M. repeatedly said how sorry he was he could not ask us to his house - it is being repaired and won't be ready till middle of April.

April 3rd 1913

I find that owing to the abandonment of a certain plan I have a little more time to write of Glasgow. As I said, I came here on Monday morning. In the afternoon Gray and I walked to the University and through part of the Museum. The University is advantageously situated on a hill, for Glasgow is not destitute of hills. It consists of two or three quads, one of which is the professor's habitation. It looks extremely dingy and common-place from the outside, but I am told is spacious and even splendid inside. The other quads consist for the most part of lecture rooms; there is a considerable union society. The Museum contains more things worth seeing - it is also an art gallery: the front hall is filled with statuary and then on one side are fine models of various kinds of ships - an industry for which the Clyde is famous above all other rivers. The pictures fill several rooms and though they cannot approach in value or merit the treasures of the Tate yet there is a considerable number of striking paintings - both of old masters and of new. Perhaps the pick of the nineteenth century lot would be Whistler's famous portrait of Thomas Carlyle, which is really an amazing piece of work; the face so expressive, the colouring so subdued that it grows on you as you gaze at it; but this is exactly what we had no time to do. There were other things - a good many Renaissance Italians, Dutch and Flemish, some French among which Corot was prominent and Millet had some noble pictures to his credit - and a great many Scotch and a few English - Reynolds, Turner and others. However, we had to hurry through them all as dinner was at half past six. After dinner Gray and I went to a cinema - the first time I ever have gone in England - and saw pictures of the Alaska - Siberian expedition which at length growing intolerably protracted and uninteresting we hastened home. That night Mr. McAvoy - of whom I wrote long before; a Scottish minister whose acquaintance I made on board the Otway - called and told us that he had arranged to take us round to some of the great industries of Glasgow.

On Tuesday morning accordingly we went to see a cast being made of a turbine. We had to wait in the Cyclop's Foundry sometime before everything was ready. Three great tubs were filled with molten iron - and it was fine to see it being poured in like water in a blazing and glowing stream - each containing about twelve tons. The mould had long been prepared and covered with earth, and then these three tubs were brought by great cranes to three openings and the liquid was poured in. After some days they take out the cast turbine, which is an enormous thing.

I forgot to write of one thing we saw on Monday, the Cathedral. I have some picture post cards of it though they are singularly ineffective. The Cathedral itself is very long, the nave the chancel and then the choir, underneath almost the entire body of the building rests on a vaulted crypt, called Blackadder's crypt. It is almost as dark as night, and it was there beside one of the pillars that Rob Roy met Francis Osbaldistone - an excellent rendezvous. The glasses were good but not remarkable, the spire is a model of inelegance - though the interior has many points of architectural beauty.

On Tuesday evening Gray and I went to the theatre - the Royal - again for the first time for me. The play was one of Gilbert and Sullivan's musical operas. The Yeomen of the Guard. It was acted by an amateur company and is a pretty little thing with many songs interwoven sung to catchy tunes. It is of the same order as the Mikado - which was all the rage some years ago - and of which you might have heard. The plot of the play itself is not elaborate and there is little if any attempt at character drawing. It was rather enjoyable, esp. as it ended about eleven - as theatres usually do in this country - but I am not yet in any danger of becoming a confirmed theatre-goer! it does not appeal to me much.

Yesterday was a great day. In the morning after breakfast we started and went to the Blochairn works of the Glasgow Steel Company. It is a tremendous concern and employs many thousands of workmen. We were shown first the furnaces where the pig-iron is melted and made steel, there are eleven of these and each of them takes nearly seventy tons at a time. It was a magnificent sight to see the men throwing in bars of iron into the glowing mass in the furnace. So intense was the light that we had to borrow blue glasses of the men to look at it; and then we could see the molten liquid bubbling like boiling water. The heat is supplied by coal gas which is prepared on an enormous scale. Afterwards we saw the liquid steel being poured into mighty cisterns and thence it is drawn off into smaller vessels. Here it cools, becomes a red hot block which is then put under great rollers and hammers and beaten or rolled into thin plates or made into wheels and tyres. A mass about five foot long and three foot broad and a foot thick: was in about ten minutes flattened out into a plate, about half an inch thick. Everything was on a gigantic scale and it was interesting to see the powerful machine at work. One of them could cut through plates two and a half inches thick as a pen knife cuts through wood and there were others capable of equally marvellous deeds. The cost of such an undertaking must be terrific; we were

told that each of the furnaces costs £20,000; and that is only one part of their work. What is more, the heat generated is so intense that the bricks melt and the furnace has to be repaired continually. One feature of all these iron works is the number of great cranes which could move in any direction and which swing about heavy loads of stool as it is had been cotton bales - with the utmost ease. The chief output of the Glasgow Steel Co. is, I believe, steel plates for ships.

But greater remained. After lunch in the city we went to the other end of Glasgow to see one of the biggest shipbuilding yards on the Clyde - John Brown & Co. which turn out both passengerships and battleships. We went first all over the workshops covering many acres of ground and comprising almost every conceivable form of work in iron; great turbines and boilers strewed the ground. It was interesting to see the inside of a turbine. Tens of thousands of small blades were fixed in rows to a round cylinder of steel slanting in the same direction. The steam at high pressure strikes against there and thus turns the propeller. The Cunard steamer, the Aquitania, is now in their yard, nearly done and about to be launched. It is the biggest in the world at present and we found the boilers in the shed - twenty one of them each about twenty feet high and weighing about 120 tons. Then we went into all sorts of other places - carpenter's, brass-workers etc. etc. The power for all these enormous works is supplied by electricity - and in the power room mighty dynamoes were hurling round. But the greatest sight of all was the Aquitania herself lying on the stocks. It is painted lilac and red now - at the request and expense of the cinematograph companies which wanted to take films of the launching! Of course she will be repainted in the proper colours later but she looks very pretty now. We went up in a lift and climbed on to one of the top decks. The decks are just being completed but of course none of the rooms having been constructed or the engines or boilers put in; that will all be after the launching, I believe. It is a great height above the ground and standing on the top we could see the country round for miles. From one end the other was almost lost in mists, so long is the leviathan; and its breadth is in proportion. The noise of the rivetting and drilling of the floors and roofs was perfectly deafening and some of us nearly had a headache: but it was a marvellous sight, to see the giant ship - and in future days I shall be able to say that I have been over the greatest ship in the world.

When we came back, fagged and utterly worn out with the strenuous sight seeing we had tea; and in the evening a score or so of people came in to a party. There was

music and games - in which I won a box of chocolates which I nearly finished off the same night! And a few dances - among them the wild Scottish reel - I escaped on the score of absolute ignorance, and if I had joined in there would have some interesting and remarkably original evolutions. Thus ended a long and eventful and tiring day.

Today we were to have gone out to the coast but we found ourselves both so tired that the idea was given up - and hence this description of Glasgow.

I had Georgekuty's letter only this morning; many thanks for the cards and the photos. Will you please tell Ernie that I was very glad indeed to have his kind letter and will reply next week - this week I am so tired and pressed for time. I had also an invitation from the Sandersons friends of Mrs. Moffat, at Galashiels near Melrose in the Scott country to spend a week in summer with them, but of course this I am declining. I have a great collection of post cards of Edinburgh, Stirling and Glasgow and shall send some home when I get back to Oxford. By that time I shall have more, I expect.

We have had fine weather since I came - fine, they say, for Glasgow: of course in India we would call it cloudy! But it is quite warm and sometimes even a little sunny. But Glasgow is neither a beautiful nor a lovable place - having neither the ample grandeur and primness of London or the old world charm and beauty of Edinburgh or the rich traditions and winsomeness of Oxford or Cambridge - largely modern, smoky, reeking, wet and commercial. Gray's father is a doctor and he and Mrs. Gray are both very kind. His younger brother is not yet home for his holidays.

Now at last I must stop.

K.Z.

#39

As from
Merton Coll.
Oxon
April 9 1913

Lochend Manse
Killywhan
near Dumfries, Scotland

My dear Amachi,

The letters came to me in this out of the-way-place, twice re-directed, only on Tuesday morning. Many thanks for Kunju's and Sosah's notes to which I shall make reply later on. Several points in your letter first before i go on to the recital of my further adventures. J.C.R. = Junior Common Room, which is the room where the men meet together and read the papers or write letters or talk to each other (or in some colleges get tea and other things from). As for the flowers I wrote I enclosed I did not enclose threw - one thought forgetfulness and once thro some other reason. Well, I shall take the earliest opportunity to send some specimens after I get back to Oxford. As for the doll it simply won't do if you send it thro' Subbarayan in October - it should either be send through post or the hands of some earlier traveller. Krishnamachari, my Madras friend, is coming in June and will probably start early in May. I have written to him to kindly bring any small parcel he may get from home and I've no doubt he'll do it. So all that is to be done is to send the thing, in a a week after you get this at latest, to P.R. Krishnamachari, 31 Thumbu Chetty St. Georgetown, Madras. E. If this is not possible it should be sent by post as soon as possible. I am awfully sorry to worry you about this but since I wrote to Margaret and have had her reply I cannot in any conscience wait till October. The best thing would be to send it to Georgekutty and for him to take it to 31 Thumbu Chetty which is close to the Y.M.C.A. Thus he could know whether P.R.K. is at home or not and whether he has left already or not. I hope he won't find this a great botheration.

I get both the W.C. Reformer and the Manorama and so am wonderfully gorged with local information, of the death of P. Krishnan, a clerk in the local Huzur, and the munificence of Kottayil Thoman, the manifestoes of different candidates and the astronomical observations of Ajax on the Watchtower. I am under obligations to write something for both of them and have not done anything yet - largely for the very valid excuse of lack of leisure. But I must patch up some nonsense for our 'Public Opinion'. Glad to see the Y.M.C.A. is getting on so well. I see they are going to hold a World's Y.M.C.A. Conference at Edinburgh in June. I shan't be able to attend as I have visited the place already. Sometimes I wish I had gone to Denmark and Sweden this vacation and kept Scotland for the summer; but in June next after college ends I am going to Switzerland for a fortnight or three weeks. My plans - still quite unsettled and tentative - would be something like this. I expect.

College closes. June 13.

June 14 - June 30th or so. Switzerland.

June 5th or so - July 21st or so. France, either June 30th in
Normandy or the Avignon dist.

July 21st or so - July 30th or so. Swanwick

Students' Camp for a week.

Aug. Sept. Oct - 10th Oct. some quiet English seaside
place - preferably on the south coast - and hard work.

Oct. 10th - Term begins

In France of course I mean to learn up as much French as I can in three weeks. But, I repeat, that the details are yet to decide and even the general lines are open to revision and change.

Well, now for my Odyssey. I finished my last letter on Thursday morning. In the afternoon I did nothing but call on Mr. Hogg's mother to whom he had given me a letter. When I went in there was no one at home but soon after his sister came in, and then his mother. But his brother was not due till late and so I engaged to come again after dinner which I did and found them all in. I had cocoa and a long conversation. His brother is in Blackie and Son, the booksellers and publishers, though exactly what I cannot say. His mother is rather old and spoke little - but his sister of about twenty-five or so took her share. Both brother and sister bore considerable resemblance to Mr. Hogg and they were all very nice to me and made me promise to stay with them if ever I went again to Glasgow.

On Friday I lunched with the MacLeroys and in the afternoon at about five I went off to the railway station to take train to Dumfries. The Grays were throughout very kind to me and Mrs. Gray sends you her thanks in return for the kind regards you sent her. Donald saw me off at the station and so I left the busy streets of Glasgow behind me - with regrets and also with anticipation of the joys awaiting me at Lochend.

It was a long run - nearly a hundred miles - and it was eight when I came to the small station of Killywham. It is on a branch line from Dumfries to Castle Douglas in Kirkcudbright. On the station were two or three people and a gentleman who wore a clerical hat and was therefore unmistakably a minister. I was, as may be imagined, the only Indian alighting there. So Mr. Gibb and I easily recognized each other.

There being neither cabs nor porters in the station we divided my two bags between us and gradually climbed the hill and came to the manse. Even in the darkness I could easily see, with unmixed delight that the place was solitary and quiet. The east wind blew strong and the countryroads were strangely silent. For after a month of London, Edinburgh and Glasgow I was well content to have a season of restfulness and sleep.

Well, to the manse we came - a small house, and I was introduced to Miss Ferguson, probably Mr. G's aunt - he is unmarried, and shown my room. The next morning Mr. G. and I called on one of the farmers of the scattered village and then on three boys of Lotus House. I omitted to mention that Mr. Gibb was one of Mr. Moffat's friends and the Moffats had stayed here two years ago. Lotus House is the property and summer residence of a lawyer, Mr. Bateson K.C. and his three sons all at Rugby happened to be up at the place. They came to tea on Saturday and I found out that while the two younger fellows who are twin's and fourteen had entered Rugby only half a year ago, the eldest is to leave next term and enter Magdalen next October. So I was quite interested to meet them. And soon discovered that they were quite decent lads. In the afternoon we walked over through some hills and woods and I enjoyed myself immensely. For elucidation I had perhaps better attempt a sketch of Lochend and the environs.

There is a biggish loch in the hollow of the hills, blue and cool-looking, called Loch Arthur, right in front of the Bateson's house. At the back of it, on the hillslope is the road that leads to New Abbey. Behind that the hill runs upward, Lotus hill, though why it is so-called I cannot imagine or find out. The church is on a small triangle of ground between three roads.

On Sunday in the morning I went to Lochend Church and witnessed the ordination of two new elders - for of course it is the United Free Church that Mr. Gibb belongs to. In the afternoon however we rode to his other church at New Abbey, six miles off. The pony that pulled the trap was an old animal which performed the feat of taking an hour and a quarter to cover the distance. The service over in the small church I walked, a few hundred yards to look at the ruins of an old Abbey - called New Abbey or Sweetheart Abbey. It was founded in the 13th Cty. by the wife of John Balliol, Devorgilla, and as Balliol gave his name to the College he endowed, here was a connection with Oxford. It is built of red sandstone and though all the

roof and a great part of the top of the walls had yielded to the ravages of time and the iconoclast yet enough remains to give an idea of the size and splendour of the original. It lies in a favoured ground - as what abbey does not - in a rich and large valley within two miles of the Solway which provided abundant pasturage and scope for the sheep and the agricultural ambitions of the monks. And a loch close by of course supplied the good priests with fish on Fridays. There is a central tower forty feet of which still remains and then two pieces on either side, the larger of which was the church proper. The arches and windows still look fine and the cloisters must have been noble in their day - they are now given over to rooks and jackdaws. The p.p.c. I shall send will give an idea of it. It is a pity that so many of the old abbeys in this part of Scotland are built of red sandstone - it looks like crumbling brick and lacks the venerable and ancient aspect of white or gray stone - such as forms the Oxford Colleges. From a hill close by I had a view of the Solway Firth and even of the English side beyond. I walked back the 5 1/2 miles in an hour and a quarter.

On Monday afternoon we walked to the top of a hill from which Dumfries could be seen in the distance, a small town ensconced among the trees it appeared. On Tuesday afternoon we called on a farmer who lived on a hillside two or three miles away. It was a very nice walk to get there and then I was shown round the dairies etc. He is a larger farmer and has hundreds of sheep and a rather large dairy. It is now the lamb season and farmers are counting them up - scores and hundreds. Close to the house there is a small keep of the 16th century belonging to the Maxwells who were one of the leading families of the County of Kirkcudbright, and indeed in the whole of Galloway. It is still in good preservation but is evidently a very crude and slight structure, though the minutiae of defensive architecture down to portcullis and porthole was curiously complete. We had tea there and then walked back home again. But today was a much fuller and exciting day than any yet in Lochend. We went in the morning to Dumfries where Mr. Gibb had to attend a Synod. We had plenty of time however to look through the town and besides the synod was very good fun. There were thirty or forty ministers and elders of the many types of ministers and elders and their arguments were interesting and sometimes amusing to the absolute outsider as I was. There was an Italian visitor who made a speech in English which bore marked resemblance to that of the B.G.M. missionaries and who spoke with an enthusiasm and a quaint naivete which were striking.

Besides a collection of ministers however there was a good deal to see in

Dumfries. Though called the Queen of the south. She has only 22,000 subjects and the town itself is divided into two by the river Nith which flows between. The Nith which ultimately runs into the Solway Firth, is spanned by several bridges one of which is again attributed to the munificent Devongilla. Close by is the ruins of another abbey, Lincluden, but it is far more decayed than Sweetheart, only a remnant of the walls still standing. The green turf covered banks of the Nith with a tiny strip of sand and shingle reminded me of our Travancore rivers. Then in Dumfries itself there was the Burns statue - a rather good one (see picture p.c.) set up at cross-roads - representing the poet standing up and on one foot reclining his collie dog. Then there is the mausoleum of Burns in the church-yard where there is a piece of statuary showing Burns at the plough and the Genius of Poetry coming down to him. It is an artificial and by no means striking representation. Most interesting of all there is still the house where he lived. We saw the room he died in, small, low-ceilinged, now covered with a collection reminiscent of him. Opening into it the tiniest of studies with one window where he wrote a great many of his poems. On the glass pane is scratched in two places his name by himself. Dumfries prides itself on her chiefest hero and treasure.

On Friday and Saturday I leave this nice and quiet countryside where one sees the sheep browsing in the fields the little lambs frisking by their side, the larks singing in the heavens a sweet note, the blue locks and the sunsets with at least some patch of gold and crimson in the west. But Melrose should by all accounts be an equally nice place and there are abbeys without number in the neighbourhood.

Glad to hear all at home are well; and that Apachen's arm is progressing favourably. Hope he will soon be quite well again. how has Kunju done in her exams? Georgekutty of course has no exams this year. I had the cards and photos he sent, for which many thanks.

On the 16th I shall be back in Oxford. Term begins on the 18th.

With much love to everybody,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I find the Forth Bridge is one mile and a thousand yards long.

Merton College #40
Oxford

Waverley Hotel
Melrose
April 15th 1913

My dear Apachen,

I am writing this letter on Union paper a few sheets of which I took before I came away from Oxford! It has proved useful now.

Well, I posted my letters on Thursday morning and about ten Mr. Gibb and I went for a long cycle ride proposing to see first the Communion Stones on Skoech hill and then Jeanie Dean's grave in Irongray Churchyard. It was a dull morning but fair enough and we set out with hopes of a good day and a jolly ride. But "we had na ridden three mile, three mile, three mile and barely four" when it began to rain. However we pressed on and came to the bottom of Skeoch hill the rain having abated. Having disposed of our sandwiches and leaving the bikes at a farmhouse we began to ascend the hill and got to the top when we saw the mist coming fast over the summits of neighbouring hills. Having no mind to lose our way in these heatherhills where nought but grouse abide we had to beat a hasty retreat. The rain too now began again to pour and confessing defeat we rode back home.

The Communion stones stand in a hollow of the hills. The place is sacred ground to a Scot; for here in the days of their persecution gathered three thousand Covenanters and held a great communion service in the open air while sentries on the tops of the hills that hem the valley around watched for signs of the government's dragoons. It was singularly fitted for such a service, being almost a cup in the hills or vast depression that afforded room for the thousands of fervid Presbyterians. And there the piety of succeeding generations has reared a monument surmounted fitly enough, by a communion cup.

Jeanie Dearn (Heart of Midlothian), as all the world knows, was an actual personality - her maiden name was Walker. And over her grave in this quiet out of the way place is set a tombstone on which are the words - I write them down from inaccurate memory. To the memory of Sarah Walker who in real life displayed the virtues ascribed to Jeanie Dearn in fiction this stone is erected by the author of Waverley - a noble memory and a happy memorial. When on Friday morning I awoke it was snowing hard and the earth was slowly becoming covered with a mantle of white. I was delighted - the hills looked clean as a garment - and on the roofs of houses it lay beautiful and still. In this inhospitable weather I left Killeywham at 11:35 for Melrose. I had a very happy and quiet week there and my host was all that could be wished. He gave me two postcards of the manse and of the church in last December's snow and I shall send them on when I get back to Oxford.

To get to Melrose I had to change twice - to go to Dumfries and then at Carlisle at each of which places I spent an hour or so; and from Carlisle I came on straight to Melrose and arrived here at six in the afternoon. Across the border it had not snowed; but on the Scotch side it snowed all the day and all the night and the day was cold and cheerless. The snow of course was very fine and beautiful to look at as the train rushed past, here a vast expanse of fields just one speckless sea of white - but here a few sheep and little lambs pathetically forlorn in the waste; again a hillside carpeted with the soft snow, a tiny burn well nigh choked with the fall so sure and insistent; here a forest of pine or fir with all the top white and all the bottom green, a splendid picture. But it was cold, cheerless, solitary - and to walk on most undesirable, as it both soon turns muddy and soon soaks your shoes and wets your feet. However I came to Melrose and went into the first hotel I found, which happened to be a temperance hotel about a ten second walk from the station. It is not very pretentious and not very grand but rather comfortable on the whole, and not very expensive.

Well, the weather bade fair to spoil my holiday in Melrose and I had rather gloomy forebodings but when this morning dawned, though it was snowing a little, it was also bright and almost sunny. So I decided to make some excursions, the first being to see Melrose Abbey which is said to be the finest ecclesiastical ruin in Scotland. It is really quite splendid and in its palmy and whole days must certainly have been a noble piece of architecture Gothic of course. It was first founded by David I in 1136 but was several times wholly or partially destroyed and the relics now

left standing are 14th or 15th century. Scott was very fond of the old Abbey and in the Second Canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel describes it with considerable enthusiasm. A ground plan may help to elucidate my description - of course it is of the buildings as they are now.

I am sending three pictures of it which I have called A.B. & C. on the reverse for reference. A is the abbey as a whole. Well you go in at the left of the picture and find yourself among the ruins. To the south of the south aisle are a series of large recesses, the arched windows of which you see in both A & B and very beautiful the arches are. These lie open to the north. Passing on and cutting among the pillars to the nave you are in the centre of the church. The roof of the nave is still in considerable repair and it is the lofty bit you find in the middle of B. The nave is of a marvellous height which reminded me of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; it cannot, according to a rough computation be less than 60 feet. Passing on you come into the choir the roof of which is completely gone and even the walls greatly ruined. It has a fine window in the south which you see full in B, but on the north there is no corresponding arch. In the middle is a chain of pillars which once supported a series of arches but are now mostly almost totally destroyed. Passing in from the choir into the chancel, which cannot be less than forty feet high you come into a lovely place. A stone marks the place where under the altar the heart of Robert Bruce was buried and to the north is the niche of the Douglasses. But the most striking feature of the chancel is again its windows. The east one, but with nearly all its decoration lost is seen full-view in C. It must have been a great window in its day of glory. But the one that struck me even more is the south window of the chancel which unhappily is not well seen in any of the cards - though in A - the one to the right - you can see its outlines. The unique feature about it is the three crosses worked out in the details of the arch as the rough sketch overleaf will show of course I have made a mess of the sketch, but still it shows where and how the three crosses were introduced.

One last word. In C right above the words Melrose Abbey, you may discern a small bush. As I went in it was full of small red flowers of which I do not know the name; but I enclose some specimens which Kunju or the others may care to possess.

OXFORD: 17.IX.13

So far Melrose Abbey - In the afternoon I cycled out to Abbotsford which is about three miles off from Melrose. The situation is most charming - in one of the prettiest spots of the whole border country. It is on a hillside and at the back is another wooded hill - between flows the river Tweed at the bottom of the estate of Abbotsford. There are some rather good gardens in front.

Well, in I went - and first into Scott's study which is kept as it used to be in his time. The old armchair in the p.p.c. is the identical chair in which he sat and wrote. Note all around the books - more of which you find in the library: he had 20,000 books and the few I looked at bore the most curious and diverse titles - just as Scott's own knowledge was curious and diverse. The library is a large room with a semicircular projection in the middle and looking down towards the Tweed. The large picture seen in the card is that of his son in the army standing near a horse, an extraordinarily tall gentleman. This second baronet had no children - in fact the only grandchild of Scott's was the son (or daughter, was it) of Lockhart - and the present owner of Abbotsford is his great-grand daughter, Lady Maxwell-Scott. One side of the library is all covered with books. In one side is the marble bust by Chantry said to be the most successful of Scott and certainly a very effective piece of workmanship, the head inclined to one side and a curiously pathetic look on the face. On a table were all sorts of priceless curiosities - for instance a lock of Bonnie Prince Charlie's hair. Scott was of course always a Tory and a Jacobite.

Next came the drawing room - a fair sized but not large room with a wallpaper of a fantastic but magnificent Japanese pattern and with some good pictures - I remember one by Raeburn - Scott and his two boys - a picture of Lady Maxwell-Scott one of Nelly Gwynn, one of the Hogarth by himself and several others. Then into the Armoury where was a splendid collection of weapons, valuable not as curiosities but from their historical associations. There were for instance the pistols taken from Napoleon's coach as he fled from Waterloo. Rob Roy's sword and sporran which are both mentioned in the novel. Prince Charlie's sword etc. And then we came back to the Entrance hall, a large one ornamented with the Coats of Arms of all the great Border families and all the Scottish nobleman and with other curiosities. The details of ornamentation of the frieze and the tracery were taken largely either from Melrose Abbey which Scott loved or from the border castles with which he was familiar. The feeling with which I went through Abbotsford was rather one of exaltation and awe than the tourist's curiosity - for this had been a half

cherished dream of early days. I do not remember how long it is since I first read *Ivanhoe* - but it is many years gone - and Scott was my first great hero in literature. To be the place he lived and worked in and of which one had heard and read so much was - if the comparison be permitted - like Dante viewing Paradise under the guidance of Virgil.

On Sunday morning I got my letters. To answer Apachen's - Merton has not to regain any distinction: it has never lost it. For instance the results of Honour Moderations are just published - all our five men passed, two first, two second, and one third - which is very good for a small college. Krishnamachari's father is a vakil in, I think, Kurnool - but I cannot recollect his name.

I shall meet Miss Richards here when she goes down to London tomorrow. I find I haven't sent anything to Kunjunju - so I hope Kunju won't be disappointed if I ask her to give him one of the Ruskins. I have no money for anything else now.

On Sunday and Monday I did not do much at Melrose, the days being cold and wet. But on Tuesday I walked along the banks of the Tweed for a mile or two in the forenoon. The Tweed is a shallow stream, as broad as one of our Travancore rivers before the rains but very pretty - the water rippling over the shingle and pebble and the green banks grass covered stretching quietly in either side. In the afternoon I cycled to Dryburgh Abbey along a way which was all hill and valley - so that I walked the bike up the hill and quietly floated it down and so on. Dryburgh is about six miles off and situated in a lovely spot - near the Tweed all covered with green trees and shrubs, passing beautiful. Of the abbey little remains, but one of the transepts still stands and there is buried Scott, his wife and son, Lockhart and others of the family. Of the rest the chapter house still stands but the refectory, library, parlour and absolute ruins - so is the nave and choir.

On Wednesday morning at eight ten in the morning I left Melrose for Carlisle - from Carlisle and took another train to Rugby. The way lay through very pleasant country again and tiny river wound in and out in glorious fashion about Stafford and for miles beyond - and in the afternoon we came to Rugby. Thence another train took me to Bletchley and from there a fourth train carried me to Oxford where I arrived at eight fifteen in the evening. But it was still twilight. It is astonishing how the days have lengthened now - it is light by six and eight till at least halfpast seven at night

- and then a twilight continues till eight or even later.

Today was occupied in a small retreat where a dozen or more of the old and new Executive of the Christian Union met for a day of quietness. We had a few discussions or prayer and dinner together - and so at twelve here am I finishing the home letter.

Tomorrow term begins. Need I remind Kunju of the doll. I hope you'll have a fine holiday, perhaps at Quilandy which is a splendid place for a quiet vacation.

Stop now. Hope everybody is all right and flourishing. Many thanks to Kunju, Sarah and Sosah for their letters which were welcome and shall always be. Many thanks also to Georgekutty for letter and photos of Chackochen and Maria Kunju. I suppose he is at home now enjoying his holidays and so I send this letter direct to Calicut.

With much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila.

P.S. No news of Unniachen, Chantby and Kunju etc. for a long time. Abijan (T.I.C.) wrote to me sometime ago but I have not had time to reply yet. I am sending a few cards only this time.

Yellow flowers - plucked near the Tweed.

Red flowers - from bush near chancel of Melrose Abbey -

White flowers - from plant near nave of ditto.

#41

Merton College

Oxford

25.4.1913

My dear mother,

The homeletter last Saturday morning as usual in a rather good mail. Many thanks for all the news you give. As an antidote to "collections" I shall begin with one of my failures. The Stanhope is a prize essay for undergraduates on some history subject; and I had the cheek to go in for it. I say the cheek advisedly; because since 1900 only one first year man has got it - and he was a scholar of Balliol and a graduate of Glasgow, I believe, where he had written an essay on the subject given before he came. But I thought that this was my only chance to have a fling at the prize. Next year I should probably be too busy and the year after would be my schools year. So I proposed to Johnson that I should go in for it; and he consented. I began to work at it only last December and that explains my staying up a week in Oxford in Christmas vacation - and since I came back I did very little work at it. The subject was Danby and since there is no biography of him at all a good deal had to be done in the way of looking up books of various age. However I wrote an essay and gave it in in the last day, March 14. Honestly I never expected the prize, for I knew there were third and fourth year in for it. Especially there was a History scholar of Merton, a third year man taking his schools this year, who had come out third in last year's competition and received honourable mention. The most I dreamt of was honourable mention but even of that - I grew hopeless after I wrote my essay: it did not read the thing a Stanhope Essay should be. However since I had written it and typed it at some expense I thought it sporting to send it in - and so in it went. The results came out this week; and behold a scholar of Balliol is the prize man - he again, though a first year man, is a graduate of Glasgow, so that I could console my wounded vanity. The two men who received honourable mention were the first, a fourth year scholar of Jesus and the second, a third year man of Balliol. Poor Phillips of Merton did not even attain his dignity of last year - he had better have rested on his laurels than have tempted fortune once again. So you see I am not so badly beaten after all, and since I did not do very much work for it I only repent the money I spent in typewriting it - of course it had to be sent in typewritten or printed. But against that I felt all the fun of the competition and the help it will be to me in doing my English History and Special Subject. I did not write about this sooner because I intended it as a surprise and because I feared that the failure would disappoint you more if you knew all the time I was writing for it. And you would have had to wait such a long time - two months. I hardly think I shall try next year and certainly not in my third year. As it was I have already gained a certain prestige in College owing to my mere impudence in sending an essay in. It was a long one - nearly 16,000 words covering fifty pages. Of course all the prize essays are printed and published

as books later on. I read several of them - a few were good but several were extremely commonplace. A good deal, perhaps the most, depends on how you arrange the thing and on your style. In most cases the prize essay style was good though often turgid and rhetorical.

So far the Stanhope. Next as to this term's work. I am continuing Barker who this term brings us to 1485 in English History. I did the Tudors the first term and the Stuarts last term and so shall only have the Hanoverians to do next year. I also go to A.L.Smith's Aristotle. He has a tremendous reputation as a tutor and is supposed to be especially good on Aristotle but the two lectures I have had were, I confess, rather disappointing. He is a Balliol don and is perhaps now already past his best days. The third subject I have taken up is my European History period which I am nearly certain will be 1414 - 1598. It is of course one of the greatest interest and importance witnessing as it did the birth of the modern age. Nevertheless traces of the medieval still survive. A period which includes the Renaissance - the basis of all modern art and literature and philosophy - which saw the Reformation the mightiest movement in religion since the first century; during which Constantinople fell and the last relic of the Roman Empire died away in a last faint glimmer and in which Columbus discovered America and Vasco da Gama opened up the Indian seas; a period in which both Queen Elizabeth and Charles I reigned and warred; in which Erasmus and Luther both arose; which brought forth such a man as Machiavelli and such a man as Savonarola; such a man as Alexander Borgia and such a one as Sir Philip Sidney - must surely provide material for thought, for interesting reading and for more than one essay for Johnson. I go to an Introductory series of lectures by Leys of Univ and also to one on the Ottoman Turks by Prof. Oman with whose name you should all be familiar. It has not begun yet. In addition to these which make up eight hours a week I have Johnson's essays once a week. In three terms then I shall have done -

- (1) English History up to 1649.
- (2) Half of European Period.
- (3) Political Science.

And there will remain the rest of English history - which is about a third, a few lectures in European history, perhaps one or two on Economics which I think I already know sufficiently for the purposes of the exam, and my Special Subject. All

these will be done in another two terms and I shall have plenty of time for my private reading and for revision.

This is the Summer term; and already, though it is by no means Summer yet, the change is visible. Some of the days are beautifully bright warm and sunny and the trees and the ground are covered with the purest green. The lawns are lovely to behold; the parks a joy for the season - the riverside pretty as a picture. As I write this in the Union room outside in the gardens are masses of the most joyous tulips such as fairly took my breath away when I saw them for the first time; and on the trees multitudes of birds are chattering confusedly but sweetly. Tennis and cricket have begun in earnest and all the afternoon men in white shirts and trousers dance about on the lawns after elusive balls. I have taken up tennis myself never having played cricket since a memorable day, some eight or nine years ago when I carried out my bat with a run to my credit! No, I played in a match on board and was out the second ball. Tennis I play in Merton courts and often in Mansfield which is just opposite whenever any of the men ask me to go and play there as for instance today. Eights are from May 15th to 21st, extraordinarily early this year. We thought of putting two boats in the river but have since given it up as too ambitious a project. We hope to do very well as we have six or seven of the last year's Eight still in. So much for sports.

I said I was going to play today at Mansfield; I was invited by Micklem. He came back at the beginning of this term and I met him at lunch at Ronald Rees' last Sunday and on Monday he came to tea. He told me all about the Conference and how he met Georgekutty there and I was glad to hear from him the firsthand accounts of India and Madras. He spent a few days in S. Travancore and was charmed with the beauty of the backwaters and the hills. Micklem was an old scholar of New College and once President of the Union - and his father I believe is a K.C. and an M.P. so that Georgekutty has quite a distinguished acquaintance.

A few notes about other things: -

- (1) I have not written to Mr. Jones but shall next week: I really am pressed for time.
- (2) I have not sent either the Reformer or the Manorama anything yet but I am writing a hasty account of a Vacation in Scotland and shall send - with my anathemas to one of the two.
- (3) I know Mrs. Whitehead is here and hope to meet her soon. Raju went to her

yesterday and said he would mention me.

(4) Very glad to hear the tax collections are better. How lucky Apachen has not got to make a Budget speech like Lloyd George who is, I think, coming down for the Visitor's Debate this term.

(5) I hope you have all had a real rest and change at Quilandi and elsewhere.

(6) I hope the doll is coming soon. I went to the Moffatts last Sunday and heard that Margaret is confined to her room having injured her eye falling in the garden. She is better now but is anxious to have the doll soon. Mrs. M. Said it was very nice of Kunju to think about it - so you'll see I did not take the credit for the idea.

(7) I am sorry there is no chance of my eating any mangoes. If it is not expensive to send me some in any shape I shall welcome it. I suppose there will be people coming to England just at this time.

(8) Mrs. Nicholson (Miss McKibbin) wrote to me from London last Friday saying they should like me to call on them on Saturday or Monday. But as term had already begun and everything was being arranged I was sorry I could not go.

(9) I believe Mr. K. T. Paul and J. R. Isaac are going to the Student Movement World's Conference at Lake Mohonc in America and taking England on their way.

(10) Many thanks for Kunju's and Georgekutty's letters. The photos of Chackochen and Maria-Kunju are very good and many thanks for them. I am sending Chinnamma a book on her wedding - a beautiful copy of the Imitation of Christ.

I am afraid I should stop now. Not only time but lack of news forbids further enlargement. This letter is really quite long, only it looks so short.

With much love to all and especially to Sosah,

Your affectionately

.Kuruville

P.S. I should like to have detailed accounts of the results of all the exams.

#42

Merton College,
Oxford.

May 2nd, 1913

My dear Apachen,

Your letter and Kunju's and many thanks for both. I hope the Governor's visit went off well and the fireworks. Having read it over carefully I can find nothing in it to answer and so have to fall back on my own resources which as it happens this week are quite adequate. This is "Summer Term" and perhaps I should begin by describing the pretty scene that Oxford makes just now when spring is in its full bloom.

Almost every morning I take a walk round Christchurch meadows which the map will tell you is just behind Merton College. Perhaps the map has it not - in which case I shall append a diagram to illustrate the general lie of the land.

So that it is quite near and bounded on two sides by the river. The walks are overshadowed by great trees which meet overhead and arch like the Etrurian shades of Milton. On these the foliage is just coming out and is of the most beautiful and tender green. The grass on either side as you go up the broad walk is likewise full green not yet very deep and patched with beds of marsh marigolds that blend their yellow most harmoniously with the green. If you stop and listen for a moment you catch the sweet notes of numberless birds singing their matin song in the trees overhead waked by the early sun which casts broad lights and shadows on the ground below. It is a nearly perfect picture of quiet loveliness.

Two things about the springtime I must make special mention of - the flowers and the birds. As for the flowers they are not yet in their hey-day - tulips indeed have bloomed and are fading - and their glory is departed. While they lasted they were resplendent with colour. But the flowers of the field now begin to appear. Yellow marsh marigolds which grow near water, buttercups, little violet ladies' smocks, yellow dandelions and others are showing out above the green grass. Daisies, white and tipped with rose, bid fair to cover many a lawn; but none of these are yet in their zenith. But one flowering tree which like the tulip has had its day and is now in decay I should mention - the double blossom cherry tree. There is a chapter called by its name in Meredith's *Egoist* and I remembered the description (which I had fancied imaginary and idealised, well, and when I saw my first white tree in the Union gardens I knew at once it must be the doubleblossom cherry. The tree itself is not very big but the white flowers, pure and spotless as snow, cover it as with a mantle of light - it is all a shimmering white from the topmost shoot to the nether bough - with here and there a peeping green leaf - but you lose the green in the

gracious glory of the blossoms. I have never seen anything like it and though it lasts but a short time yet like the butterfly it has a splendid if all too brief life.

The birds: I have not much to say about them except their apparent ubiquity. On the river rowing lazily in a boat, sitting in the Union writing letters as I do now, walking in the meadows one has but to pause an instant and listen to catch the unceasing stream of their music. Apparently they rest not or if one does the others take up the refrain and make a stream of continued song from earliest dawn till eve. Do you remember Tennyson's line in the Princess 'The earliest pipe of halfawakened birds'. Apropos of which I remember hearing a story. He and Browning were staying together and were having an early pipe before breakfast, when Browning quoted Tennyson's line aptly enough.

Avaint, the spring time and its praises! Come commonplace Ionys of mine. As far as I remember there are three things to chronicle - a punting expedition; a vote in Convocation and an At home.

The punting expedition took place last Monday and was the result of an invitation from a Mansfield man to have tea on his punt. There were three of us and we started on the Cher above Magdalen College at about half past two with spirit lamp and kettle, biscuits and cake. If you scull, as I did last Wednesday, you "push off and sitting well in order smite the sounding furrows" after the manner of Tennyson's Ulysses; but punting means pushing a boat along by means of a long pole and is closely analogous to our -----; only the boat or punt is a flat bottomed vessel almost incapable of sinking. Punting, however, is by no means an easy art as I found out when I tried it; the boat showed a remarkable tendency to circle round and round and I made but little way after protracted work. However, we got up half a mile or so and then cried halt for tea. The teacups were arranged on a board and the milk in them, the water boiling in the kettle. All on a sudden came a mighty shower of rain which splashed into our cups and made our tea very dilute, besides making us very wet. We had to cover our cake and biscuits and enjoyed a tea under these difficult circumstances. However the rain cleared after a time but not before it had drenched us and a great many other boats and we came back bedraggled but none the less happy. A warm fire soon made everything right.

Second Scene.

Place. The Sheldonian Theatre, crowded with masters of arts in black gowns and doctors in scarlet gowns.

Enter - Vice Chancellor and Proctors.

The story that follows and which may be best told in prose is this - that a motion was to be brought forward in Convocation that the degrees of B.D. and D.D. should no longer be confined to members of the Church of England. It had in its favour the great majority of the resident dons and professors of Oxford and the whole of the body of Theology professors, but it had to be submitted to Convocation or the body of masters of the University and a great number of country parsons had arrived in Oxford for the day.

The Sheldonian has two galleries - the top one was packed by a crowd of ladies and undergraduates, the lower gallery was filled with members of Convocation. On the floor, at one end sat the Vice Chancellor and around him in a semi-circle grave Doctors in scarlet gowns making a gay sight. The body of the hall again was filled with M.A.'s of whom there were nearly 1300 or more present. The motions in favour of reform were introduced by Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble, and Dr. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, in two able & well made speeches, which were interrupted by the country parsons with shouts of 'Divide' and yells. The conservatives found their expression in Bishop Mylne, Mr. Turner, fellow of Magdalen, the Dean of Canterbury and the President of St. John's College, who produced few arguments and fewer reasonable ones. But the country parsons who had rallied to the false cry of the Church in Danger voted solidly against the motion which was lost by 860 to 430, and this notwithstanding the announcement made by Dr. Lock that the two archbishops, seven bishops, the whole body of theology professors, a vast majority of resident dons were for it. It was a great sight to hear the speeches and see the people marching through the Placet (for) or non-Placet (against) door - but it was a pitiful result and one cannot help sympathising with the nonconformists etc. thus shut out again, and the pity of it is that the best men were almost all for the measure. I am certain that if an investigation were made it would be found that at least one half of the Placets had taken a first or a second in the Schools while the proportion of Non Placets would have been far less.

The third event of the week was the At Home Mr. & Mrs. Burrows gave

yesterday. There were about thirty Indian students present & about an equal number of others - it is the others that were interesting; and I was introduced to the Vice Chancellor (Dr. Heberden of B.N.C.) the Master of Balliol (Dr. Strachan-Davidson) the Warden of New College, (Dr. Spooner) the Head of Manchester Theological College (Dr. Estlin Carpenter) the Senior Tutor of St. John's (Sidney Ball) a don of Hertford (Williams) besides a number of Ladies whose names I did not catch. The Vice is a nice old man with a pleasant half-hesitating way of talking. He asked me whether I was taking Pass Mods - I replied that I had Senior Standing. The Master of Balliol is a tall well-built man with spectacles, a handsome face and a beard - about sixty five. He and my Johnner are great chums and I mentioned Johnner. Oh, he replied, I know him very well. I go to him always on any question about horses. He is quite reliable on horses, knows all about them. I restrained a burst of laughter with difficulty - for the fact is that both Johnner and S.D. are great athletes and riders, and survivals of the old class of hunting parsons. The Warden of New Coll. is a very small man with white hair and eyebrows. He says something and then smiles most benevolently - a smile at the recollection of which I am half provoked into laughter now - impossible to describe but perfectly irresistible. Besides all these I met Mallett who happened to be in Oxford at the time. Burrows himself is an extraordinarily nice man and the function was a great success. I was highly elated at having met such a number of great men all in one evening.

I should finish this letter now. I have not yet met Mrs. Whitehead but shall very soon; but I have written to Mr. Jones by this mail. I play tennis whenever the weather is good enough which is not always - and I meet Micklem sometimes. I am having a rest from teas etc. this term there being so much to do always that one is very busy.

I hope all at home are well,
With love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#43

Oxford.

May 8 1913

My dear Amachi,

For the first time since I came to Oxford I got my letters on Friday evening instead of Saturday morning and was not at all grieved at the change. It was quite interesting to hear of the Governor's visit - and how everything was satisfactory including the firewords. So Mr. Gnanamuthu has left the College. Mr. Hauer told me the other day that Hoare comes on furlough in April 1914 and as he will be ready himself to go only in 1915 he is looking out for some Oxford man to go out for a year. I do not think he has succeeded yet. I met Dr. Meyer last Monday and he is leaving Oxford at the end of this term for Basle. It is possible that we may go to Switzerland together as his experience will no doubt help me considerably. However, there is plenty of time to decide about the vacation yet. My plans broadly are to spend the first two months on the Continent and the last two months in some quiet place in England and work. The continent will probably mean for me this time only Switzerland and something of France. I have a great desire to see something of North Italy - Florence, Milan, Venice, Genoa and the other towns - and if time serves and there is opportunity I may venture out in that direction. What particularly attracts me to those cities is the choice of my European History period. This is probably to be 1414 - 1598, the time in which Tuscan and North Italian towns played a large and sometimes brilliant part. But I am afraid I shall not have time to visit Italy this year, since I should make it my chief object to learn some French while in France. This will mean a stay of at least a month. However details later.

This week has been very uneventful and quiet for me because the weather has been superlatively bad. It has rained almost every day, effectually preventing any tennis or even walking. Much of the time has been spent at home where I have still to keep up the coalfire since the days are not yet warm enough to do without it. However, what there is I shall put down in order. On Friday and Saturday my book tells me I did nothing: which means of course that besides lectures there was nothing to chronicle. On Sunday morning as usual I went to the Christian Union Committee meeting which went on till eleven.

In the evening after chapel and hall, I went out to coffee to Timpson's rooms in

Worcester. He is the new Oriental Secretary of the C.U. and had a small coffee party of discuss things with McEwan Lawson, the Foreign Secy. of the Student Movement who was up at Oxford on a visit. There are indications that a great deal more will be done to help Indian students in the near future; next term an East & West club is to be started and men in all the colleges are being stirred up to help non-coll. Indians especially.

On Monday I lunched with Dr. Meyer (Supra vide) and had Gray to tea. It happened to be his birthday and there was a long standing engagement that he should come to tea then. Before tea I walked out on the towpath with Culpin and found the thing flooded; the meadows were filled with water too: Queen's Coll Cricket Grounds looked like a swimming bath! The river is full to the bank and it is very unfortunate that this persistent rain continues. If it keeps on another week Eights will be all but spoiled - running on the towpath will be out of the question and the greater part of the gaiety and fun of Eights week will disappear. However, I noticed that the flowers were coming out in the fields - buttercups and dandelions and ladies' smocks and other small wild blossoms.

On Tuesday I went out again to lunch with Clarke of Hertford; Menon was there too and we had a nice time. Returning I found old Subbarayan in quest of me and he stayed to tea. He was quite pleased with his cricketing achievements of which I think I did not write last time. There was a Freshmen's Match the other day and number one, he was selected to play in it - which is quite a privilege. Usually only men with a public school reputation get in; number two, he made sixteen runs, which was by no means bad considering that the top score was only 37 and then 31, 26, 25, 22, 16. The 31 was made by another Indian, Malick of Balliol who, however, was at an Eng. Public School, Eastbourne, and batted in splendid fashion. Being a Sikh he always distinguishes himself by wearing a turban and looked a picturesque figure on the cricket field. The Indians, then did well, because for the first time there were two of them together in a Freshmen's or any Varsity match - and then they both did so well.

Wednesday I had tea at Bray's, New Coll; and today a St. John's man, Davis, is coming to tea with me. That completes the list of engagements and events of the week.

There is only one other important thing to write about; and that is the Swanwick meeting on Tuesday evening. Swanwick, as you know, is the Student's Camp held in the end of July and this was a preliminary meeting to interest undergrads in it. The chairman was W.J. Carey (Hertford) an acknowledged wit, and the speakers Canon Scott Holland & Dr. Selbie. There was a large audience in Exeter Coll. Hall. Carey being a young man, said the idea amused him - to preside at a meeting where Scottie (as Scott-Holland is familiarly known) spoke - for in his childhood he had heard the name and had long put the Canon in the same category with people like Charlemagne! Scottie answered that he had till then always thought Carey was his friend but now he knew better - to class him with the dead! The speakers were both extraordinarily good and made a great appeal to students to go. At the end there were exhibited some slides of Swanwick which were very interesting.

Having written so far I am at a loss how to proceed further and yet my conscience will not allow me to conclude here. It was a pity I did not know of Oleshale Kunju's marriage in time - I have only written to her this week; but I sent Chinnamma a rather nice edition of *The Imitation of Christ*. I have rather altered my programme for the day now in consonance with altered conditions: I go to bed at half past ten and try to get up at six; by which time it is quite light - and since it is not very cold I do not feel the want of a fire immediately. Nevertheless most men prefer to keep their usual hours which are much later. As for the rather early hour of sleep I discovered by experiment that I cannot work effectively after that time and if by any chance I sit up late it spoils the next day. Plenty of sleep is the first condition of good health - though too much of it is an indication of bad health. Krishnamachari left sooner than I had anticipated; and he wrote last week to say that he hopes to be in London by the end of the third week in May or thereabouts. I have discovered a way to make six or even more matches hold together without tying them up. Put them in a circle with the phosphorous points all meeting at the centre. Apply a lighted match to the centre and when all the other matches have fairly ignited blow out the fire. If you take up the sticks it will be found they stick together. I hear that S. J. Crawford (of the Christian College) will be here end of this week when I hope to meet him. I have been working a little this term and there are so many things to be done that I'm pressed for time. This morning for instance I had three lectures: and I had to keep away from the Union to finish my correspondence. Awfully obliged to Kunju for sending the doll so promptly, though I have not got it yet. Perhaps it is coming round by Gibraltar - or may come tomorrow by the next mail.

May 9th

Many thanks to Kunju and Ammu for their interesting letters. Sosah may like to hear that my elephant has still shown no signs of developing into a reputable size. The sky outside is looking stormy and troubled - full of rain for the rest of the day I'm sure. There goes another tennis afternoon!

Hoping everybody is well,

With much love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I had a letter from Mrs. Whitehead this morning inviting me to tea on Sunday afternoon.

#44

May. 15, 1913

Oxon.

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter with other letters on Saturday last, and many thanks for all the news. There is nothing in it that needs a direct answer and so I shall not pause longer on it but proceed to my own news. This week has been rather fuller of material for a letter than the last week. To begin with Friday was a full day as far as engagements were concerned, for I breakfasted with Brooks who is Burrow's assistant, had lunch with Micklem and tea with Bajpai. On Saturday I have not recorded anything of interest but I believe I played tennis on Merton courts. It was a lovely day, bright and warm, and I played five or six sets in the afternoon. When we are in the grounds we can have tea in the pavilion and it is really well worth while: for not only is the trouble of coming home and make tea obviated but for sixpence you get unlimited quantities of tea, bread and butter and all kinds of cakes. I have never had a cheaper or better tea considering all things. Even in college it costs more to have a decent tea.

On Sunday morning, as usual, there was the Christian Union Committee; and then

I went to Mansfield to hear Dr. Moffatt preach; he has a rather deep and rough voice so that, as I sat towards the back, a good deal of the sermon was inaudible. After Mansfield I went to lunch with Ronald Rees. I wonder whether I have written about him already. He is a Trinity man now at Mansfield and coming out to India soon as a missionary - probably to Madras - a Wesleyan, and a most capable man in many ways. Well, he asked me to lunch to meet Crawford of the Christian College who was spending a couple of days in Oxford and whom I had never met before. Crawford I need not describe but he was quite nice and agreeable - and he told us that they wanted at the College just now two Profs. for Chemistry and English and also that they had lately instituted a short service scheme for young graduates for a year after their college course. In the afternoon I had tea with Mrs. Whitehead; I missed the house and rode over half Oxford before I accidentally struck upon it just on the point of giving up the search in despair. It is a nice large house with a big garden. Subbarayan was there too and the larger part of the conversation consisted of long arguments between the two on things generally in India. Mrs. W. Senior is not in very good health but Mrs. W. Jr. is at her best in all ways. She took up the mild Anglo-Indian view of things and Subbarayan assumed the role of Indian nationalist. I put in a word occasionally being in a position of compromise.

Monday was rather rainy but I had two men to tea, D. S. McKenzie, a History scholar of Queen's and Gidvani, a Bombay Non-Coll. McKenzie, so I learnt to my surprise, is the nephew of Mr. Askwith of the Kottayam College and is an exceedingly nice man - he is third year. Of Gidvani I have written aforetime and it needs not to repeat. The bad weather of course prevented any tennis; for when we play on lawn courts, as in England almost always, one rain in the morning spoils the whole day leaving the court soft and slippery. Tuesday, however was again a very fine day; but I did not play tennis, and went instead for a long walk with Naish of Corpus. We soon struck into a lane that led us into field upon field on hillside and valley - here, clover, there corn. On the way we 'sampled' a great many flowers - butter cups, starwort, daisies, dandelions, wild geraniums, and others. After an hour of strenuous walking we came upon a lovely hillside where is the house of Robert Bridges, the poet. Near there we burst upon a great expanse of wood-shaded land all covered with bluebells which are nothing more or less than wild hyacinths. It was as if a coloured mantle had been spread on the earth so thick they grew and the fragrance of it was as of a rose-garden in Old Persia. In lesser numbers clustered white anemones, violets, forget-me-nots. In gathering specimens of these I was stung by

a nettle - which is rather worse than our - what's its name - but the antidote to the nettle is the leaves of the dock - another plant - which curiously enough almost always grows near it. I guessed that perhaps the very proximity of the nettle helps to develop anti-toxic qualities in the dock - but the guess is at best very wild. Well, came back through rather muddy fields, past a quaint old Norman church and over a gerry back into Oxford. I was quite tired out by the two and a half hour's walk over the soft ground. However, we had a nice view of Oxford from the hilltop and I had seen a glade of bluebells. The specimens I gathered were intended for Kunju but by the time I came home they were all faded almost beyond recognition.

On Wednesday I played tennis in Mansfield Courts and afterwards had tea in the Merton pavilion which is just on the other side of the road. In the evening I cut hall and had - what? - and Indian dinner! Shahani of New College asked me to it and it happens in this wise: there is a certain landlady in North Oxford who has had Indian lodgers for years - and hence she has grown accustomed to Indian Cooking - as far as an English landlady may. Shahani discovered this somehow and goes once a week for an Indian dinner there and last Wednesday had the kindness to invite me too. Of course there was a subtle and very preceptible difference bet. the curries of Oxford and the genuine article of India; but nevertheless I was heartily glad of one day's escape from the stereotyped courses of Merton hall of which I have long grown weary. One great difference bet. Eng and Indian cooking is that we use salt far more liberally while they are nearly innocent of it.

Yesterday, Thursday was a great day being the first day of Eights week. I should describe Oxford as it appears just now a little more particularly. Of course the mere fact of far longer days than in winter adds indescribably to the cheerfulness of things - it is hardly dark at eight. But there are other changes too. The monotonous dark of mens and womens clothes of winter have given place to colours, which in some ladies' dresses are nearly outrageous. I saw an awful example yesterday but as I am not handy with chiffon, lace and trimming I shall not attempt to describe that masterpiece of bad taste. Deep blues, violets, greens add a touch of colour to the scenes of daily life. The mutations in the outward aspect of nature, the transformation of trees and the blossoming of the fields I need not describe again. But come into the college quads - on the window sills is line after line of geraniums and marguerites which make it indescribably pretty. This is not everywhere the case, Merton for instance, apparently despises such adornments, but the House, Wadham and many

other colleges trick themselves out with the gay colours of the geranium. And even while you linger looking at the window-sills there troops in a company of visitors who may belong to any of several types the chief of which are these:-

1) The American family - complete down to the children - guide book in hand, rushing through the quads and colleges in a wild fever of frenzy. This kind gazes in rapt admiration at the new front of Oriel College on the High - ugliest of all the ugly new buildings in Oxford. Discernment is alien to them.

2) The Don and Company, which may be described as the don thin-faced and shaky for preference, conducting relatives round. The don is properly attired in both gown and cap and recounts stories of his undergraduate days and how he - meekest of men - screwed up the Dean's door from the inside while the Dean was out and then escaped by way of the water pipe - a story the result of heated imagination!

3) The undergraduates and cousins. This type consists of an undergraduate in correct light flannels and straw hat and coloured ribbon, wearing a bored look, while Millicent and Isabel on either side ply him with questions. He describes Wadham Quad as early Gothic, a confused reminiscence of last night's eager reading of the Guide book which called it Jacobean; but this last type more often frequents the river in a punt than wander round the colleges.

Well, as to the races. The third division rowed at four, the second at five, the first at six. There were eleven boats in each, 33 altogether. Merton I was in the first division, but this year for the first time in our history we put out a second boat and according to the rules it begins at the bottom; but as it happened Oriel too had a new second boat and Magdalen a third boat - so that the order was arranged as Oriel II, Merton II, Magdalen III - all of course, in the third divn. The tops of the barges were covered with awnings and beneath them were visitors. The towpath side was covered with the crowd, punts crowded one side of the course. Well, we ran with Merton - now most of the crew had rowed in our Togger, while Magdalen III had most of them rowed in their second togger, but as our togger had gone down five places and as Magdalen II togger was in the first division we naturally feared that we would fall an easy prey to Magdalen III. It was an exciting race. Before we got to the Long Bridges Magdalen were overlapping us, almost touching, and we on shore gave all up for lost; but our stroke Rischbieth rose to the occasion and not losing heart made a

heroic effort with the result that Magdalen III did not get us and we arrived safe home. Oriel II ahead of us had bumped St. Catherines' (Non coll. commonly called Cats) and so we had nobody to bump ourselves. Jesus bumped Hertford & Queens' bumped Johns' II.

In the second division Worcester bumped Balliol II, Exeter bumped New Coll. II, Wadham bumped Pembroke (Pemmy) and Trinity bumped Magdalen II. Oriel just behind Trinity.

In the first division I ran again - it was exciting. The order of starting was New Coll. Magdalen, Univ. House, Lincoln, Balliol, B.N.C. House II, John's, Merton, Corpus (Sandwich boat) Of these Magdalen was expected to bump New Coll, for though each had four blues Magdalen had the varsity stroke. Our chances depended on whether we could bump Johns' (a very good boat) before they caught up House II. Just before we started I saw two interesting people on the towpath - the Prince of Wales, not however, in shorts, came down to the Magdalen boat and then walked back again, the other was Neville Talbot, uncouth man of six foot six. in shorts ready to run with Balliol - a nearly ludicrous figure. In the actual race we did well and drew near to Johns'; but while we were yet quarter of a length away they caught up House II; we of course managed to elude Corpus. The surprise of the evening was the plucky way New Coll. rowed, they kept away from Magdalen with the utmost ease and bid fair therefore to keep their place throughout. The order of finish was New. Coll. Magdalen, Univ (one blue) House, Balliol (one blue) Lincoln, B.N.C. Johns, House II, Merton, Corpus.

IIInd Division: Corpus, Trinity, Magdalen II, Oriel, Wadham, Penny, Keble, Trinity II, Exeter, New Coll II, Worcester, Balliol II, IIIrd. Balliol II, Queen's, John's II, B.N.C. II/T, Jesus, Hertford, Teddy Hall (St. Edmund's Hall), Univ II, Oriel II, Cats, Merton II, Magdalen III.

I am sending by this mail for Georgekuty Forbes Robinson's Letters to His Friends.

Glad to hear that everyone is well. Hope that you've had a nice holiday somewhere. I should stop now, with much love.

Yours affectionately
Kuruvila

#45

May 28. 1913
Oxon.

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter came as usual on Saturday - and many thanks for it. The sketch is decidedly amusing though I am at a loss to identify one or two of the figures. Their words betray Apachen and Kuyunju, but there appear to be two Sosahs, one in a characteristically eager attitude standing on the bench and another comfortably ensconced in the little chair with a most suspicious air of nonchalant unconcern. Amachi, if it is Amachi, appears most juvenile - perhaps it is Kunju - while the artist himself is in modest obscurity.

There is little else to answer in the letter, but I have to describe Eights this week. When I wrote last Thursday, only one day had been over, but now Eights week is ended and Oxford has resumed its normal and placid tone, recovered from the burst of gaiety and feverish activity. To describe the races more at length. The first day of course Merton I did not bump John's because they got Christ Church II before we caught them. Merton II escaped the pursuing Magdalen III. Among other boats Magdalen I (second on the river) did not catch New Coll I (head of the river). Balliol (6th) bumped Lincoln (5th). Trinity bumped Magdalen II (12th). Wadham (Subbarayna's college - 16th) bumped Pembroke (15th). The second day was more eventful for us, for we got Ch. Ch II whom John's had sent down. John's themselves got B.N.C., but on the other hand Magdalen III after a fine chase bumped Merton II which accordingly went to the bottom of the river - in position, not in depth. On the third day there were several exciting occurrences. Magdalen I as usual did not get new Coll I who rowed most pluckily. These two boats were of course far the best and no wonder, for they each had four blues, while of the rest Univ. had one and Balliol one blue each and that was all. It was generally expected that New Coll would succumb to Magdalen but the efforts of the Magdalen men proved fruitless on Saturday too. But Christ Church I at length succeeded in bumping Univ, who had been third on the river and the boats changed places accordingly. John's again bumped Lincoln who were a second rate boat and whom Balliol had bumped already. Merton got B.N.C.

easily. Indeed Merton made all their bumps in the first two minutes - or the first six hundred yards. They excelled in a sharp and swift burst right at the beginning, came rapidly alongside the boat in front and bumped them. Plus B.N.C. were caught in a minute and twenty seconds. The boats as you know row in three divisions, according to the order in which they finished last year. The third division rowed at four, the second at five and the first at six in the afternoon. The top boat of the third division rowed also as bottom boat of the second, and so the top boat of the second rowed also as bottom of the first - obviously this was the only way in which a boat could pass from one division to the other. The eleven boats of each division were stationed along the river, the first at the top, then the second forty yards behind and so on. Each boat had to try and bump or touch the one above - and they all started together. As soon as the bump was made the two boats dropped out of the race so that it is evident that no boat could fall more than one place a day and none could make more than a bump a day unless it were a 'sandwich boat' or boat that rowed top but one of one division and then bottom of the division above. Thus Queen's on Saturday was 23rd. Balliol II were 22nd and 'sandwich boat'. The race was of course at four. Queen's bumped Balliol II and so became 22nd and accordingly rowed bottom of the second division at five. Here they bumped New College II and so on Monday they started at 21st. If Balliol II had not been bumped, of course they would have rowed bottom of the second division at five. As it was, on Monday, New Coll II was sandwich boat - 22nd. The course is a mile and a quarter. On Saturday again Trinity made two bumps and came up 10th - they were a fast boat and well deserved their success. Queen's likewise made two bumps and ended 21st, Merton II hotly pursued Magdalen III but did not get them while Magdalen III themselves did not make any bump.

Sunday, of course, was a welcome day of quiet in the midst of the fever of the races, but on Monday the old round began. No changes in the four top boats, but Johns' again bumped Balliol after a hot chase about halfway up the river, while Merton caught Lincoln with surprising ease. Trinity bumped B.N.C. and Queens' bumped Exeter. But most remarkable of all Merton II succeeded in getting Magdalen III who thus again went to the bottom of the river.

On Tuesday, there were few bumps. Johns' for the first time met with a check and could not bump Univ. Merton too failed to get Balliol. Halfway up they were within half a length and indeed so close that I counted the bump a certainty; but

y are no mean crew got off by a great effort and we were however got Lincoln, Merton II again bumped St. Catharines (the non-collegiate boat) and that was by an accident. One of the St. Catharines) dropped his oar and we promptly ran into them. last day. Magdalen I put forth all their endeavours to get New a magnificent race between the two but still New Coll. I escaped to be content to remain second on the river still. Ch. Ch. and rd and fourth, Johns' again failing to catch the latter and so ton, hwoever, made one tremendous spurt and bumped Balliol in . Then were Mertonians excited and rejoiced. The crew were aged and terrific cheers from the towpatch and themselves all er and swam across to the barge. The hardier men followed their rse, I counting discretion the better part of valour, crossed quietly the punt. Merton II had a tantalising race. Cats pursued them nselves drew close to Univ. II which was just ahead - It was l make the bump first but luck was on the side of Cats and before e their bump Cats had bumped them. Merton II therefore ended 32nd. The accompanying chart ought to make the races clear - a e signifies a bump. it will be noticed that Worcester made six, five, Merton, Johns' & Jesus four bumps each. Now four bumps , five in the second and six in the third give a bump supper, so that ly happy.

had Mrs. Moffatt and a friend of hers as visitors on the Merton ge is situate near the finish they did not see many bumps. The next crossed to the towpath and I advised them to stand at a particular most likely bumps would occur. Fortunately enough there were in front of them and they were therefore well-pleased. On

at the high table with the dons, the coach and one representative from each of the boats they bumped. The dinner was much as usual but there was champagne ad libitum. Then were toasts proposed and drunk, all the men standing up and yelling "For he is a jolly good fellow" Several of them, of course, took far more than was good for them but I had no mind to touch the liquor. A flashlight photo was taken and we adjourned to one of the quads where there was prepared a huge bonfire. This was lighted and the men danced about it - some half reeling, a disgusting sight altogether. I stayed about a quarter of an hour but when glass began to fly thought it high time to retire & beat a prudent and quiet retreat into my room. Afterwards I heard there were fireworks and of course all the electric lights in the quad and a great many window panes were smashed to atoms. The tempest did not subside till midnight. It reveals the worst sides of the undergraduate, for a considerable proportion of them tends to get drunk - to use the common phrase - at least one such occasions as these, and then they are once fairly gone some are benevolent and merely loquacious, many are destructive and not rarely dangerous - but of course the occasions are not frequent and a very large number of men kept perfectly sober from first to last. Hayes, e.g. the captain of the boat and a man of considerable authority in the College, kept his head throughout.

On Sunday I had lunch at the Moffats', Margaret's doll had not arrived yet, why I cannot discover. It had not, I hope, been lost in the way, because then she will be most awfully disappointed. She has not been quite well this last fortnight but is now all right, I believe. In the afternoon I had tea at Mrs. Whitehead's again two or three others. She has a large garden round which we walked. She told me that you had agreed to work the Mother's Union in Calicut and was generally quite nice. I do not know how long she'll be in Oxford.

Of course this week I have not been playing much tennis; but yesterday I went to tea with a man. H. J. Davis of St. John's. He has been to Switzerland and is going to Basel and the North Italian towns this year. We talked of Switzerland and I have become decidedly enthusiastic about it. A large map will show you that Neuchâtel is on a lake and near Neuchâtel. From thence I shall probably proceed east to Intelaken and Berne and south to Geneva and the country around. As for France, I shall probably stay there six weeks or so, because so much time is required if I am to learn French thoroughly at all. So probably Swanwick will have to be cut out of my programme altogether. As for letters, since my address is so changing I think the

best plan is to send them still to Merton College, whence they will be redirected.

Yesterday, for the first time, I walked round St. John's gardens; they are much bigger than ours and very fine indeed. The gardens here many not so much actual flowers as a green lawn surrounded by trees, shrubs and a few flowering plants. The special feature of John's gardens is the rockery which contains a really splendid collection of Alpine rock-plants. There were also plenty of tulips, pansies, double buttercups, mignonette etc. One of their quads has a cloister with curious round arches which reminded me of Saracen architecture in Southern Spain.

I hope mine is not a wearily long description of Eights, but it is really one of the events of Oxford and I wanted to make things as lucid as possible.

Krishnamachari will land at Tilbury today. I am very sorry I cannot go down to meet him not only because it is term but because it will cost me nearly a quid. However I have written to Mr. Cheshire about him and he'll be met at Tilbury and will come up to Oxford soon, before term ends. So that I shall see him soon and shall be able to show him a bit of Oxford before he actually comes into residence. Raju is talking of staying in Oxford to work all the vac - it is most dismal to be alone.

I shall be needing some money by the end of the long vac - say September. I do not yet know how much but it will be somewhere between £25 and £50 - for the whole of the next year. Next year of course will be the cheapest year, because all my freshman's expenses will be over and my degree fees won't be needed yet. But it is the vacations that cost so much, though I try to do my travelling as economically as possible.

That is all this week. I hope George Kutty and Kunjunju had a fine time in Travancore; and that everybody is well. With much love.

Ever yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

May.29.1913.

Oxon.

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter came on Saturday as usual and the doll at last on Saturday afternoon. When I came back from tennis I found it being delivered in; and so at once took it to Margaret who was very pleased with it. She did not say much but her delight was evident from her face: she has promised to write to Kunju and so Kunju, I suppose will feel sufficiently rewarded.

Answering the homeletter. I had the good fortune to read Mr. Chandy's presidential address in the Mail which came for Subbarayan. It is quite a good one, with perhaps more stuff and directness about it than most presidential addresses contain. One could not but sympathize with the greater part of what he said: it is no use denying that as a community (as we delight to call ourselves) we are subject to serious faults which hinder real progress: and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that such hindrances are surely if somewhat slowly being cast behind. I'm not a bit surprised at Mr. George Joseph's opposition to the bill. I am convinced since coming here that a mere stay in England, however long, does not necessarily call out the best and highest in a man. And here I think the advantage of Oxford & Cambridge consist in these two places there is infinitely more chance than elsewhere of a man getting wider views and a more enlightened standpoint. If a man's end is not mere knowledge of some kind (& even for these, unless they are technical, Oxon & Cantab are no whit behind others) he loses an incalculable deal by going to London or Manchester or even to Edinburgh. Of course the problem of expense is a real one to some. I see that Mr. Chandy spoke of a scholarship - if anything of the kind is offered I devoutly wish it may be to either of the old varsities.

The P. R. Krishnaswami whose name you found in the mail is no doubt my friend P. R. Krishnamachari - and he is to enter not Merton but Lincoln College. he is, as you know, only an Intermediate man but one of the best men of his class in the College. He is in Lond, just now, having to pass Responsions, but is coming up to Oxford soon and I shall therefore meet him in a few days.

I am glad George Kutty and Kunjunju went to the weddings - it is always nice, I think, to send some representative of the family to attend them. I shall be very sorry indeed if all of you do not go for a change somewhere. It seems so selfish to come here and to spend my vacs. in Switzerland and France while you stay on at Calicut even in holiday time. It is pleasant to hear of the plentifulness of mangoes though there is a tinge of regret in the pleasure. It seems impossible to get mangoes herer or only at fabulous prices which are certainly not worth while. But to compensate we have strawberries appearing now. I have not yet tasted one though they are in the shopwindows and look tempting. Old Subbarayan is deserting me and leaving for India on the 10th June. He'll be there on the 30th. I am looking out to see if there is anything I can send by him. He'll be back on October when term begins.

I'm certain none of you can guess where I am writing this letter. It is in idyllic surroundings. I am sitting on the lawn in the garden with the page on a bench. I wish I could describe the scene so as to convey some idea of the its intense beauty and loveliness. In front of me as I sit, is the garden wall, overshadowed by a line of chestnuts in flower. Below the chestnuts in a row of flowering trees or shrubs - laburnums with their drooping yellow bunches, the May a mass of brilliant red; then lower a cluster of green crotons and near the walk a long line of plants in bloom, peonies with their big scarlet blossoms, columbines, irises white and blue, marguerites, mignonettes, and others whose names I do not know. Beside them a walk, and then the lawn on which I am situated, overspread by cool trees; the grass itself is deliciously cool. And around, above the trills of innumerable birds. This is what appeals to me marvellously, it is so different to India - the blackbird, the thrush, the swallow and others all making a confused yet pleasant music. Softened by the distance floats the peals of some college bell. Behind me further clusters of mays and then a walk bordered by two rows of stately lime trees, green delicious and high. Beyond it the terraced walk bound by the old city wall, from which you look upon the meadows, green and yellow with multitudinous buttercups. If I may amend it so,

For in and out, above, about, below
Tis nothing but a glorious magic show.

For after all I have written is so hopelessly inadequate - one feels the marvellous, unutterable splendour of it but words fail to express the emotion. Every morning I

walk about the meadows beside the Cher, and more than one morning the loveliness of it all has so struck me that I burst involuntarily into the language of the Psalms - How beautiful are thy works, O Lord - All thy works shall praise thee - one feels one can take the world as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever; and once this is grasped it is such a priceless feeling to have - it so intensifies and lends an immutable charm to life. This is part of the charm of Oxford - here am I in the heart of the place - or at least in it' and I can see nothing around me but a glimpse of the College walls that is not green - and not a sound of the outer world flows to me except the tunes of a piano, while the tunes of the birds dominate it and make a more diversified and not less sweet harmony. There can be few happier scenes on God's fair earth than Oxford in Summer.

Well, it is seven at night or in the evening - it is still light as day - and I must adjourn from the cool grass and the aerial sympathy to my room and its artificial comforts: the garden is closed at seven. It is a pity, for I should love to lie out here in the deepening dusk and lend my soul to the influences of nature around.

I take up the letter again on Friday morning. I have just had my weekly disputation with Johnson and he was in form today, denounced the rapid extension of the franchise, inveighed violently against vote by ballot ('I hate the ballot' were his precise words) and characterised the modern party cries of 'one man one vote' 'one vote, one value' as 'sham shibboleths'. It is highly interesting to set old Johnner off on any of his pet subjects. It is a pity that he can hardly talk on horses to us, for on that subject he is perhaps strongest of all.

I have been playing tennis most days - yesterday at Mansfield after which Micklem came to tea. Nowadays one usually has tea at the Pavilion in the Playing Grounds where you get an excellent tea for 6d; and few people are to be found in college at four o'clock, when the day is still so fine and light that they prefer the river or tennis to vegetating in their rooms. And indeed a room would be intolerable when nature outside calls with a hundred voices that cannot be resisted. Micklem was so kind to ask me to his home towards the end of vacation if we could fit all things in. His home is in Hertfordshire and should be very pretty from all he tells me - out in the country.

New rooms have just been allotted. A great many first year men are moving next October to St. Alban's Quad in place of a few second years who go into digs and

more third years who go down. I have stuck to my old rooms as they are very good and as the vacant rooms were none of them tempting enough. The rooms I had thought of on the second floor, I found, are not nearly as cheap as I had expected - and for a trifling gain it was not worth while to quit my lovely set with its great windows and the garden view. Merton has about sixteen men in for Honour Schools of various kinds and the same number or thereabouts for Groups or the Pass Schools. There are only two for Greats, but five or six for History - of whom we are expecting at least one first.

I shall send a book of a hundred excellent photos of Oxford by Subbarayan for Apachen's birthday - it'll be rather early but would save the postage as it is heavy. Also half a hundred picture post cards illustrating more fully the Scottish tour - including two fine photo-cards of Killywhan and Lochend Manse. By the way, the postcard albums there should be full by this time - when this arrives I shall have sent no few than 150 cards, I believe. And of course the long vac. will load me with a terrific number of them.

There is the Visitor's Debate at the Union this evening. Acland Hood M.P. and Steel Maitland M.P. are the visitors, while 'the best local talent (as the Spectator would say) has also been enlisted to do full justice to the occasion'.

Last Sunday afternoon I called on Mr. and Mrs. Genner - Genner is a Jesus don and both are very nice people. We had tea out in the garden; and he told me that Crawford would probably get for the College a Mr. E. D. Guest who took a double first, in Maths and in Science and no doubt is a very brilliant man. If he comes out he will be a great acquisition, but I'm not at all sure yet whether he will or no.

There is little else to write. Sorry for the shortness of the letter. Hoping all are well and with many thanks for the other notes to which I shall attempt a reply next week. With much love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

June.4.1913

as usual on Saturday: but most of my other correspondents appear
easy just now and the take of letters is unusually small. But I do
letterwriting goes all the better for an occasional lapse now and

prise for you: I have just bought a Kodak - a Brownie. The reason
den purchase is this idea that lately occurred to me. If I go touring
it is desirable that I have a camera - for one otherwise forgets half
n: while a snapshot is a permanent possession and a constant
ill recall the circumstance and the memories of the time. I could
n interesting collection of pictures by the time I return. Picture
always available and they are after all so conventional. The
costs only 10/- and the firms 1/8 per dozen. I could develop and
myself or at the shops - in any case these processes will I calculate
e than 2 1/2 d. per film. I have not yet taken any pictures but will
ith some of my favourite Oxford views; and of course I shall taken
and and France.

n thinking of Georgekutty's photographic experiments. If he has
a and cases for me from England I could send him one in the next
ave not got enough money. The smallest Brownie costs only 5L-
very small indeed; mine is 3 1/4" x 2 1/4", the next size costs 12/6
e, I think 4" x 2 1/4", - then there are other sizes. I should not
a camera if it had not been that I felt I should be missing an
ng scenes and people - I am only sorry I did not think of it before
I should have got some

in college temporarily vacant there was no difficulty. We had a long talk that night about Madras and the old days and the things that had happened since I left: it was nearly like homecoming - the next day I showed him bits of Oxford - we walked thro' John's Gardens and along Addison's Walk in Magdalen. This latter is now in its height of beauty: the bordering trees are not very high but form a perfect arch all the way. The walk itself is over a mile long and leads in a circle to the starting point - all the way by the dreamy riverside. The birds were vocal delightfully; and everything was inexpressibly green, quiet and lovely. It makes one of the nicest spots in Oxford spoilt only by the fact that too many people have found it so, while my favourite walk round the meadows have few men to make vile the pleasing prospect - to misquote good bishop Heber. Mention of his name somehow reminds me of one of the most famous of Spoonerisms: there are ludicrous transpositions of syllables of which tradition says Spooner of new College is the eponymous hero. In giving out the well-known missionary hymn to a congregation he said - "Let us sing - 'From Iceland's greasy mountains!'" Of course we walked round the meadows, and we had breakfast and lunch together - he went away at half past four and, as happened in the first scene of the tragedy of the two little birds that sat on a stone, I was left alone. It was a great time for us together and we were both sorry to part, but it could not be helped. We are planning to spend a fortnight together just before October term begins and after he has faced Responsions.

I find there is little to answer in the homeletter. It is nice that you have had at least a week in Feroke and such a pleasant picnic on the hills near Calicut. I had three accounts of it from various points of view - Kunjunju's Ammu's and yours - speaking of hills reminds me of Switzerland and the glorious time I am hoping to have there. I have arranged to go with Dr. Meyer to Basle and from there to Neuchâtel on Neuchâtel - the journey costs less than £2, which is cheap - and of course living in Switzerland is comparatively inexpensive. France will make heavier demands on my purse, esp. as I shall have to stay there six weeks or so to learn some French. Next Easter I am hoping to go to North Italy and try to pick up a working knowledge of Italian. One needs to know modern languages nowadays, at least to be able to read books in them. I'm sure to have a fine time on the Alps and am hoping to enjoy this vac. immensely esp. with the aid of my Kodak. I shall have to do a lot of work too both in France and after I return to England.

I have been buying a few books lately - my shop has had a sale and I bought eight

books costing 12/- originally for 4/8 and all except one of them were quite new. I have a hundred books in my room now, quite a fair collection; it is high time to begin to read them. I shall have, however, to buy many more before I am done.

Mr. & Mrs. Hooper of Madras are here just now living with the Genners. I have dined with them in Madras and so had the pleasure of asking them to tea in my rooms yesterday. They are both very nice people and looked at my photos.

This morning, as usual, I went to Johnner with my essay; he came in & said he felt very tired and while I was reading my essay he ate soup which I thought was inconsiderate - his room is a remarkable one. I counted thirteen pen holders on the desk, of various antiquarian shapes all equally rusty; there were six inkbottles in five designs, a brush, two pouches of tobacco and a miscellaneous collection of books and papers.

We haven't any collections at the end of this term, but at the beginning of next term there will be papers.

Another thing. Last Sunday evening there was a meeting of Free Churchmen at which Micklem spoke on what he saw of Hinduism in India. He spoke quite sympathetically and at the same time not sparing the faults of actual Hinduism. There was a discussion after the speech in which Raju took part and in a rather loud talk with all his wonted fluency attacked Micklem vehemently - but the general opinion was that Raju himself was off the point - and I found myself in more or less complete disagreement with several of his conclusions. There was one man who appeared to be rather unsteady in mind and who amused the audience for a couple of minutes; yet another who solemnly declared that since India would not hear the word the plain duty of all missionaries was to shake its dust off their feet and resign the land to its fate. One could not help feeling rather indignant at this absurd and unChristian denunciation. Micklem's address I liked on the whole and he constantly took care to qualify his statements. The meeting ended at near eleven.

There was again the Visitor's Debate at the Union. The local lights spoke first - Neville Talbot said that the audience should not think it was an unhappy domestic imbroglio that they were seeing; his brother who followed and opposed him tried to demolish his arguments. the visitors were Acland M.P. Undersecy. for the Colonies

and Steel Maitland M.P., Unionist. Acland made a good speech, bristling with facts and figures - after first creating a sensation by announcing that he was still an undergraduate making his maiden speech in the Union! Fact is that though he was at Balliol he never took a degree and never spoke at the Union either in his undergraduate days. Steel Maitland was perhaps even better and effectually dealt with the long roll of statistics of the Colonial Undersecretary. The debate was of course on the Social Policy of the Present Government.

The days have been on the whole fine and sunny - and I have been playing a good deal of tennis. But today is a little bit rainy. Suffragettes are invading Oxford at last: the other day they burnt down a boat-house and caused great damage. The papers are full of the attempt to interfere with the Derby race by another suffragette. One finds it harder and harder to sympathize with the militants who seem to have taken leave of all their commonsense - and show themselves so utterly deficient in that elementary patience which is of the essence of the art of government.

Thursday

This afternoon I took a snapshot of Gray and Crawford in my room, the first venture. As I cannot get the films developed until I have taken six I shall have to wait some time to see the result. I shall also take one of the Moffatts, esp. the children. Today I am going to tea at the Farquhar's in North Oxford. I have not met him yet though he called once when I happened to be out. We had a college group taken the other day but I have not yet seen it. History schools begin today and most of the other Honour schools: 'Greats', however, is already over except for the viva which is still to come. Last Friday - or was it Thursday - I was out on the river in a punt with Naish and we had a nice time, pushing the boat close in we lay on our backs and read. It was a hot day and I trailed my hands in the water all along, which was a delightfully cool if somewhat childish procedure.

I am waiting to hear fuller accounts of the two weddings - or three, is it not? Georgekutty and Kunjunju appear to have had quite a tour in Travancore and must have enjoyed it thoroughly. It must be beginning to rain there now in the true jolly Indian fashion - not a continual drizzle as it is here.

I do not know what else there is to write about. Hope everybody at home is well.

With much love,

Yours affectionally

Kuruvila

#48

12.VI.1913

My dear Apachen,

Last week I had letters from Georgekutty, Kunjunju and Sarah but none from either you or mother. I suppose the omission was due to the division of the family between Calicut and delectable Feroke. However, I had as many news as I wanted and especially Georgekutty took the trouble to send me a long and interesting account of his Travels in Travacore and its hymeneal incidents! The phrase 'We waited' recurs constantly and reveals for a remarkable characteristic of the race - its leisureliness. Things will drag themselves on like wounded snakes or Alexandrines - and so I suppose it will continue endless aeons yet.

There have been four things here to chronicle. The chief event has been looking forward to an event - the Continent. I have at last made all my plans or Dr. Meyer has made them for me. By a stroke of good luck he happened to be going to the same place nearly as I and I immediately suggested joining forces and executing a combined invasion - a manoeuvre all in my favour as I am helpless in travelling - esp. in an unknown ununderstandable country like Switzerland. My itinerary is something like this. On Saturday when term ends I leave for Cambridge to spend the weekend there with George. On Monday morning I go up to town, meet Dr. Meyer and together we take steamer at Tilbury in the evening. Rotterdam next morning - may the channel spare me! And then we spend the day at the Hague. In the evening again we leave for Basle which we reach on Wednesday morning. I may spend a couple of days there before going on to Neuveville and Mr. Schaetti.

I am taking as little luggage as I can help - only the essential things for the Continent. When I return I'll come to Oxford for a day, leave some things behind and take others with me. This, I think, is the most convenient and economical plan

my camera with me. My first roll of six films was a success, though. One picture was nothing but a blur and a streak in the middle - two others were a bit shaky, due to my taking the snapshot with hand. But the other three came out beautifully - the first one, of the room in my room, is quite good, the second, one of Merton from the best view of Merton from that side that I have yet seen - and many. It is of course rather small but the details are clear and nearly all of the college has come in the picture; the last - of a corner of my room with the cupboard, bookshelf, table, sofa, pictures and photos etc. is again sharp and well defined. Of these the first and third were time exposures and the second a snap. My second film is now only halfway through. The first three frames are of the Moffatts: there are two of the whole family in the garden with Margaret and Archie. I do not know yet how they have come out, but I expect of good results. Of course, on the Continent my Brownie will be very useful in hoping to have a great collection of Swiss and French pictures when I am pasting all I take in a small album, which, when it is filled, I shall hope you'll not mind waiting till then. If I send individual films they are scattered and lost - while I have not capital enough to take two copies

It is probable that I will stay in French Switzerland for the greater part of my journey, and only pass through France on my way back - this is, in case I do not find anyone who are willing to take me as boarder and at the same time to teach me. In Geneva they speak excellent French so that as far as the mere change - if it is needed will not imply any loss.

These days I am frightfully pressed for time. Half the letters I had meant to

beginning of term. Dr. Moffatt, however, will be in Canada the whole time. On Monday I had Subbarayan to breakfast. We had arranged this some time before but I guessed he would have forgotten all about the engagement when the time came. So I took the precaution of going to his rooms as early as I could and found him in bed. I knocked him up, reminded him of his good luck (which of course, had clean passed out of his mind) and at length brought him to Merton a good half-hour late. He left on Wednesday morning and I went to the station to see him off. I have sent through him a book of Oxford views, most of which are extremely good, and fifty picture postcards of Scotland. The book is meant for Apachen's birthday and I hope he'll like it. Subbarayan will pass through Calicut station on either the first Monday or the Tuesday after this letter reaches home. If somebody could go to the station that would be the easiest way of getting hold of it.

I have been buying a great many books this term and I am afraid there will have to be a good many more next year. I've more than a hundred just now - what a small collection! Schools are almost all over now; this year's History papers are on the whole fairly average - though the unprepared translation seems to be harder than last year's. There are several Indians going in esp. for History. We are expecting a first class or two from Merton itself. There are signs of the end of term everywhere. Men play tennis in the mornings, and occasionally go home. College activities have all ended and everywhere there is a general lethargy.

I am afraid I cannot spin this letter out to any greater length. Fact is I am feeling tired with the pressure of all this preparation for vacation and find my brain a blank; but I am perfectly well and play tennis most days.

Let me stop now. A longer letter and more interesting, I hope, next time.

With much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

#49

Juin 17.1913

Nunnenweg 6 Basel

Switzerland

My dear Apachen,

I have a long tale to write this week and I begin it on the 17th, Tuesday. For once I shall break the chronological sequence and put down the events of the 16th and 17th while they are still fresh in the memory.

On Monday morning at 9:45 I left Cambridge for London - George saw me off he is staying up till the end of July seeing his thesis through the press. It has been accepted and so he gets his degree. On what important brach of science - whether crusticaica, amorphobia, vertistrata, or infernalialia - it is I do not know. Well, the train took me in little more than an hour to London. I went immediately to 21 Cromwell Road, met Cheshire, and had lunch. After cashing a cheque at Grindlay I went to meet Dr. Meyer at an address he had given near Moorgate. I found him without much trouble, but he told me that we were not to start till nine from Charing Cross. So we wandered about London streets and had dinner with some relative of his before we went to Charing Cross Station. Before eleven we came to Dover and immediately boarded our steamer to Ostend. It was a rather small one but the day had been perfect and the night sea were a miracle of calm. The shorelights lay in unbroken lines on the unruffled waters and I congraulated myself on my usual good luck (call it so for the nonce) on the sea. We steamed out at about 11:15 and were bothered for some time by a succession of lighthouses that flashed their glow steadily upon us. It was night and so the chalk cliffs of Dover were not visible except in imagination.

We occupied two deck chairs on the front deck; and decided to sleep there as cabin accomodation was inadequate and in any case bound to be stuffy and a preparation for nausea. So we clad ourselves in our overcoats and hired a blanket apiece for the night at the enormous charge of a shilling each. They smelt so vile that they almost neutralised the glorious freshness of the sea in me but I had to wrap myself in them perforce. Like coarsest cloths against the cold says Tennyson and perhaps the simile was suggested by my blankets. Nevertheless I had a quiet nap on board till three a.m. when we reached Ostend. It was quite light and the seafront of the city was a line of houses which seemed to have grown up like gigantic fungi,

white and formless, and which no miracle of architecture could transform into dwellings worthy of man. Shortly after we ran up alongside the quay, walked across the gangway and found ourselves on a station platform or what appeared to be such. There was a perfunctory customs examination and then we took our places in the train.

A word about these lovely trains. I have written so much in praise of English railways that it is but fair to give the other side and the Oxtend-Basel Royal Mail personifies 'the other side' with a vengeance. In every conceivable characteristic the third class is one whit worse than our dear old S.I.R. carriages: the wooden seats a little harder, the rigid straightness of the back a little more comfortless, the general air of ineffable dirtiness a little more apparent - and this no doubt is saying a good deal. I said 'on every characteristic' - I should note one exception. And here the S.I.R. is not even a bad second. In some unparalleled moment of stupidity the engineer arranged that most of the windows should open not up and down but outwards like the windows of a house. Now in hot Madras the generous windows just prevent each crowded carriage from being a horrible repetition of history - another Black Hole, and they are the way from death to life, precious as the drop of water to the rich man in the torments of hell. But in our railway today the greater part of the windows were constructed to open outward and as this is manifestly dangerous on a double line the Belgians have shut them and sealed them up - thereby creating a tragedy of appearances. Time: a hot and almost sultry day - scene: a crowded carriage with windows closed on which was the legend "N'ouvrir qu'en cas de danger" (literally not to be opened except in case of danger) which might be paraphrased thus - "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Well, we had some coffee in a cup like a miniature St. Paul's dome and an unexpectedly good cake - watched the sun rise at 3:30 and then steamed off at about 3:45. The culverts we passed under or over were all most ridiculously decorated with columns and statues. We passed the buildings of the Exhibition at Ghent; and early in the morning, just after five, we came to Bruxelles (Brussels). Here there was a long wait and so we adventured out into the square just beyond the station flanked by hotels galore. Some trams were even then running; men walked the streets already. From Brussels we passed on to Arlon and a little further to the frontier town where there was another perfunctory customs examination and then we passed into Germany, all the time in the same unlovable carriage. To Luxemburg, Mentz, Strassburg and

finally to Basel. The scenery on either hand was disappointing on the whole: there was too little variety and too few grand features. It was mostly a plain carefully cultivated; occasionally indeed, a forest of pine trees arose and passed; here and there stood a line of top-heavy timber leaning forward, like a regiment of grenadiers on the march; sentries beside the railway a thin red streak of poppies ran; rarely a little ineffective brook bubbled by. The houses one found were quite different in style of architecture to the English - and I confess I like the latter a little better. The ones we saw, and especially the curious churches, bore a striking resemblance to the marvellous creations of the B.G.M. on our doomed W.coast.

18th June.

I had to stop above yesterday because the hour was late. This evening I take up the tale again. Through a land so peopled and improved we sped all day. The day was hot and I felt the heat acutely, the more so as I - fearing the ill influences of changing temperatures - had discarded my cotton shirt and donned a flannel one - as the Knights of old but on their shirt of mail as they rode to liberate half a dozen captive princesses killing some score of giants incidentally in the process. Some but inadequate relief was found by consigning my waistcoat to the portmanteau; and in the old stations there were as often as not no refreshments (the water on the Continent is concentrated bacilli habitations) and when these appeared they came in the form of a little boy with some bottles of beer and of lemonade who was instantly besieged and ransacked by a crowd of ravenous passengers or a stall with half a dozen sticks of chocolate and some tea. However I disposed of a bottle of lemonade and a few strawberries (my first - good) and so kept alive till the end. Worst luck of all - I had a magazine full of stories to start with; but thanks to the long days and early mornings it was all done before Arlon - so that for the rest of the time I had nothing to do except listen to the unintelligible conversations of people near me. Several of these tried me in French and German and I nearly (true) replied in Tamil! My knowledge of German ends with yah, nai (of which more later) and of French I did not know more than to say 'Je ne parle pas bien' (I do not speak well) - so that they had to rest content with the sight of me, which I'm sure was interesting enough. However people on the Continent are friendly, while you may travel the world over with an Englishman who will not open his mouth to you a Frenchman has no hesitation to begin at once. There were two German ladies who were mildly excited by me, gave me a strawberry (twice the size of a grape), (my very first one) and guessed my age

it tickled my vanity to see that I still preserve my youthful looks)!

more of this wearisome journey? At a quarter to six or a little earlier I called (Fr. Bale) and found Mrs. Meyer and the three children waiting for me. She is a rather pretty and what is more a pleasant lady - and the kids not at all. I went home and they kindly inviting me to stay here I was glad to accept - though hotels here are cheap.

per - here let me intrude a dissertation on meals in Germany or at least at Dr. Meyer's. Breakfast, very light at half past seven or so; lunch at half past twelve; supper at eight, constitute the 'bill of fare' so to speak. For no man and people drop in during the course of the proceedings to make an apology. Their tastes are extraordinary; salt and other spices are absent by their absence - but then what can you say of people who eat raw meat with delight and without pepper? The tea, I observe, is everywhere very good but does not matter for me but would for some people I can think of. There is an absence of formality and scrupulous cleanliness or rather simplicity, which strongly reminded me of India and which would shock my proper Englishman. What would he think of this flagrant proceeding of today (following others) of eating pudding with a spoon which had been used for the tea?

After supper yesterday we walked to some of the chief spots of the town, across in a ferry and back over a bridge, round the Cathedral etc. During the morning we had a longer tour round the place. Dr. Meyer, I and the two children and Willie (3) all the morning they had been talking most volubly to me and replying by an indiscriminate use of yah, yah and nai, nai which

since the middle ages has had a comfortable if not very distinguished career. In the 14th century it was a free Imperial City; in the 15th the famous Council of Basel was held there. Even then it was noted for its wealth and luxury and today the city seems to preserve something of that ancient grandeur. I have walked through a good deal of it and have not discovered anything corresponding to slums. Well, from the terminus we walked back, and crossed over to Grossbasher by one of the bridges. The first building inspected was the Cathedral of which I took a snapshot. The front was under repair at the time but I could see the two figures - one of St. George (how he came to this stolid old German town I cannot imagine) killing the dragon in the good old style by thrusting a long spear into its mouth; the other of St. Martin sharing his garment with a beggar. In we went through a side entrance and found ourselves in one of the aisles. The architecture is mixed, it being originally Byzantine, but largely superseded by Gothic. The stone was unfortunate, being a dull red in colour which gives it a false air of modernity and brick. The central nave was high and long and at the back of it on the gallery was a magnificent organ. All round the top runs a broad gallery and above the altar were three painted windows which, whether the art is great or not, were remarkably clear in outline and brilliantly coloured. There is a double spire. To the right of the cathedral is a small court surrounded by cloisters. The pulpit is a magnificent specimen of carved work and so is a mighty font. Beside the walls lay a line of dead knights in effigy -

The Knights are dust
 Their good swords are rust
 Their souls are with the saints we trust.

The details of architecture are otherwise not striking and there is a grand simplicity about the building equally removed from the riotous fancy of the Byzantines and the complex reliefs of the ornate Gothic; nevertheless it is attractive and I have the feeling that it might grow on one if only one could study it long enough.

Out of the Munster into a small square flanked on one side by the Museum. At the corners quaint old streets issue out, slanting and sloping in glorious curves, which reminded me a little of Edinburgh but which I think surpasses that city on the hills. Down one of these alleys we passed and then climbed the long flight of steps which constituted another street and came out on the market place. One side of this square - in Swiss I expect they call it platz (place) in Italian it would be a piazza - is

occupied by the Municipal Buildings - the market platz itself is deserted in the afternoon, but busy in the morning with a numerous crowd of vendors and buyers and gay with the colours of summer flower and fruit. On the way home we passed the Spalanthor - one of the old gates of the city. The wall itself is now non existent but the portals of the three or four doorways are kept in repair as a sort of curiosity. I photographed it, it is an interesting bit of architecture with the high turrets and the painted roof. This latter is a Swiss characteristic, a habit of decorating the roofs of public buildings with highly coloured geometrical patterns which sometimes have an incongruous effect.

In the afternoon there was a family expedition to a place half a dozen miles off. We took train to the next station but one and from there proceeded to walk up the Juran, the mountains that separate France from Switzerland. The way lay along hillside sometimes open and commanding an extensive view of the country round, sometimes through a thick forest of beeches or pine. We halted several times as there were the kids with us, but at length we got to the summit of one of the hills. On the top of this, as of most other peaks in the neighbourhood, was a large and rather precipitous rock, which could be climbed only from one side. The approach was fairly steep so that we took at least a quarter hour to get up, but from the top there was a magnificent prospect. At our foot was a sheer fall of some hundred feet, and below, the hills slanted away to the great valley in the midst of which the Rhine flowed and glistened. Coming down was easy - one run which took not more than five minutes. I was rather surprised to find that no old castle had been built on this point of vantage. If it had been any other country, some grasping robber baron would have perched there in his Gothic stronghold and made unwary travellers pay toll in barbarous style. Descending I snapped this unused opportunity -so to personify it - and then we passed on to a smaller but similar one. From this the road led through a thin forest to the lower spurs of the hills; but the path was filled with dead leaves and at such a dangerous angle that we found the descent - despite the Infant Standard Reader in Malayalam - very exciting and even hazardous comparatively. The run down seems an easy solution but was rendered impossible by the certainty of a fall and a slip downward; the only way was to pass from tree to tree, and this we did not without occasional untoward accident. I think all of us except Dr. Meyer fell at least once and Mrs. Meyer had a rather long slip down! It was, I guess, rather like alpine climbing mutatis mutandis - granted a slippery carpet of dry leaves for the hard ice. We enjoyed the adventure immensely and at length reached terra firma, so to speak,

and walked back to our railway station after a most enjoyable afternoon. There we came upon Miss Ronorand of all persons in the world, heading a company of young ladies, some of them her pupils. We made an engagement to call on Thursday at nine, and so we came back home to the sleep of the tired.

Thursday. Today nearly as eventful as yesterday. Indeed if I went on describing things in this detailed fashion I could easily fill seven or eight sheets this week. Of course, in the morning I called on Miss Ronorand, who reminded me somewhat of Miss Richards. She has six pupils now and they all live together in a rather large house. We talked for an hour on all sorts of things, chiefly India. She took me round the place, introduced me to the lady who is coming out to the School and who looks very pleasant and nice now; and exhibited her room which is filled with Indian curios and things reminiscent of Calicut. In a corner was a photo of the College, this recently taken. In an album among others our family group. On the table an elephant and other things. She said she may write to Kunju next week perhaps and asked me to send her best regards to all at home. She seems a decent sort of person, though her English is by no means extraordinarily facile she seems to have a good deal of kindness and interest in India left still.

At one o'clock whom should I go except to Mr. & Mrs. Frohmeyer. There was not much time for talk but the little there was was utilised to the utmost. He mentioned that Harte is going round the world with about twenty Indian Missionaries in embryo to study associations in different countries and that they are to be at Basel soon - shrewdly adding that he hoped this was not the sum of their education. They haven't yet forgotten their Malayalam tho' they did not have the courage to talk to me in that language! They both send their best regards to Apachen and Amachi and were very kind to me, asking me to stay there if ever I came again to Basel -which is not very likely in the present condition of things.

The engagement that made me curtail my visit was nothing less than a steamer excursion up the Rhine for about a dozen miles. At half past two we boarded a small river steamer about half as long again as one of our steamboats but far less crowded. The current of the Rhine was strong but we went up gallantly and I had fine views of the city as we passed under the bridges and journeyed up to Waldhaus. The scenery on both sides was pretty without being grand. The hills mostly remained in the background and the immediate riverbanks were occupied by pine or beech forest,

occasional grass lawn, a casual house or factory. Here sleep intervened, postponed to Friday.

there is a big dam, the whole river is blocked for electric motive power - another snapshot - and we had to be carried over by the opening first of one gate and then of the other. Rheinfelden, the end of the trip, is a small town with a big brewery. There was an interesting bridge there with an island in the middle but I could not snap it. We returned with the current and therefore quite fast, coming back at about 7:30. I was interested to observe fishing nets of a pattern very similar to the ----- that adorn the backwater front of Cochin. I failed to catch any of them but in the little pictures I enclose from a prospectus or explanatory booklet - sommer - fahr-plan - you will find an illustration. From Coln (Cologne) to Metezz (I think) the Rhine is much more picturesque than here; with the walls of ancient cities lining either bank while the rushing water swells against them, with castles innumerable on the hillsides close by - but the scene here though by no means extraordinary was decidedly pretty. Schaffhausen - where are the falls - is several miles farther up than Rheinfelden.

So far for my adventures. Basel itself I cannot hope to describe in a few words; and of course Basel is only the outskirts of the Switzerland of our imaginations, snow clad with vast glaciers -----

----- (bookworm damage-)----- ice-axe mountaintop the dangerous slopes where alpenrose and edeleweiss bloom in fields - this Switzerland I have not yet seen; nor could I see a single Alpine peak from Bale: all the hills in the horizon were Jura and Schwarz - of France and Germany with of course some suggestion of a hint of a vague outline - the skies were not as clear as they could be - which was that of the Alps. But even Basel is not without its beauty - spots: the town as a whole is singularly charming - it is apparently uncrowded even the chief streets being easily passable; the houses often have a considerable resemblance to Indian houses with their sloping tiled roof and white walls; everywhere there are gardens and parks; the Rhine is on one side lined by a long promenade of trees; the roses grow on bushes in fabulous bunches which ravished my eyes. The Swiss money, the larger silver especially, seems to be an impartial mixture of French and Italian currency. I changed a couple of sovereigns yesterday and received several French five franc-pieces and several Italian ones, but no Swiss. This curious result is, I believe due to the Latin league of 1873 - I speak from memory and cannot verify my facts

here - which regulated the silver currency of --- (bookworm again!) --- Switzerland and Italy.

I am leaving this evening - Friday - for Neuverille near Neuchatel where Mr. Schaetti lives. It is a fairly small place on a lake, with less than 5,000 inhabitants - and from there I hope to make excursions to the famous spots of Switzerland - a few of them, for every inch of ground here is overweighted with fame; and what names these mountains and valleys and towns have - sonorous, musical, suggestive - recalling something of the grandeur of the old Latin times. What do you think of these for names of mountains, Matterhorn, Jungfrau, Le Cheval Blanc (the white horse), Rosablanche - or places like Interlaken, Chemigny, Bonneville, Chatel St. Denis, Madonna del Sasso, or Notre Dame de Belle - Combe.

Let me stop on this last sounding blast. This is the first time I think that I write without having first read the homeletter - but it has gone on to Neuveville. I hope all at home are well. With much love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. Dr. and Mrs. Meyer send their kindest regards. They are coming to India next Sept.

P.S. I find I have not said anything of Cambridge. Term ended on Saturday morning and I went off immediately to Cambridge - there was no collections this time. George was waiting at the station; and in the afternoon we walked along the backs, I took one or two photos but do not know whether they will come out well: one at least I'm sure I shook. Later on we played tennis on Emmanuel courts. On Sunday we went to King's College chapel in the morning it recalled all my former admiration and I found that there was no occasion to moderate it. The singing of the choir was as nearly perfect as I have heard music: the chants were wonderfully well-done - they seemed to put even feeling into the music. But the pity of such an excess of good singing is that the congregation cannot join in, as that would be the death of harmony - esp. where the congregation is composed of people like me! I met a good many Indian students there - most of them very nice men. There are two firsts in Maths and three

in Science among Indians at Camb. one of the latter being one of my old fellow students in the Xian College who took a second in History there and was apparently not brilliant; but he was a very hard worker.

#50

Neuveville

Berne

Suisse

June

I posted my last letter on Friday morning and in the evening I left for this place. During the day little was done worthy of being chronicled: except - and il - is a big exception - that I went over the Basel Mission buildings. One of the students who is Dr. Meyer's brother in law took me over, but as his English was extremely halting he requisitioned an Australian who is also there and so I had everything explained to me in English. The buildings are very large and there is a fairly big garden. On the ground floor of the chief block there is a museum of curios from the various parts of the mission field. It was of the usual description, gods and goddesses, drums timbrels flutes and harps, coins and pictures and plates, earthenware and weapons of war. On the walls were the photos of all the missionaries of the Society and I recognized several old friends. Well, above this there were three storeys - each of which was devoted partly to lecture-rooms and partly to living rooms for the prospective missionaries. Of these latter there is a large number and the usual course is six years. The fifth and sixth year men live lowest, above them the third and fourth years, and in the bad eminence of the top floor the freshmen and the second years. They sleep two in a room, sometimes more - which, I think, is by no means a desirable system. There are besides offices and a school for the sons of missionaries and halls and workshops. They are all very busy now because in a few days there is to be the Annual Festival. So I have been at the fountainhead of the Basel Mission and seen the springs of their activity.

Well, on Friday afternoon at 6:45 I left Bale for Neuveville on a lake. I got to the Station at 9:15 and found Mr. Schaetti waiting for me. We came home, which is not far off from the station because Neuveville is only a very small town of two or three thousand inhabitants. It is near the southern corner of the lake Bieler Sea (or

something like that) north of Neuchatel. The considerable town of Bienne or Biel is at the northern corner of the lake. The lake itself is about two miles broad and several miles long, but halfway in the middle there is a small island called Peter's Isle connected with the mainland by a long and narrow strip of low marshy ground. A canal connects the Bieler lake with the much bigger lake of Neuchatel. The town is arranged in three or four small streets with some outlying houses. Behind is a spur of the Juras, which indeed are visible everywhere, on all sides of the lake. On a clear day we can see far beyond to Berne and even the strong white line of the Alps away in the South and East, steamers run on the lakes and you can hire a sculling boat though they are rather heavy dinghies.

On the hill behind one gets a splendid view of the country around and no fewer than three lakes, the Bieler, the Neuchatel and the Morat lakes. This last is a smaller one east of the two former. There is on the side of the hill and old and ruined castle, once belonging to the bishop of Bale who owned the village but now in other hands. It is a poor sort of affair and a 'castle' only by courtesy. In the valleys everywhere the vine is cultivated but in the small gardens attached to the houses the rose blooms in June and strawberries are ripe. In the tiny town itself there are all kinds of shops, even a photographer (who of course plies another trade too, else would he starve) to whom I entrusted the developing of my second and third sets of films. Of the second four came out alright, curiously enough the two shaky ones being one of the Moffat family and the other of the three children; but another one of the family came out well and clear. Of the third similarly two went wrong but that was due to an unfortunate accident. Somebody accidentally pressed down the key after it was set and so spoiled two films which received a second impression. Among the successful ones there is one of the pond in Emmanuel College, one of King's College from the back and a not very satisfactory one of the St. John's, Camb; also the Rhine at Basel, the Cathedral there, the great dam at Augst and the hill I climbed on the Juras near Basel.

The description of my attempts at 'snap-shooting' however has carried me far from the description of Neuveville. In one of the streets there were two fountains, one at either end, in an ornate style with a ridiculous Knight or man at arms in armour balanced on the jet. This, I find, is common in Suisse (I use the French form for shortness); almost every village has a fountain, and if the village has any pretensions at all the fountain reflects it clearly as it reflects the blue sky tremblingly.

As often as not it is an anachronistic warrior that guards the sacred flow, as the dragons did the Golden Fleece and the fountain of the Elixir of Life in the old Fairly Tales. Besides these, a common characteristic is a covered bridge. If there is a river beside the large village (or call it town) then the bridge over it is often roofed and guarded at the town ward extremity with single or double gates. In olden days the fortifications were no doubt a necessity but the queer covered bridges still stand and it must be pleasant to lean in the siderails and look at the glittering river from the cool shade. To the ugly black fretted railway bridges these quaint structures provide an agreeable and pleasing contrast - much the same as that of home to a hotel, if one may be so fantastic. Neuveville has no bridge but it has a massive gateway from which the gate has long since disappeared. Some of the houses too bear witness that it is no modern upstart; again and again one notices above the door a coat of arms and a venerable date - often early seventeenth century. The Council hall, which I looked through, is again fairly ancient. The actual hall bears a date of Queen Elizabeth's time, I think 1571. It is a nice old fashioned room, with a low roof, panelled in oak and emblazoned with arms, the windows covered with arms again of French refugees after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV and old Swiss families themselves, some going back I noticed to 1312. At one end is a picture of the town drawn crudely enough; in an opposite corner was a mighty stove - which reminds me. Both in Suisse and Germany, I believe, there are rarely fireplaces in the houses: their place in each room is taken by a big stove with some curious curving tubing above it. The stove of the council-hall is of old tiles, in blue, looking very like Dutch tiles but I'm told indigenous work. It illustrates the stories of Scripture and there are quaint renderings of Adam and Eve in the garden, Jacob's dream etc. In the entrance-hall, an unpretentious place there is an enormous cavelike aperture in one corner: this, I was told is a fireplace and surely they might have roasted a whole ox in it.

At Mr. Schaettis' there is his mother, an old lady who suffers from nervous facial trouble and has not been very well this year; a little sister of his of about ten, and a cousin. Mrs. S. talks a little English and of course Mr. S. does but neither of the other two, with whom consequently my communications are few and short.

Thursday

On Sunday I went to a French church in the neighbouring village of Landeron, and made out some half a dozen words of the sermon! The fact is that while I can

read some French I cannot make it out when talked at the ordinary (or rather extraordinary) express train rate of the average Frenchman. I could read the hymns however, and that was some consolation. On Monday morning Mr. S. and I started on a long bicycle tour. We went round the southern corner of the lake to the other side, Erlach, and then struck across then narrow bit of land between it and Neuchatel into the largest plain in Suisse (small enough for any other country). We came to a big canal and rode along a heart-breaking road for a quarter of an hour - a road to which the worst excesses of our monsoon-ridden, mud-overlaid, punctured Calicut roads afford some parallel. When we tried to steer clear of one long rut we collapsed into another and were 'unhorsed': and the effort to thread our way through the maze of stones was a marvellous, if often unsuccessful acrobatic feat. But this did not continue long and soon we struck a good road and rode through the village of Aarberg with its long covered bridge-like a shady avenue or and miniature Forth bridge, and its broad market street onto the house of Mr. Schaetti's aunt; situated on a hillside commanding a most ripping view, once a castle or burg but now a peaceful, poultry-haunted, crimson-rambler shaded home. Here we had some breakfast and then started for the neighbouring village of Ridolfinjen. No, before going to that place we visited an old lady - a great friend of the Mission - in Aarberg. She was quite enthusiastic over me, making me feel almost a little boy again! I was greatly amused by her zealous excitement, she so evidently thought me a brand plucked from the burning by the arduous endeavours of the Basel Mission and therefore to be petted and congratulated! Well, after this change of temperature we rode on to Ridolfingen and there had lunch at a pastor's house - or as they call it here, dinner. From there we purposed to go to Avenches by way of Morat. Avenches has fine Roman remains and would have been a very interesting place to see. But we had not gone far from Ridolfingen before my back tyre began to flatten out and I began to feel all the uneven stones that paved that indifferent country roadway. We stopped to inflate it but each time after inflation the process of depression became faster and faster. So the Avenches expedition had to be reluctantly given up. We went instead to Morat. This is situated, as the name implies, on the lake Morat and is a charming little town. Near it was once fought a famous battle and the walls of the town on the landward side still stand in good preservation. They are very high and are built solidly from the ground for three fourths of their height. Then there is a break and the wall rises only on the further side, the townward portion being left as a long passage-roofed over. There are bastions and cannon-holes and all the paraphernalia of medieval military architecture, besides the dry bed of a broad ditch beyond, now green with

shrubs. Coming down from the walls one walks into the main street - or the High Street, as it would be called in England - which is charmingly quaint. There are broad verandahs or passages on either side of the street and a row of flowers and crotons adorn the pillars. On one side there is again a fountain but the warrior was mysteriously absent on some expedition. After inspecting these features and giving the bike over to the ministrations of a deaf old repairer we proceeded to a hotel to have some tea. We sat on the garden-terrace of it, looking out over the lake and commanding a lovely view. We enjoyed the tea and then commenced the ride back, coming home without further adventure at about seven. It was a most enjoyable time and I had an opportunity of seeing a good bit of the country closely.

Tuesday was a rather rainy day but in the afternoon it cleared up largely and we went out rowing on the lake. We crossed over to Erlach and back and then coasted about for some time; but the boat was heavy and the water rather ruffled with the wind and it was somewhat hard work.

Wednesday - yesterday - Mr. S. and I went to Neuchatel, close by. We intended to go by steamer but as it was rather drizzly we chose the train instead. Arrived there, we had dinner at the house of a lady whose husband was once a professor at the University but died sometime ago on the Alps - Madame de Rouge - Mont. Neuchatel itself is a fine town, on the beautiful lake, which reminded me in some of its curves of the ampler glory of Naples. Far beyond the hills on the other side may be seen on a clear day the summits of the Bernese Alps, but the day was anything but clear. After dinner, Mr. S. went to a committee and I went to the Museum. The pride of the Museum is a triad of three pictures by a Swiss artist, M. Paul Robert. They are hung on the stair-walls as one goes up, one in front, one on either side. The centre picture is one of Christ's second coming and represents our Lord in a shadowy, cloud in the top, around him adoring angels. At his feet an angel with the Open Evangel held in front of him. In the foreground in the court of a marble house a crowd of white robed elect. Beside them on the ground writhes the Dragon on whom sword to the ground, his face in a rapturous radiance stands Michael, the Archangel. It is a striking picture and the large canvas gave the artist full scope for detail. To the right of this is another picture crowded with human figures - an allegory of divine Justice and human worship of Mammon - but I thought the canvas overcharged with men and the allegory had some very conventional features - e.g. Justice with the eternal Balances. To the left, however stood a noble piece of work. It was a great

landscape, the foreground blooming with summer flowers, daises and other familiar flowers of the field exactly as I have seen them a dozen times. In the distance a fringe of low hills. A few slight figures of men and women returning home after work. But dominating the whole scene is the centre of the canvas a large bright figure of Abundance like a beatific angel coming to Earth when the Kingdom of God shall have come. In the extreme left hand corner two evil spirits were fleeing before her - the Genius Maligant of Thought - cruelly intellectual - and Devil of Action - sensual and strong in bone and brawn. There was in the white clouds that speckled the blue sky above the hills - half merged in them, and seeming airy or aerial as the lightest summer cloud that ever blew across a glowing sky - a chorus of whiterobed angels. In the simple yet noble and appealingly homely aspect of the landscape, in the central ethereal brightness of the heavenly figure, in the touch of the utter subjection and defeat of evil there is an attraction, a spirituality a pure beauty that I, not being an art-critic, cannot attempt to describe. The rest of the picture-gallery is mostly third-rate, with a few fine pictures and a few ridiculous impressionist or 'modern' ones. Then there is a historical and an ethnographic section, both quite ordinary. I was, however, interested in a Genral Mueron who had, it would appear, fought on the English side in the war against Tippu; there was a sketch of his of some action that took place at Chintadvipettah!

There was no time to look at either the Castle (or Chateau) or the Cathedral as I had to catch the 5 o'clock train. When I came back I found a heavy mail awaiting me in it there was one letter from Amachi dated May 28th (with enclosures from Kunju, Kunjunju and Sosah), one from Apachen dated June 2nd, (with an enclosure from Kunju), one from Kunju dated June 5th, and one from Georgekutty dated June 4th, Madras - besides others. As I had for a rather long time been cut off from home news I was very glad to read all the letters and many thanks to all the writers and for the news.

I have some picture post-cards but since the postage is so heavy I keep them till I get back to England. Tomorrow I am going to Berne and to Zimmerwald near Berne where I am to stay the next week with a friend of Mr. Schaetti's. From there I am hoping to reach down to the real Alps in the south and in the east to Interlaken and the Brienz lake. After that I'll settle down steadily somewhere to work at my French and at a few books I have brought over. About the middle of August I leave for England.

I enclose a copy of the Moffatt's photo taken in their back garden: it has come out rather well, I think. This letter is not very long but next week's, I hope, will be longer. With much love.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#51

Zimmerwald
Berne
Suisse
3.Vii.1913

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter came at last today and I was very pleased to get my mail. Kunju's success is matter for much thankfulness and I'm glad she did so well in Logic. Perhaps Madras would be the best way but probably it is quite right she should rest a year. On the other hand, may I urge that she should not lose all touch of books in that time. I've often found that such a long spell of idleness makes the resumption of studies extra-ordinarily difficult and she would find many of the books prescribed for the course not only exceedingly interesting but useful. This is her one chance of reading them for pleasure, for next year unconsciously she'll find the reading of them much more of an effort of the mind and attention. And the advantage of such a preliminary acquaintance cannot easily be overestimated. If I knew of the books I might perhaps be able to help her with a few hints - perhaps also with notes of Oxford lectures etc. for I know one or two men who are doing Eng. literature here under Napier and Walter Raleigh. K.C. Chacko's first class is brilliant - how well I remember his first coming to the Y.M.C.A., shyest and most timid of boys, the year I went up. But he has an affectionate and good disposition as one discovered later. The more I think of the men I know and know fairly well - they make a long list - the more I am overwhelmed with surprise and thankfulness. I'm sorry at Isaac's failure, but it is a great relief that P.M.Ninan passes. Of K.E.N. there was never a moment's doubt; but P.M.N. wrote to me a letter the day before the exam. full of bitter doubt and despair, so that it is a great mercy his gloomy anticipations did not come true. The B.G.M. College results are very disappointing and I'm really very sorry for Baby and Chrysos and Mammen. Valliamma tells me that Baby is to continue at Kottayam. Gustavus' failure too is a surprise. When I get the news of all these results I find it in my mind to be there and share in that electric atmosphere of suspense, doubt, sudden certainty, success and its infinite satisfaction, failure and its pathos which combine to make the week of 'results' the thrilling climax of the academic year. Glad to hear that the Girls' School is flourishing; so apparently does the -----school too and Valliamma tells me that in some classes everyone passed.

I was rather surprised to read that 'little Kunjunju' was big enough and old enough to undertake these perilous feat of navigating the Kadam on the -----, but when I come to think of it I find that the time when I set out on the boat was fifteen years or more ago! How well I can recall those times and Kunju's terror of the 'blue ocean' - just like Sosah's at the present day. But Georgekutty and the others heeded it not but 'pushed off' like Ulysses, "and sitting well in order smote the sounding furrows" - to change the tense of a line from Tennyson. Those memories are almost like those of "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in foreign lands forlorn"!

It is cheerful to hear that everyone is fairly pleased with the contents of the magic box. Selection of presents is always a perplexing affair as Amachi knows quite well from long experience in acting the part of Santa Claus (don't tell Sosah!) The book on Oxford and Oxford life is very good but the volume of pictures of Oxford which Subbarayan will have brought are even better - they are so good and you'll be surprised to hear cost only 3/6, though they were published at 21/. some years ago; the book is perfectly first-hand. Yes, Oxford is an expensive place but I think I may say with some truth that I have been fairly economical. I find that I will not need the money till November and so there is no hurry for it - I shall specify later the exact amount. As it happens my vacations have come fairly cheap, especially because I have frequently stayed with friends. For example, this time term ended on Saturday the 14th. Till Monday I was George's guest at Cambridge, from Tuesday to Friday Dr. Meyer's at Basle, from Friday, the 20th to Friday the 27th Mr. Schaetti's at Neuveville, from Friday the 27th June to, I think, Monday the 8th the guest of Mr. Schaetti's friend at Zimmerwald. So that for these three weeks my chief expenses have been simply travelling and its incidents: this, however is rather high.

And now about my movements. On Friday morning Mr. Schaetti and I left Neuveville and came to Berne. We wandered round the town all the morning and last Tuesday afternoon too I spent in the metropolis: so I had better combine the two experiences and present a single coherent account. Berne is not a populous city (60,000 I think) but is, as all the world knows, the capital of Switzerland. Corollary: great public buildings. The Post Office is rather fine but not extraordinary. The Houses of Parliament however, are very large, I would say first, that the river Aar flows through the centre of the town something like a horseshoe; but the old city is, as might be expected, in the bend of the shoe. The Parl. is there too but it has both a street-front and a river-front, the latter particularly imposing and long. I saw the

chief hall which is quite adequate with a picture above the President's chair of that wild spot where six hundred years ago (1291) representatives of the three original cantons met and created the Helvetic confederation. The ante-room, a long curving corridor has a splendid prospect across the river. The general complaint about the Houses is that the building is too fine for Switzerland, out of keeping with the simple habits of the people - surely a strange cause for dissatisfaction.

But probably the great point of attraction in Berne is the Cathedral; and so though those who built it, for on a stone is the legend in German 'Imitate, if you can'. The boast is not sustained altogether but still the Cathedral is well worth visiting. The inside is fairly large with some good glass in the chancel and some good carving on the choir-stalls. The pulpit does not rival the Basel pulpit; but some statuary in the aisles merits attention. The organ is very good and so is the front door. This portal is flanked by walls charged with a crowd of carving in stone. There stand on one side the five wise virgins and on the other the five foolish ones in characteristic attitudes; and above them a multitude of other persons chiefly scriptural. Noticeable also is the spire which is very high - over 325 feet. I went up it more than 200 feet and had a splendid view of the city. The large pavingstones in the court below looked like mosaic! The cathedral was begun in 1421 on the site of an old church of 1276 and took nearly two centuries to complete. The total length is about 280 feet. Unhappily, owing to its situation, no really adequate picture of the cathedral can be taken and most cards that I've seen represent the spire with a short perspective of the cathedral in the shadow behind.

Other places of some interest are (i) the Historical Museum - which is nicely built in the shape of a chateau or castle and is fairly good; but after the great London museums all these appear so paltry. One notable feature was antiquities of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland. These people built their houses in the lakes connecting them with the main-land by bridges. (ii) the clock in one of the main streets; the hour is struck by a knight properly clad in armour with an incongruous hammer in his hand, while a cock crows to announce the portentous event and a couple of small bears or monkeys go round a crowned king. The clock always attracts crowds just when it is going to strike. (3) The Bear-garden - with a number of bears in it - the bear is the Berne emblem and the shops are full of teddy-bears - which is evidently a *sine qua non* to a just appreciation of Berne but wh. I neglected. (4) The University - a fair-sized building adorned with a statue of an encyclopaedic Dr. Haller of marvellous attainments who lived many years ago. Of course there are no colleges

and between 1500 and 2000 students who are very cosmopolitan in character including large numbers of Russians, Poles, Italians and Germans and not destitute of Indians!

For the rest Berne is a characteristic Swiss town with squares and platzen, statued fountains and some ill-paved streets, roofed and shaded corridors between the roads and the line of shops, with banks and school and bridges and trams and picture post cards and chocolates and hotels galore.

From Berne Mr. Schaetti and I came in the afternoon to Zimmerwald. The nearest railway station to the village is Belp which you may find on the map. From Belp it is a stiff walk up a mountain for three quarters of an hour, when you come to half a dozen houses and further on a church tower. Besides the tower you'll find a church and next the church a large parsonage - I had almost written pasturage, because the Swiss parsons are called pastors! That is Zimmerwald! It is 800 metres or 2800 ft. above sea level and is a very small place indeed. To right and left the land falls steeply to the plains and on the summit - rather broad - are the few houses and the green fields and meadows, now half-waving with corn and half full of hay drying in the summer sun. From my room there is a magnificent prospect to be had on a clear day, but since I came the days have been unsatisfactory in that respect. Yesterday was the nearest approach and then I could see the Alps in clear outline. A whole range of famous peaks are visible - Shreckhorn (4080 metres), Finsteraarhorn (4275 m), Eiger (3975), Monch (4105 m), Jungfrau (4167 m) Breithorn (3779). A little nearer and to the right of these rises the splendid pyramid-peak of the Niesen (2367); and farther to the right the fantastic curves of the Stockhorn range. Below the glimmering white of the Alpine chain the lake of Thun glitters. So the view is perfect and a picture postcard I have illustrates it. But I'll send it later with the other cards from England to save postage. I took a photo too but do not expect it to be good. The pastor's name is Hopf and his wife's maiden name Marti; she is a daughter of Dr. Marti, Prof. of Hebrew in Berne University - I met him on Tuesday and his other daughters' six or seven and tres jollies. Mr. Hopf is not very proficient in English - the other day he told me to my consternation or rather delight (!) that I might take the biscuit whenever I wanted it, meaning his bicycle - but his wife talks much better and he keeps a German - English, English - German dictionary in his pocket, so that we get on fairly well. There are also two little girls of perhaps 4 and 2. Mr. Hopf is an ardent cultivator of bees like Virgil before him and has a house of thirteen or fourteen hives each containing twenty or thirty or fifty thousand bees (Honest fact!) As a great compliment he named one of them after me and he is quite

kind and nice in every way. These hives are very productive. Of course, honey can be taken only in summer but a good hive yields 50 lbs. in the season; Mr. Hopf had one which gave him 100 lbs. On Tuesday we went to Berne, and yesterday to Thun and the Thuner see or the lake of Thun, tomorrow we are proposing to go - if the weather is good - on a two days walking tour in the Bernese Alps I shall describe yesterday's excursion presently.

The little white flower enclosed is the famous Edelweiss - a Swiss flower which grows among rocks in the high mountains and is sought after at considerable risk of life. Mr. Hopf gave me a few. I have made a collection of other wild flowers found about Zimmerwald and will send them later to Kunju, but she must be prepared to find them naturally small and unimpressive.

Now for Thun. At seven in the morning we walked down to the little village of Toffen and there took train to Thun. Thun is a town of less than 10,000 inhabitants in the corner of the lake of the same name and on the Aar which here has its mouth - a pretty town with a hill dominating it on which stand the castle and the church surrounded by an old wall. The castle is of a decent size and makes a rather pretty picture from a distance - but of course is nothing to a proper English fortress. The chief interest in it now is a Historical Museum, so-called. It consists of a couple of rooms filled with a few old coins, some lances and swords, a few trumpery prints and ridiculous old porcelain. of course these things are kept up for the sake of the income from the tickets, each unwary traveller beguiled into its dusty precincts having to pay 50 centimes or 5d. The church is a good size with an octagonal tower and a large organ. The churchyard is interesting because there is buried Philip Chandran, our Stephan aiyan's brother, who in the sixties of last century came to the Mission house at Basel and died at Thun towards the end of his stay in Europe. I saw the stone after some search hidden away under some green creepers but the inscription was still plain to read. A curious tombstone, surely. From the terrace I saw the Niesen, and the Blumlisalp - and on the top of the Niesen, with a telescope, what looked like a tent. The Niesen had no snow on it but the Blumlisalp, a peak of the Bernese Alps range (3671 m) was quite covered.

After dinner we went on board a steamer which cruises about the lake from Thun to Interlaken. It was a fine afternoon and we went on land about halfway up and walked a mile to St. Beatus' Grotto and Cell. The cell and grotto are at Beatenberg quite close to the shore of the lake. A stream descends in many small waterfalls into

the Thuner see; up the side of the hill we went and came to an old cave in the rock where according to ancient tradition, St. Beatus lived. A figure of him still startles the spectator. From the cell you can pass into the grotto. It is a natural grotto and was once 2000 or 2500 metres long but only about 800 m. or 1/2 a mile is open to visitors. It is lighted with electricity and is usually not more than six or seven foot wide and the same height; but it leads to all sorts of curious openings and caves and bypaths, precipices and staircases and in the second half of the course to a great number of stalactites, some in exceedingly fantastic shapes, a few like animals - a serpent, an alligator - a bull etc. At some places the stalactites formed a great wall and in others there were petrified waterfalls. The whole grotto was full of interest but unfortunately was too dark for photos; but I took one of the mouth of the grotto; and I have a few picture postcards.

We took the steamer back at Beatenberg. The trip was delightful - the scenery on both sides interesting. On the right it was mostly sheer cliff and rock; to the left the Nesen rose, a mighty pyramid and behind a few snow-capped peaks of the Bernese Alps. Behind us lay the town of Interlaken, dear to the tourists' heart; which reminds me that I frequently heard English on board the boat. We reached home late at night but it was still quite light.

The mail this morning. With love to all. Will write to Ammu and Sarah next week. How is Valliamachi etc?

Yours affectionately
Kuruville

'Les Fongeres' (The Ferns)	#52	as from
Costaillon	11.vii.1913.	Merton College
Neuchatel		Oxford
Suisse		Angleterre.

My dear Apachen,

I have to begin with last Friday. Well, on Thursday night we made all preparations for the excursion - soup - tablets and chocolate, everything having to be in smallest compass because we would need to carry it on our backs. But alas for our hopes and preparations, Friday morning turned out bad; and the expedition had to be

given up: for it is no use at all to go in the Alps on a cloudy day; all the grand views are veiled in mist and one can see little besides the things immediately on either side. Since I did not go. I had time to write some more letters and to do a little work. On Saturday too there was little done And Sunday was of course quiet. I should mention that on Saturday afternoon I went again to Berne and saw the Alpine Museum, where they have a number of fine and large reliefs of the Alpine mountains, a striking one of the Matterhorn etc. a good collection of butterflies of Switzerland (Fr. papillons), and a collection of the fauna of the Alps - a chamois or two, some of those mighty eagles that carry off lambs sometimes and smaller creatures. From the Museum - a small one - I walked to see the famous Bear Garden wh. was very disappointing. There were half a dozen brown bears in the pit, that was all, tho probably there were a few more inside. Nevertheless it is one of the great sights of Berne; of course because the Benrese heraldic emblem is a bear. It is, however, astonishing how many grown up people can waste their time just looking down to see the gambolling of the bears; it might be very well for children but for people who not longer have the pervading excuse of youth it is a surprising amusement. But let me not carp at the enjoyments of people who are sad enough in many ways!

On Monday noon I left Zimmerwald where I had spent so many happy days and came to Neuveville; but stayed there only an hour, Mr. Schaetti and I starting at a little past five for this place. Neuchatel is easy to find on the map; three or four miles further south is the little village of Costeillod connected by train with the town. 'Les Fingers' is a house rather out of the village and having a pretty garden all round. My hostess is Mrs. Dumont, the widow of a pastor, who has two boys of about 17 and 12, the second of whom is at home. Her father who invented the cable or something like that lives in the next house, 'a large one' in big grounds, and bordering the lake. There are two other young Germans in the house, that is all. We have the free run of the gardens of the other house and so I can walk any time by the side of the lake and have a cold bath and swim in the early morning whenever I want it. It is very pleasant to have a dip sometimes: the water is cold but not so cold as cold water in the house; and the bottom slopes very gradually, that there is no danger. There is besides a boat which though very heavy is still rowable and the lake is lovely - so that altogether my lines have fallen in pleasant places. Mrs. D. gives me French lessons, chiefly in reading, and I believe I am progressing fairly well. Of course I do not expect to be able to speak much French by the end of the short month but I do expect to be able to read books with considerable facility. At the present moment I can read nearly eight pages in the hour though a good many words have to be looked up in the

dictionary, but I should soon have a fair vocabulary. After all it is the power to understand books easily that I want and the translation paper in the exam is from French into English. I am now indulging in visions of having enough Italian next year to be able to do the same thing. Of course I am in a pension but the charge again is by no means high - only 30 franc or about 25 shillings a week for everything. If I had gone to France it would have cost me 50 fr. or 42 sh. per week and I could never have got such pleasant diggings - so that I may congratulate myself. I am thinking of staying here only a month as I should get back to England by the middle of August; there is a great deal of work to be done this vacation and since I came here I have been working fairly hard, 5 to 7 hours each day. I do not know what I shall do when I get back, but I must go to Oxford to get some books and leave others behind me. I may take the opportunity and stay there a week to read in the Radcliff some books which I will not be able to get at elsewhere. The Moffats, I think, will still be there and that will be some comfort. The whole of September I hope to spend at some quiet seaside place, perhaps in Devon or Cornwall; as I like to be near the sea. The last week Krishnamachari thinks he can spend with me which will be very nice as he is going to Cambridge after all.

Such are my vague plans of the future, but the present is enjoyable enough. Unfortunately the letters have not come yet this week (Friday 11:30 a.m.) from Oxford and I am wondering what can have happened to them. The weather too has been anything but pleasant this last week - very gloomy and often rainy villain temps, as they say in French. Just now, the sky is dull as lead with not a promise of sunshing in it for the rest of the day at least.

I do not know what else to write. All this week I have been living so quietly that there are none of the usual materials for a long letter; and the sheets, besides, are an extraordinary size and take a good deal of filling. I forgot, however, to tell you about the rest of Mrs. Dumont's family: She herself cannot be less than forty, probably 45. Her father and mother are very old people; but imagine my consternation when she quietly introduced me to her grandmother and grandaunt, two ladies who looked as if they belonged to the 'Ancient Regime' at least, and whom I feel tempted to call after Meredith - "The Eighteenth Century".

The garden is quite nice; there are trees and plenty of chairs about and I usually read in the open air. The roses are in their decline but still remain, there are other flowers but I cannot remember the French names I was told. The gigantic

strawberries I enjoyed at Zimmerwald are lacking but there are instead rows of red currant bushes at the back of the house. The place is very quiet and an ideal holiday scene and I am thoroughly enjoying it.

The boy in the house, Francis, goes to school in the neighbourhood; he talks to me very slowly in French and generally we are able to understand each other, though of course I am unable to say a great many things I should like to. Mrs. D. talks a little English and one of the other lodgers fairly well; and so we get on. The other day I gave Francis a few stamps to his delight. Speaking of stamps reminds me that I have a noble collection for Kunjunju a mightly array of nearly 60 Swiss, U.S.A. 33, Franch 32, Germany 31, Netherlands 27, Sweden 24, Austria 23, Belgium 22, Denmark 11, Italy 0, Russia 8, Spain 6, Norway 3, Hamburg (an old stamp) 1, and Japan 10, British Colonies 24, miscellaneous over 20. If he does not leap with joy I am mistaken. But as I wrote last time I can only send them from England. There are also a great number of spare stamps or duplicates.

I am buying a few French books to keep up my reading: but it is rather difficult to get good books cheaply. There is a great difference between England and the Continent in this respect: in Germany the books are heavy and usually bound in an unattractive black cloth; in France they are often in paper; and in both countries good books are very expensive - due, I believe to a combination among the booksellers.

And now I am quiet at an end of my news; I hope you'll forgive this letter being so short and dull. It is certainly not because I did not wish the contrary. With much love to all,

ever yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I should beg pardon for not remembering in my last letter to send my best greetings and wishes for Apachen's birthday. The hurry and haste of the time put it out of my mind, and I am very sorry. But may I now send my loving wishes for many happy returns of the day. I hope the book of Oxford pictures I sent through Subbarayan reached home long ago: it was meant for Apachen's birthday.

'Les Fougères'
Cortailod
Neuchâtel
Suisse

#53

as from
Merton Coll.
Oxford
July. 15. 1913

My dear Amachi,

Last week the mail arrived late in Oxford and so it was kept there till this week's mail came too; and both came together to me yesterday along with a heap of other letters and papers including a photo of Mr. and Mrs. C.P.M. which Unniachan had the kindness to send and for which I take this opportunity of thanking him. There was also a letter from Georgekutty - and I find that I have to answer in one letter no less than twenty-seven pages of manuscript.

Just when I had written so far the mail came and brought a letter for me from Oxford. The Moffatts are still there, all except Dr. M. who is away in Canada. Margaret writes to me in answer to one of mine and enclosed a letter from Kunju with which she'll no doubt be delighted and of which the last sentence is to be omitted.

dated 17 June.

Well, to begin with Apachen's letter. Many thanks for all the news of the College. I hope Kunjunju will now make some effort to pass his exam: it is not only a waste of a year but often such a loss in other ways not to pass the first time. So Joseph Eapen is back: he writes to me that he had got admission at St. Joseph's Coll. Trichy, but his mother did not like his going there. It is a pity that Mildmay is making such a poor impression; perhaps one ought not to expect much from a temporary substitute. It is, however, comforting to learn that Mueller is displaying good sense, not always prominent in the activities of the Basel men there. I am very glad Kochunju has got admission to the Christian College: it is infinitely better for him in many ways than the Central College, though the latter may be as good or better in the matter of mere study. People are sometimes apt to underrate the value and importance of the influences that act on a young man at his most impressionable age and in such a manner Madras can offer the best. Besides he'll start with many advantages, knowing as he does more than one friend and relative of influence and character. I am sure he will be all the better for it and I could have wished for Chrysos too a year at Madras. From another letter I find that the Christian College 11th class, 3rd group has not less than 14 first classes and 38 seconds: which means

a percentages of over 45. I am rather pleased as I had the privilege of lecturing to them in Roman History for a term or more. In the first group they have seven firsts and 13 seconds and in the second group three firsts and seven passes. Three of my friends in the first group have all firsts, though two others have failed. The M.A. results are interesting - Manikkam deserved his second long ago and I am very glad at Nilakantan's first - that at any rate deprives Ranjaswamy of Trivandrum of the credit of being the only first in History. M.A. Jagadisan was a hardworking but probably not brilliant man and his second is creditable. I cannot recall R. Krishnamurthi who has got the first in English. Some other points in the letter I must answer later: but as soon as I can.

Now for Amachi's. I quite admit that a film camera is costlier than a plate one but it is far more convenient in other respects. As for its being too cheap I'm glad you think so, because that was a consideration with me, and it works fairly well as you'll see from the photo I sent last week. I should be glad to send Kunju some contributions occasionally but she must not expect one of each I take, it is too expensive. On the other hand, I have a small album and as soon as I get it filled in I shall send it home for you to look at. Meanwhile I shall send of my friends if I can persuade them to submit to the ordeal and try also to get somebody take me. It is a pity that I could not get any very good ones of the Alps as yet.

I am very glad to hear of Gee's success in the B.L. which compensates in some way for Chryso's ill luck. Nobody tells me anything of Akkamma, so I suppose she has passed. It is curious how at Angevidu they have a mixed result always and have to balance success and failure with occasionally unsatisfactory results. But does not the satisfaction or dissatisfaction often depend on the point of view from which we regard it and we are so apt to take such a partial view of the whole question. There never was a thing so infinitely useless, nay positively harmful, so wearing, worrying and blinding, so apt to foster prejudice, so altogether reprehensible as anger - I speak largely, to my cost, from past experience. It has none even of the attractions of vices.

Very sorry to hear of Georgekutty's toothache. The plan of the house looks decidedly interesting and I have no suggestions to offer - even if they are desired. Glad to hear that the Engineer's sons are also coming up: a new generation will have come entirely by the time I return to Madras. I hadn't thought that Percy would get promotion, indeed his own letters led me to expect otherwise; but I'm really pleased to hear they have both been promoted. It would be a pity if Ernest does not get a

place in the Christian College.

I have not much to write on my own account this week again. I have spent as yet an absolutely quiet time though later we may go on some excursions. On Saturday afternoon I went to Neuchatel in the tram and saw some buildings there - the Chateau or castle, which is not very large but forms a rather fine pile of building from the outside. There are some cloisters there and a cathedral - quite small - but both were shut up. Not so the Eglise Catholique: the Catholic Church. Its doors stood wide open and it is a rather nice building with nave and choir and aisles, frescoes on the walls, candles burning and priests passing as anywhere in a Roman church. There is a tiny park with a miniature Zoological gardens in the town but I did not waste time on the couple of monkeys and peacocks etc. that constituted the entire stock. I do not know the history of the town well but believe that till the nineteenth century and even later it was an independent corporation with a duke of its own and I believe that for some time the duke was the Elector of Brandenburg (later King of Prussia). What, however, interested me even more than the chateau, minister and other conventional features of any Swiss town was a small English Church. For three weeks I had gone to unintelligible French and German churches where the people stood up during the prayers and sat down to sing the hymns - a most disconcerting arrangement to one accustomed to exactly the contrary procedure - and as it was a great sense of relief that I went to the tiny Eng. Ch. on Sunday. There were just a score of people present, more than half little boys and girls, but the familiar aspect of the whole was almost like homecoming. The sermon was not first rate but the preacher - a man of years - had a benevolent look that a bishop might have been proud of.

In the afternoon I kept at home but there was a great hydroplane flight at Neuchatel. On the Continent Sunday is hardly observed at all, at least not in the way one is accustomed to in England or in India. The reason and some of the excuse for it is the fact that there is no weekday halfholiday. In England by act of Parliament every workman or woman is entitled to a half holiday in the week with the result that either on the Thursday or on Saturday afternoon all the shops are closed. The fetes, exhibitions, matches etc. which draw the crowds are accordingly all arranged for these free days - but on the Continent the labourers - whether in field or factory - are sweated the whole week through, nine or ten or eleven hours a day and they consequently tend to look upon Sunday as a legitimate time for holiday-making. Every public dance is held on a Sunday every fete or show or flight, circus or

gymnastics all take place on the 'day of rest'. Sometimes walking through a Swiss village on Monday morning one may hear the sound of many songs from a house or building. I heard it once and thought it was a concert. So it was but not of the sort I had imagined. The labourers worked to death till Saturday evening soak themselves in beer all Sunday with the result that they are unfit for work on Monday too: most appropriately called Blue Monday. Hence they stay at home and sing off their inebriation! One is inclined to pity and to excuse those whom the inadequate regulations of government drive thus to waste their strength and manhood. In any English town on Sunday the streets are marvellously empty and still - the difference with other days most marked. Hardly so on the Continent. In every such respect one finds reason to believe that in the humane alleviations of civilization England is still much in advance of Switzerland or Germany, and farther still from France.

I am having a nice time here. There is a good deal of work to do and so I have all my time filled. For exercise there is the lake, where I have often a cold dip and little swim in the morning and on a fine afternoon I go out a rowing. The boat is a very heavy one but moves; and the lake is delightful. It is, people who know it say, dangerous: it appears that there is a sudden wind which blows boats over to the other shore and if one is caught in that Euroclydon the position is by no means entirely pleasant. But the opposite shore is always visible except in the heaviest storm and on clear days even the faraway line of the Alps. The colours are often beautiful, there is something of a rosy aspect in the sunset and the cloudy blue of the land in the evening is delightful. The lake itself presents all sorts of contrasts of colouring - green and light blue and dark blue, sometimes even a pale yellowish-brown. The grounds are rich in wild flowers and in one halfhour I collected more than forty specimens - but it is impossible to send all of them and a great many are insignificant and uninteresting.

Mrs. Dumont has two sons, one of whom is away at Bienne in a school and the other is at home. She has several nephews, especially three little boys who are around me just now launching a volley of half understood questions in voluble French: the main purport of which is when I will go and play with them at hide and seek and such other barbarous games practised in the childhood of the world. Not yet, my wily kids, because the mail has got to be finished this morning and I have one or two more letters to write. Meanwhile they are amusing themselves with riding in a carriage, firing pistols and generally doing their best to distract me: but I am too hardened a sinner to be this easily led astray. I seduced them by sailing paper boats

down a tiny stream and by practising ordinary conjuring tricks such as making stones disappear and multiply etc. most elementary tricks indeed but anything is good for those who do not know it.

Many thanks to Sarah and Ammu for their letters to which I shall make reply very soon: though Sarah's letter was very short and Ammu's was mostly about the old and confused complaint about the lace insertion and embroidery insertion! Sarah's had an allusion to a book for a Sunday school prize. Does she really want it? If so I shall try to get one when I get back to Oxford or perhaps in London. In France books are most unconscionably dear.

No, papers for collections mean real question papers, but only on about half of English History, Political Science and a portion of the European History. Even that involves a great amount of work and I am trying to work as much as I can. As for the photo I shall try to get one taken in London or perhaps I may get myself 'snapped' by my own camera by someone else.

I am sorry my letters are so unsatisfactory nowadays but believe me it is not for lack of trying to make them long and lively. I had been feeling slightly unfit for the last two days but am quite well again now. Hoping everyone there is well, and with much love to all,

Yours very affectionately
Kuruville

Merton Coll.	#54	'Les Forgeses'
Oxon.		Cortailod
24.Vii.1913		Neuchatel
		Suisse

My dear Apachen,

My mail came last Monday and included halfadozen letters. Many thanks for the homeletter. It says that I may be now enjoying a glorious view of the summer Alps. I devoutly wish I were. But the weather is so bad that I'm afraid there is little chance of it. It rains, it is gloomy, it even thunders and lightens (Fr. orage); and not a glimpse of the line of Alps on the other side of the lake strikes upon my gazing eyes. Worse luck still. If the weather was good I was to have gone with Mr. Peter

(B.G.M.) and another into the Alps near Meiringen (please find on the map near the lake of Brienz) - that would have been a perfectly lovely tour; but the continuance of this perfectly dismal weather threatens the projected expedition with an early and untimely death. Letters from India tell me that the monsoon there suddenly and mysteriously ceased: the explanation is perhaps to be found here - the Pleiades now shine in the country of Helvetia.

Next, as to the photos. In an even hour I gave a few I had taken of the Alps to a Neuchatel shop to develop - with the unfortunate result that the mountains are invisibile to the eye of flesh! I am much disappointed and perhaps part of the cause may be the bad light and underexposure of the films; but that is not all. When I had successfully taken over twenty films it is incredible that the last six should all go bad - incredible, I say, except on the theory of some mental degeneration in me of which there are no other proofs! Worse and worse, they overcharged me for this undoing of my beloved films. Therefore I am going to keep my other films till I get back to England and then I shall send home some of the most interesting. As for my own again, I think England would be the best and cheapest.

I'm glad you met Subbarayan, though I can quite understand you were disappointed. He is not quite accurate in saying I am the same as a year ago - on the contrary I'm sure I look and feel better as no doubt the photo will soon prove. I hope the parcel will be more entertaining than Subbarayan - the pictures are really good ones though the book itself is not quite up to date. I like especially the boat races in which you can see how and where the men run. Again they are a fair size and remarkably complete as far as the colleges go. The picture postcards are of Scotland; my Swiss cards I'll send later, though I have not collected as many as usual.

Mildmay reminds me strongly of Mr. Hill in his first years without his amiability. It is a pity that Kunjunju and the others have such unsatisfactory teaching in English, but it cannot be helped now. And after all I'm persuaded that in English a great deal, probably the greater part of the work must ever be on the student himself. I remember the exactly similar circumstances of the Zamorins College when I was there, and if my own plan would be of any use it was this: I studied the text thoroughly myself reading it again and again in the light of some good annotation. The one I used was the Warwick Shakespeare which was excellent and by the time I had finished I knew almost the whole of the notes by heart - they were not long or diffuse - and the body of the text too so thoroughly that I could almost quote act,

scene and line for any verse in the whole play. And as a matter of fact, I never knew my English better than in the F.A. exam. The advantage of this method is that it is of incalculable advantage to know the text well - it enables me to quote (and judicious quotations go a long long way to make a good answer) and further if I am not mistaken the questions are of such a nature that not a few demand a close and accurate knowledge of the text. The same method is equally applicable to all the other books, even prose; and, of course, in the last resort it reduces perhaps to the sovereign principle of work - without which nothing can be done. I would strongly advise Kunjunju to try this system unless he has a better plan of his own which he consistently works. If I have met with any success in the exams in English I have no doubt it is to be largely attributed to an intimate acquaintance with the text. It is of only very secondary importance to consult many editions and a number of interpretations some of which are often confusing if not absurd.

Glad to hear that Kochunju has got admission to the Christian College - and that Chrysos has gone to Trichy. S.P.G. it is a good college - and no doubt working as he does from the Junior Class again he'll do very well. It is interesting to hear of N.T. George's coming back to Calicut. Many thanks for the analysis of results - which I was wishing to have - yet, the Christian College has done very well: especially since it has the only first in Maths and one of the two firsts in Science, both subjects which the college is generally supposed not to be strong in, perhaps not without some reason. It is surprising to find there is not a single first in History after the profusion of last year. The College has I see three firsts in English and three firsts in the Presidency - for English, Maths and Philosophy - as Ninachen writes to me - Apachen only mentioned two. From another student I had a complete list of the Intermediate results of the College and it is gratifying to see that in spite of my History lectures there is a fair percentage of passes in Group III. It is like this:

Group I 7 firsts. 12 seconds - 60%

Group II 3 firsts. 7 seconds - 32%

Group III 14 firsts. 38 seconds - 46%

and four of my special 'boys' have got firsts. Krishnamachari has promised to send me the Intermediate Gazette as soon as he gets it: so that I shall not suffer for lack of Knowledge. One is more pleased than ever at Kunju's success considering that the general percentage is only about 30%. K.E. Ninan also gave me some account of the new men in Madras of whom there seems to be a great many and not a few quite young fellows like Kochunju up for their Intermediate. I am already like Joseph, of

a forgotten generation!

Last mail I had also a letter from Mr. Kuhner asking me to write an article in Malayalam for the Kerala Yuvanu - I am enclosing a letter saying how sorry I am but there is more than one previous promise of the same sort which I have not yet been able to fulfil and time is scant: assuring him at the same time of my sympathy with the magazine (how its 680 subscribers will miss my my lovely Malayalam article!)

It may seem to you that I have endeavoured to make what capital I may from the homeletter: the conjecture would be perfectly correct. The fact is that this week I have been quieter than ever, never stirring out of Cortaillod except to go to Neuchatel once to buy a few things and once to go to the English Church, both of which adventurous travels passed off without the least excitement, not even an iceberg or an armed and hostile crowd of Red Indians or any other such ordinary and incidental experience which usually fills books of travels. All the time I have been working at my French and my other books, though not very hard. I am making some progress in reading French and can now go at the rate of fifteen or more pages an hour merely to read or ten or twelve to translate and seven or eight to read and translate: the chief trouble is that as yet I have a slender vocabulary and of course I cannot talk as yet.

Kunju informs me that Mr. Jones had my letter. After being in such a hurry to get it he does not seem to be in an equal haste to answer it. Human nature! Wherefore learn charity.

After all I hardly think I will go to France this time. The chief object was to learn French but I'm doing it as well here and it is irksome to travel about alone while it is no use staying a week in any one place. On the other hand I think I'll have time and chance to go next year to France and it is not much more expensive than living in England. At present I am spending less money than I should have had in England - the board is only 24/4 and since there are no shops near there is no chance even if there were inclination to spend more. However I have got a few French books, all historical. I am hoping very much to be able to go to North Italy some time, not only because of the vast historical and aesthetic interest of the towns but also because of a new project in my mind, to learn Italian enough to be able to read. One month would probably do.

Friday morning: 25th

I am finishing the letter. The lake is stormier than I have ever seen it before though of course only for a lake. I remember somehow that it is more than a month since I saw any English newspaper and so am utterly ignorant not only of the results of the Varsity Cricket match but also of the Final Schools which must have been published before now. There are several people I should like to know the fates of besides of course the College results.

Would Georgekutty please put the letter to Mr. H. Kirkner in an envelope and send it on. I am enclosing a half anna stamp which I found in my belongings for the purpose! His address is simply Tellicherry.

Hoping Valliammachi is better and everybody else is well. With much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

'Les Fougères'
Costaillod
Neuchâtel
Switzerland

#55

as from
Merton Coll.
Oxford
31.Vii.1913

My dear Amachi,

Your interesting letter by the last mail which only came to me on Wednesday morning. I expect that from now till December or so the mails will be regularly late on account of the Monsoons in the Indian Ocean. I am writing this on the last day of July and remember that I left home on the 5th of August last year: so that it is nearly a year as I write this. Many things have occurred in that year but little that does not give cause for thankfulness?

Mr. Schaetti invited me to go to the Mission Festival at Basel but as it interfered with other plans, as all the meetings were in German and as I had already met most of the Malabar missionaries I decided not to go to it. Mr. Mildmay is not hopeless. Mr. Miller I can imagine being good but never being interesting - he is a solemn man. Mr. Thompson is appropriately described as a Fund: may not the phrase 'Consolidated Fund' describe him yet more accurately? That reminds of Mr. Weller's

'reduced counsels', for which search the end of the inimitable Pickwick. Sorry to hear that Sosah has not yet ventured to navigate the 'Kandam' - I suppose I shall have to take her on a voyage of exploration when I come back.

Gee will be haunting the law courts now as constantly as Miss Flite (vide Bleake House), but I hope with better success. The incident of Kochooij and Dr. Skinner is extremely characteristic of both; his sang-froid must have been rather disturbed at Dr. Skinner's 'unreasonable requirements in the matter of attire' as the little negroes said when they were fitted out with flannel waistcoats. (vide Pickwick Continued). Kunju will be in high feather over her teaching offer - considering all the circumstances it was surely right that she did not go, and it is quite right that she should learn a little housework as I'm glad to hear she does. Surely Mrs. Berry did not exaggerate the importance of cookery. I felt inclined for a moment to make a joke of the idea of her taking charge of five classes, but it is not more preposterous than was my own attempt at lecturing to men some of whom were older than me! Probably she would have enjoyed the playing-games part of it best. So Sarah is reading hard - though, I hope, with no detriment to her eyesight or her other duties: neither can be spared very well - as the little boy said when they asked me to choose one of two apples. And Ammu wants to become musical and astonish audiences like Paderewski at least Kunjunju is developng into a twentieth-century Nimrod. Well as Sam Weller would say we are all 'characters'.

You'll see from a rather undue use of phrases and similies in a Pickwickian sense that I have been recently reading that book. So I have it being one of two English books that exist in the house. And whenever I feel extra-tired or lazy a dose of Sam Weller is an unfailing remedy. The other book is 'Westward Ho' which I had almost entirely forgotten, and which despite a certain rather aggressive 'Elizabethanism' as one might call it is a decidedly interesting book. For the rest I am rather hard at work now at my history books - seven hours a day on the average, though at first I did not more than four. I am getting on well in my French reading but my conversational powers are still extremely limited - but the chief thing is to be able to read; and reading widely I'll soon be able to talk. If I could have stayed here two months I should have been talking like a Parisian at the end of them! But unfortunately I have to leave Cortaillod very soon.

My plans are shaped in the rough now. Next week sometime I leave Switzerland. I cannot make any stay in France as I do not know anybody anywhere nor enough of

the language to fend for myself. So I'll probably go straight through Paris and Calais to Dover and London. Then I propose to go to Oxford and there stay in lodgings for ten days or so till about the 20th August. The purpose of this is to get at some books in the libraries: besides it is an ideal plan for working hard. One can go in the morning to the Bodleian or Radcliffe, get a score or so of books and remain pleasantly immersed in them till the evening: the seats are delightful and as there is nothing else to do there is no temptation to waste time. Besides I could inspect the bookshops and pick up any second handers I want: now is the time, for the exams are just over and the shops are full. On about the 20th Krishnamachari and I go off somewhere - probably to the Devon Coast - for a month or more. It is a great thing to have him, it gives me companionship one so craves for in vacation time especially and makes things pleasant. It might have been hard to get anybody else: esp. as Subbarayan is in India and another Indian with whom I had half planned to go to France wrote to me last from Suez on board a P & C steamer sailing away merrily to India! I shall probably keep on to my digs till term begins on Oct. 9th, I think. Krishnamachari has his entrance exam in the very beginning of the month. As I have an overwhelming quantity of work to do I shall not have much time to feel lonely - but do not think I'll overwork: all the above - written expressions are a sort of sop to my conscience and a natural laziness inevitably keeps one from indulging in the process expressingly known as 'working onself to death'. This plan may probably have to be modified in detail, e.g. I have not yet received permission to reside in Oxford in vac; but on the whole it will probably be fulfilled.

When I had written so much there came a telegram from Mr. Schaetti asking me whether I could go with him and one or two others to the hills. We are going first I know to Mt. Pelerin near Vevey on the lake of Geneva and after that probably to one of the southern Alps. I am awfully glad that after all there is a chance of seeing the Switzerland of our dreams. Of course I shall take my camera with me and try to get some pictures of the hills.

I do not know wht else to write. Time is scarce too as I hoped to finish the letter tomorrow and tomorrow morning I have to go away. Tomorrow, by the way, is a great day in Switzerland, the national fete day. Curiously enough it is not a public holiday, but there will be great rejoicings everywhere. Francis, the boy of the house, has some private fireworks of his own tonight and all over the country will be fireworks and bonfires and gymnastic fetes and other gaities of the kind. All last week I have kept perfectly quiet, my only adventure being a visit to Neuchatel on

Saturday as usual. I went for a book which however had not come but I secured an English magazine which of course was read from cover to cover in the shortest possible space of time. On Sunday I went to the French church at Cortaillod and made out little enough of sermon and prayer. The procedure is very disconcerting as people stand for prayers and sing hymns sitting - it somehow jars on one to stand up to pray, like the pharisee of the parable. A kneeling attitude seems so much more natural, does it not?

I am enclosing two characteristic picture postcards of the fete. The one with a number of curious looking ladies and gentlemen of the place where five hundred or so years ago representatives from the three original cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Untewald met and formed the Confederation. The second is some allegory having reference to the French Revolution: though what precise event the date 1798 indicates my knowledge of modern history is too inadequate to be sure of. The stamps on the card are real five centimi stamps - corresponding to halfpenny. 10 centimes = roughly, one penny.

May I stop now. Many thanks for Kunju's letter. I hope all at home are well. I should have liked to have made this longer but there is nothing else very important and time presses. With much love to everybody.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila Zachariah

P.S. Kind remembrances to Unniachen, Chaduthy etc; also Oleshele Kunju.

#56

'Les Fougères'

Cortaillod

Neuchatel

Suisse

5.8.1913

My dear Apachen,

This week the Indian mail is again late and I shall not get my letters till I get back. I am hoping to leave Neuchatel on the 8th, Friday, at 7:30 in the morning. I shall be at Paris at 2:25 p.m., leave it at 4 p.m. - changing stations meanwhile, from

the Gare du Lyons to the Gare du Nord - and arrive at Victoria Station, London, at 10:45 the same evening. It is a very convenient train for me. The dates are significant. I write this letter on the 5th, exactly a year since I left Calicut, and I leave Switzerland on the 8th, the same day as I went on board the Otway last year.

I have a good many things to write of in this my last letter from the Continent: last week has been busy and fairly crowded. But perhaps first I had better begin with the Final School Results at Oxford which the Porter kindly sent me. Both Crawford and Gray passed the Law Preliminary Exam which of course is not a final school, and now they'll read for History Honours. In the final Schools, Heath got a first in Theology - he had a second in Greats last year, a nice man. In Jurisprudence Crake - cox of the First Eight and a half blue - got a fourth, as might have been expected. In Modern History Phillips got a first - you'll know the name, he wrote for the Stanhope too this year and did not get it though last year he had an Honourable Mention. Hunt, Kenum and Wood got seconds and Browne a third - of these Kenum, Wood and Browne are all First Eightsmen. We have not had a first in History since 1908 and last year we had only one second. In natural Science Walsh gets a first and Carruthers and Jarintzoff have seconds. Carruthers is a chess halfblue. In Mathematical Moderations - an exam corresponding to honour Classical Mods and usually taken at the end of two years, Buxton has a first and Bird a first year man has a second. In Greats we had only two men and both came out in the second. Howe and Baldock. In Modern Languages Bryan, an American, has a second; and in the B.C.L. Ellingwood and Bristow, two Americans, have thirds. We have done extremely well on the whole with three firsts, and especially in History. Of course there are many others in other colleges whose fates I do not know yet, but must find out as soon as I am back in Oxford. On the foregoing, Phillips and Kerum, Walsh and Jarintzoff, Bird and Buxton, Howe and Baldock are all Scholars or Exhibitioners.

Well, to go on to my travels. On Friday morning, in accordance with Mr. Schaetti's instructions I went to Neuchatel and met the ten-express but did not find them. Thinking they might have gone on by an earlier train, however, I took a ticket and sailed away gaily to Vevey. The train runs through a pleasant land. As far as Yvoedon it goes close to the lake of Neuchatel while the other side is usually a series of green hills covered with the vine and plentifully clustered with little villages and those tiny little keeps or donjons which the Swiss dignify by the name of 'chateau' or castles. Yverdon is a fair sized town, and after that we ran straight down to Lausanne; which is a hopelessly modern and ugly city which spoils the fair shores of

the lake of Geneva. From Lausanne I went to Vevey, also on the lake. Now Mr. Schaetti had told me in the telegram they were going to Mount Pelerin which is near Vevey. So I got down at Vevey and walked down the street to catch a train. It was the First of August, the day as you'll remember of the national fete. Little girls in white paraded the streets in plenty selling tiny velvet flowers or flags for charities. I invested in a particoloured pansy but not being a patriotic Swiss put it in my pocket instead of mounting it on my buttonhole. I took the train at Vevey and went to the Funiculaire to Pelerin. A funicularie (as its name signifies - funis = rope, Lat) is a chain-tram, so to speak. The arrangement is something like this. There is a double cable from the top of the hill to the bottom; and two carriages. Suppose these start one at the top and the other at the bottom, as the chain is laid out on one side it is taken in at the other; and so while one train goes down, the other travels up. Such, I believe, is roughly the method of the funicularire. Well, I entered the little train and began to go up. It was interesting to see that half the passengers were English and for the first time, I think for a month and a half I had a few words with an English lady who wished to decorate me with one of the velvet flowers, whereupon I politely informed her that I was already the happy possessor of one: she herself had a whole nosegay on her dress! All the time I was hoping that Mr. Schaetti would be at the top of the hill waiting for me. But when I got up there, imagine my consternation at finding nobody to have some dinner, having fasted since six in the morning. This I easily had at a restaurant near by. Then I proceeded to walk up and down the one road of the place on the forlorn hope of meeting Mr. S. somewhere, but this was weary work. However, there were one consolation and that was the view. Mount Pelerin is about 3500 feet above the sea and near the lake of Geneva. Looking down from the top, therefore, one had, a glorious prospect. Down at the foot lay the red houses of Vevey, sprawling like insects on the ground. Then the glittering silver of the lake, which turned round (if I may use the phrase) a little further on, so that one could see three shores of it. A little farther on from Vevey, was a tiny isthmus on which was the famous castle of Chillon which Byron has immortalised. At the bend opposite me was a sudden curious stretch of flat low land, streaking in between the hills. This, I found later is the mouth of the Rhone, as it bursts into the lake. To the west of this lay the celebrated Dent du Midi, one of the peaks of the Savoy Alps. Unfortunately, though the day was bright and sunny, a haze lay on the hills and even on the lake, which, much to my disappointment made photos impossible, but I invested in some picture p. cards which give but a faint impression of the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

Mt. Pelerin itself is a tiny place, the sole building being a dozen hotels and three fourths of the inhabitants - at any time being English or American. In the afternoon I gave up all hopes of meeting Mr. S. or his friends and rather disconsolately began to think of going back. Staying a day was difficult and unpleasant under the circumstances and I had left myself too little time even to visit Chillon, which I wanted much to do. However, I have a very good picture of it. I left Vevey about five - but while I stood near the station was so persistently offered the flowers by the little girls in white aforesaid that I stuck up the one I had in my coat. Thus armed I came to Lausanne about seven and reached Neuchatel, tired and rather disappointed, at past eight. You can only faintly imagine my surprise when on getting out of the train I beheld Mr. S's little sister and himself also in the same process. If I were a magazine fiction writer I should say, I had the surprise of my life! But the marvel was soon explained. The people who went to Pelerin were not the men who had promised to take me to the mountains but Mr. S. his sister and cousin and they had simply gone on a day's visit to Pelerin; but they had taken an earlier train. So that after all I had not lost much except the pleasure of their company. As for the mountaineers Mr. S. told me they had set their thoughts upon a very difficult ascent and thinking I would not be equal to it had gone away by themselves. So I have no further prospect this year of going to the Alps. Below is a rough sketch of the place, but the cards I'll send later on will give a much clearer idea.

This does not by any means exhaust my news this week. News, like misfortunes, crowd together when they come at all.

After I had written so much my mail came all unexpectedly. Many thanks for the letters both from home and from Georgekutty. So you have heard of old 'strogger' - as Streeter is affectionately called by the disrespectful undergrad! He is one of the familiar sights of Oxford and to see him play hockey in the Graduates' Club is as good as a circus. He also rows in the crew of Ancient Mariners - a boat mainly of dons. Also he was one of the authors of Foundations - that eventful book launched on a quiet world last year. As it happened the most unorthodox part of it was written by Streeter - on the Atonement or Resurrection or something like that in which he advanced rather advanced opinions. I heard it said - though probably without foundation (no pun intended) - that he had started on this Eastern tour to let the storm of that escapade subside. He met Mrs. Moffat in Madras and told her he would look me up when he comes back. I hope he won't forget.

As for the money, I find I have more in hand than I expected just now and as it will be perfectly easy to get along to the end of term without any more money than the scholarship. But I may want a little for the December vacation and though Easter term could be tied over by means of the Scholarship Easter vac. would again mean some money: especially, if I am going to Italy. Till October 1914, therefore, I think I may need about £40. But I do not need this at once, and if you could send me £20 so as to reach me by the middle of December and £20 again in March next, I think I shall get on very well. It is these two small vacs. that trouble me. Apart from them I think I could manage on the Scholarship: but they are five or six weeks long each. I am trying to manage things economically but it is hard to reduce expenses below a certain minimum and things like books cannot be dispensed with. Also this vac. I must order a dress suit; which one needs sometimes and cannot always borrow - and clothes are dreadfully expensive in England.

Kunju tells me that she is reading Ruskin now. There is nobody like him for style - marvellously chaste and eloquent, simple yet most expressive and delicate, throbbing with fire and the excess of life, a style of styles. He excels in description, either of places or paintings, scenes or incidents.

After this parenthesis, I shall go back to my own adventures. On Saturday afternoon I and three other men who live here went on an excursion to the Gorge of Areuse. The Areuse is a small river that runs into the Lake of Neuchatel almost within sight of the house - and to see it at the mouth, floating slow and shallow over the low sands of the shore, one would never imagine that it could wear out for itself a gorge through the solid rock. Yet so it is. A little distance beyond Boudry you pass into the sudden valley between the Juras where the river flows, and further on through a short tunnel into the gorge itself which extends for a few miles. On both sides the green hillsides rise inaccessible; and at your foot on the narrow pathway the ground drops to form the canon. The rock is worn to fantastic shapes by the river, and now and then the road leads down close to the riverside. It is a nice walk, pleasant and shaded, cool on the burning summer day, the water broken into sharp lights and shadows as the sunlight streamed scattered through the overarching trees overhead; or foaming where some miniature waterfall intervened; or perhaps the pathway crossed the stream high above the waters and on the bridge you stood contemplating the native grandeur of the scene. At length we came out into a flat bit where the mountains receded on one side a little, had tea at a restaurant and then I took train back to Neuchatel then to Cortaillod. It was a pleasant excursion, through

the gorge runs the railwayline to Paris, so that I shall traverse it again.

On Sunday afternoon I went to Neuveville to say goodbye to the Schaettis. I had a very nice time there and came back by the steamboat to Neuchatel. Mr. Kuhners little girl, Kate, is there now and a lively body she is - a very nice girl. The boat was crowded, for of course Sunday is here the one holiday and I had to stand or lean for half an hour. However it was worth it, for the lakes were pleasant and so was the canal that connects the two - something like the canals through which the steamer arrives at Alleppey, only much greener and nicer. Could it be otherwise?

Thursday, 7th. Aug.

On Monday afternoon Mr. Schetti and Mr. Schaffer - mother B.G.M. missionary working somewhere in Malabar - came to 'les Forgeres'. Mr. S. I think, enjoyed India very much and would like to go back there but as long as his mother is in her present precarious state of health I believe that is impossible. For the present he travels about a good deal in Suisse advocating the cause of the mission and hence has an extensive acquaintance with the pastors of the Country. He has a great many photos of India which I enjoyed seeing very much. Well, on Monday we fixed up a tour for Wednesday. So on Wednesday morning I started, met them at Neuchatel and went up to Le Claux - de - Fords, a considerable town near the French frontier. It is situated high upon the Juras, 3 or 4,000 feet high and the aspect is therefore decidedly fine. From Chaux de Fonds we went on to Le Locle, another town on the hills and from there further on to Les Brenets, by a branch line. Les Brenets is a small lake, or rather a river which here assumes the proportions of a lake, a sheet of water not more than two hundred yards broad but a mile or two long, which forms the frontier between Switzerland and France. Unfortunately the weather which had been lowering all the morning now became decidedly aggressive. A French description calls the lake 'riant' (=smiling); and so I suppose it usually is. A slight transposition of letters makes it 'raint' and so it did all the time we were there. We had intended to row out on one of the small curious looking boats, not unlike badly constructed punts, which crowded the shore: but that had to be reluctantly given up as the rain continued to patter down. Finally we had dinner in a hotel and returned. The lake is finely situated, up among the Juras, mid the rocks and the opposite shore is France; there were also waterfalls etc. there wh. we could not see. My camera too remained practically useless. There was nothing for it but to take the train back, which we did. On the way we had a couple of hours at a pastor's and then I came

back to Cortailod at about half past five in the afternoon. At Neuchatel I found a very good picture shop where I bought two or three coloured prints for my room = one of them is Carlo Dolcis' Madonna and Child, and the other two landscapes. I shall, of course, get them framed in Oxford.

I am leaving this tomorrow morning. I had a nice and quiet time here which enabled me to do some work and my hostess was extremely obliging. She has invited me to go next year with her on an fortnight's excursion into the Alps but I do not know whether I'll have the time for it. I am leaving Neuchatel by the 7:30 morning express which reaches Paris at 2:25, via Pontarber and Dijon, I leave Paris at 4 from another station, and reach Bonlogne at past six, Folkestone at past eight and London at 10:45 p.m. That night I hope to sleep at Cromwell Road and on Saturday morning I shall leave for Oxford. Mr. Fyfe has given me leave to stay as long as I like in digs, but I shall not stay longer than till the 24th in any case - probably only till the 20th. From the 25th - 29th I have been invited to (and accepted) a Conference of young Freechurchmen at Swanwick, Micklem asked me. It'll give me a needed rest after the fortnights' hard work I hope to put in at Oxford. After that Krishnamachari and I will spend a month together somewhere. Such are my plans in the rough.

I'm sorry Subbarayan was so forgetful about the book. I hope he has sent it long ago now. There is little else to write, I have packed up most of my things. There is a little dog here with which I made great friends - she always lies under my chair. The sun is shining again, the last roses of summer are in bloom, a few butterflies are about, the vine is ripening and the wheat is almost ripe into the harvest.

Hope everybody there is well. I should finish now - this is again a fairly long letter but I'm afraid very dull. Much love to all,

Yours ever affectionately

Kuruville

#57

Merton Coll.
Oxford
12.8.1913

My dear Amachi,

Last week you'll have got a postcard I sent from Paris: from the Station Gare du Lyon, in fact. The homeletter came on Monday, and perhaps I had best deal with it first. Very sorry to hear Georgekutty was not feeling well, but hope he's quite all right by this time. Perhaps it is only that sense of utter languidness which Madras so often gives, intensified by other causes. It is a ridiculous place to work in - and these hot summer months are nearly enough to drive one crazy. I remember how I used to lie sleepless at night on the verandah, with not even a shirt on hungering for the welcome whisperings of a cooling wind that would not come. Anyhow next year he'll be quit of the place following the footsteps of old Aesculapius carrying balsam to the sore and healing to the sick. Fortuantely all men are not like Macbeth who so anxiously desired to feed his dogs on physio!

Unniacham too, I hope, is now no longer hopping about on one leg. I'm rather surprised to hear of the capacities of the youngest hopeful. I had thought that the second was a formidable and redoubtable specimen enough a very enfant terrible. If his brother transcends him I shudder to think of the condition poor Cheduthy must have been reduced to by this time!

As for the things you offer to send: Subbarayan will do all right and I shall write to him this mail to tell you when he leaves. I do not think it is necessary to send tea: after all I consume only about 2 or 3 lbs. in the year and it is a bother having to pay Customs for it and all that. And besides I am no connoisseur in teas - though I drink a good deal, not indeed like Dr. Johnson. On the other hand, if Georgekutty could send me two tooth-brushes which he can get a Gopaul Chetty's for 2d each - small, hard and bristly and also a couple of pairs of woollen socks of 10 or 12d each I shall be much obliged. Here both cost more as far as my experience goes and are by no means better in quality. Grub of course I need not ask you to send = any quantity welcome. At present I can think of nothing else. Ah, if Georgekutty could send a good twill shirt with turn down collar - size 14 1/2 or 15 - it would be very useful: such things cost an unbelievable amount here.

Very glad to hear that the election business is over at last: I suppose Mr. Krishnan is the best of the lot for Apachen - it must be a great weight off.

Many thanks to Kunju for her letter and to Kunjunju for his letter and stamps. I am sending some this mail under separate cover. This time I'm dispatching all the ~~best: the spaces I keep for another time.~~ But all this is on the implied condition that

stamp-collecting will not interfere with his work - esp. since this is his second year and of course I have no doubt he'll scrupulously adhere to this condition. I should be more sorry that I can tell if these stamps help to make him waste any of his none too ample time.

Now for my own news. I left Neuchatel at 7:30 in the morning on Friday, Mrs. Dumont and Francis coming to the town to see me off. The latter persisted in loading me with chocolate and at length I had flatly to refuse to take on any more! The train was fairly crowded and soon we came to the Swiss frontier and past that to Pontarlier where I changed trains and there was a customs examination wh. was easy enough. Of course my big bag went as registered luggage and was not opened except in London. From Pontarlier to Paris the train was crowded, and this alth' I was in the second. The reason why I took a second was partly my sufferings on the last occasion in a third, partly the fact that there were few convenient trains to Boulogne or Calais that took thirds, partly because I was travelling alone and the Continental thirds are, unlike the English thirds, rather disreputable, partly because considering what I saved on my luggage the difference of fares was not a great deal. Of course the Company was most mixed - mostly Frenchmen, a fair number of English, Italians and motley crew of all races. I had breakfast on the train and would you believe that was the only meal I had that day: for we had had to start at six from Cotaillord and there was no time except for a cup of cocoa and an egg. At about two or half past two we came to the Gare du Lyon (Gare = Station, in French), and there I waited half an hour, then I took a through carriage to Boulogne I found there and that bought one at four to the Gare du Nord. I was the only passenger on that train. At the Gare du Nord a Frenchman came in and then we rushed off to Boulogne: we were the only two in the whole big carriage. It was a fine run from Paris to Bonlogne, I do not think we stopped anywhere and the speed must have been nearly 50 miles the hour. At half past six we came to Boulogne and then I went on board the Channel steamer, that was fairly full. I changed my French money on board and requisitioned a deckchair and was fairly comfortable. It was a calm evening and of course light when we steered off. Three quarters or an hour of sailing brought us within sight of the Dover searchlights. In another quarter of an hour we were at Folkestone. We left Folkestone (another customs) at nearly nine and arrived at Charing Cross at 10:45. Customs of registered luggage. A merciful taxi took me - utterly tired out - to Cromwell Road, which I left on Saturday about noon. Since then Oxford.

Such is the bare itinerary. Now for that description that Kunju detests =

for what are letters for except to plague people!

I hardly know what to write of France - I only rushed through it at the rate of fifty miles per hour. But several small points struck me. First, the comparative absence of towns or even large villages - except Melun, Amiens, Paris itself and a few others I do not think we passed through any considerable place in a four or five hundred miles run through France. Occasionally red villages flashed by - then unending plains where the wheat had been first harvested - and the sheafs gathered into tiny heaps looked like gigantic ant-hills dotted over the face of the land; here and there a mowing machine moved merrily through the ripe corn leaving the grass prostrate behind it; rarely the tower of a distant church or cathedral caught the eye wh. soon discerned around it the crowded aspects of a city. Secondly, rather early we caught up the Seine, so to speak. It was a tiny stream at first and then grew and waxed deep and broad until just above Paris it seemed a considerable river; in Paris itself it seemed to shrink a little. I do not think on the whole it can bear comparison with the Thames. Thirdly, about Paris itself - of course I saw very little of the city except in my journey from the Gase du Lyon to the Gare du Nord; and railway lines somehow always show on the dreariest and most unattractive part of a big city. But what I saw was disappointing. I hasten to confess that it was not the Paris of the Louvre or the Champs Elysees or even the Latin Quarter: but the streets looked dusty and dull, the houses dirty and mean, something of barrenness in the whole atmosphere of the place. And of course it is nothing to London in size. The Frenchman is a type that does not attract me much. I am wondering whether part of the prejudice is due to their impossible Imperials, those ridiculous moustaches and beards that are so irredeemably ugly. Fourthly, to put some queer items together: at a small French town I saw a glaring poster advertising the merits of the New York Herald! English ads, there were a few also of course. Then, tied to a tree browsing quietly, tinkling its bells (did it!) I saw the first goat I've seen since I left India! Curious thing to notice, isn't it?

Coming on board the steamer was almost like going home - one could at last talk English and give up the *parley-vous's* and *Il ya's* at least for a long time.

I was hungry on Saturday morning - and had a good breakfast. I met both Mr. Arnold and Cheshire there but hardly any Indians I now. So I was glad to come on to Oxford: of course I went to Coll. first, but soon found 'digs', opposite St. John's Coll - where I am now staying. There are hardly any men up, naturally, but

a few dons are still in town. Raju is here but lives at the other end of Oxford. Genner is her, so is Fyfe and Allen, but the Moffatts had left already when I came. Just now there are the University Extension lectures on - that is, a great number of people who cannot afford to join the Varsity come up and have vacation courses arranged for them, many of them are workmen and so Oxford tries to get into touch with the mass of the population. Also visitors abound - many foreigners but the American of course beats them all hollow, they crowd into Colleges & as I sit in the Radcliffe I can see the shoals that come in. The other day I went into College to get something out of my rooms and found my scout settled on a chair in the lodge. he informed me that he was on suffragette duty! They have one of the scouts up there all day and detectives at night. Some Colls. have shut up altogether for fear of this twentieth century plague.

Last Sunday I went to St. Mary's and heard the Bishop of Gloucester preach which he did well. My general programme is something like this:

- Morning - 3-4 hours in the Radcliffe
- Afternoon - 2 hours work, rowing or tennis
- Evening - 2 hours work.

That is, this was my extended plan, but till now so many things have had to be arranged and done that - I have not found much time for work and next week must better myself more. You'd never believe the amount of work I have to get done before October.

This afternoon I went to Mrs. Whitehead's - she had asked me: and had tea and tennis there. Her little boy is there now, Constantine, about eight or nine, and a nice young fellow. I am going there again tomorrow afternoon for tennis and perhaps on Saturday too. On Sunday afternoon I go to see the Genners. Mrs. Whitehead told me she was leaving for India soon and hoped to come to Calicut and meet you. In many ways she is very nice and in every way I should think rather capable but some of her ways are rather queer. If any Indian goes there she at once or nearly at once begins on Nationalism and Indians in England etc: her methods may not be always admirable but she doubtless means well.

Well, I'm afraid I am nearly done - and it is getting very late. Let me

stop now. Much love to all.

Yours very affectionately

Kurvila

#58

22.8.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter on Monday. Now that it is monsoon time the mails are a little delayed: but since I can't get them on Saturday I can't get them on Sunday either - for there is no delivery on Sunday, at least not of foreign mails. This state of things will last till about December or so. It is nice to hear all the home news - I met T.C.K. Kurup at Cromwell Rd. but I know his elder brother, who is still in London, better. Palat too I met at Oxford last term: he was not a great success here - I think he took a third in History but got thro' his B.C.L. all right: this year many Indians failed in that exam. here - so they do, however, in all subjects and very few have done creditably. I am glad the Y.M.C.A. is flourishing: the billiard table is an excellent device to spend leisure time. Mr. Schaetti told me Harte would go through Switzerland and meet him. Sorry to hear about Unniachen's cycle - if it weren't for the distance England is a splendid place to buy cycles in: one can get a very good secondhand machine for £4 or so in London - as good as new - and of course very few people, at least in Oxford, think of buying a new machine: Mine is serving me excellently, though it had its first puncture the other day owing to a nail which forgot its place and strayed into the road.

One or two other things proceeding out of the home letter: my photo. I shall try to get someone to snap me with my own camera - that is the cheapest way. I shan't be going to London for some time and Oxford is dreadfully expensive - so there is hardly any alternative. I hope to send it next week or the week after. From Kunju's letter I gather that I have not made quite clear my History course. I think I shall take the Schools only in 1915; there is a tremendous amount of work to do - overwhelming, indeed there seems no end to the books to be read. Sometimes I wonder whether it is not better to appear next year - I'll have a good chance of a second (none at all of a first of course) and it is hard to say whether even in 1915 one will have any ~~reasonable chance of a first - it is exceedingly hard and the mode of exam. is so~~

different that my past experience is not only of little help but perhaps also a danger. And after all one can never be certain. To give you some idea of the detail I may say that for some time now I have been engaged on Hobbes - one of the three books prescribed for Political Science, and up to date I have had to read four or five books about him - and Pol. Sci. is only one paper out of eleven. In European History it is even more evident. About thirty or forty books are recommended in the Regulations, but while I may safely omit a few of them I have as certainly to read several others besides. I mean the history of France, Germany, the Papacy, the North Italian States, chiefly Milan, Florence and Venice, and in the South Naples, Spain and the Empire, the Rise of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Russia and even Turkey and the Ottoman expansion. it is obvious that one cannot buy all the necessary books and as constant recourse to big libraries is of the first importance.

Lastly Apachen mentions the Taylorian lectures - I do not think I'll ever attend them: they'll be of little use to me. I can read French books easily enough now and that is quite sufficient. A visit to France next year for a month or so ought to make me quite prepared for the translation paper.

Last week has been rather crowded. On Thursday I wrote last time, that I went to Mrs. Whitehead's: so I did on Friday too and again on Saturday. On Saturday there were three or four other Indians present besides Dr. Gray of Wycliffe hall, a Mr. Thompson who was out in St. John's Coll - Agra, and Mrs. Toynbee: no, she was there on Friday. Mrs. T. is the wife of an old fellow of Balliol and the mother of another, I believe: a nice old lady whom Mrs. W. has instigated to ask me next term. She she has Dr. Gray too - my acquaintance you see is thus widening. I had lots of tennis and then came home. On Sunday I went to the morning service in St. Mary's and in the afternoon called on both the Genners and the Fyfes. Genner of course, is the Jesus don and Fyfe is the Merton man. The Fyfes have two children, boy of four or five and a little girl of one or two, who is just learning to walk and gleefully utters the half dozen words she knows; the boy is just now in the soldiering stage and when I went in he was marching in a paper cockaded hat of the very type that we are so familiar with. Mrs. Fyfe told me he had had it for weeks and added that it saved hats! However it was getting rather dilapidated and veteran in aspect, so I suggested coloured paper for the next which would make him look ten times more formidable.

On Monday I went to tea with the Allens. P.S. Allen is a fellow of Merton and

was, I believe, for some time a professor in one of the N. Indian colleges, now he is the greatest authority on Erasmus at least in England. Any day one may see him in the Bodleian with a crowd of those leatherbound and substantial old books that the presses of the sixteenth century sent forth into an astonished world.

After tea Mrs. and Mr. A and I had a cycle ride to the upper river near where we saw an old church, close to which is a tiny well, once famous as a place of pilgrimage and healing. St. Frideswides' well: the water sold at a guinea a quart! Mr. A. is a nice man and reminds me both in his looks and ways very strongly of Mr. Moffat of Madras. I am to go to dinner there again on Saturday evening - Mr. Arnold of London is to be there too. The Fyfes have asked me to call again. What a gay time I'm having, you say. Yes, but hear the full list. On Tuesday I spent the whole day at Great Shefford where Krishnamachari is staying. On Wednesday evening I dined at an Indian students' close by, Haidar Hussain's (U.P.): in the afternoon Thomson came in to tea. Today I had lunch with Raju; and Mrs. Duncan (Mrs. Whitehead's mother) asked me to a tea party on the 28th but I had to decline. There is the bare list.

Tuesday was a fine time. I started off at seven from Oxford, but though G. Shefford is only 35 miles off rail the service is not good and I did not get there till 9:45. K. is staying with the vicar of the place, Rev. Mr. Hudson, an old Oxford man, who coaches him in Latin. We talked most of the time till five when I had to start back. I intended to cycle back (only 24 miles by road), but K. walked a couple of miles with me and so it was 6:30 by the time I got fairly started on my bike. It took me an hour to get to Wantage Rd. station, 12 miles off for the road was largely up hill though near Wantage there were some delicious downhill parts where I came down like greased lightning! After that it is mostly downhill and exceedingly pleasant but it was getting quite dark and I had no lamp, so there was no alternative but to wait for the train there. Back in Oxford at 8:30.

There are over a dozen Indian students up yet and I met several yesterday evening at Haidar Hussain's. He himself took his degree this year and is in for the B.C.L. now - quite a nice man. None of the company was however very striking, one or two of them being typically Indian or better perhaps and without malice rather Raman - Menonish! All Northern men - no, one Ceylonese of course one must remember that 'the North' is about four times 'the South' and so comparisons often need to be qualified.

Raju lives at Boar's Hill, four miles away and the side to is asant being all up - hill. It is a tiny village and finely situated - so that he can work there without distraction: but too far away he is hard at work now on his thesis - Philosophical Proofs of the - which he is to send in next summer. He starts with a review of the thinkers in the subject from the earliest times to the modern day, then shows how their various theories may be harmonised to form a philosophical and rational proof of the necessity for the existence of God. At he attempts to prove that if one is strictly philosophical one must accept the Christian conception of a triune God. It is rather a bold thesis to say that reason can depend the Trinity but that reason necessarily and leads to the Trinity. Incidentally he attacks vigorously Bergson, the same in the sphere of thought, and of course a few casual hits at those who have only planned the outlines yet. He said that in this respect he was below Anselm and Hegel the three greatest philosophers and just below Thomas Aquinas and Kant. Of course they are all great names but a reasonable discussion as to the order of merit. Another of his ideas - in the thesis - is that the concept of value, an entirely modern idea, is a proof of the existence of God - The connection, I confess, is not tight!

I had a great ride - about two miles in five minutes - which made riding the bike uphill seem almost worth while.

Three old ladies passed across the window, one of whom reminds me I have seen. She is old, short, and dressed in blue. Further she is like the reader at the Radcliffe, I have ever seen: from the opening to the end I believe she holds the field and walks up and down the gallery so that she would almost annoy one who had no sense of humour. As it is parallel to her at all except the ever memorable figure of Miss Flyte, of 'Peck House'. Speaking of the blue stocking in blue reminds me of

papers till he falls asleep: wherefore a question was once asked on a debate night where the Secy. knew of a certain gentleman who monopolised the best chair in the smoking room. In the streets he is the exact type of a working man and hence his celebrity. Some men have greatness thrust upon them.

My plans are rather more settled now. From the 25th - 29th I shall be at Swanwick: then I come back to Oxford where Krishnamachari joins me on the 1st Sept. We have given up Devon but intend to go instead to the Isle of Wight, if possible Freshwater Bay or Tottand Bay, small quiet places on the Western Coast. A month there and back to Oxford at the beg. of October; of course he goes to Cambridge for his 'Previous' exam. I hope to have a nice time as there are apparently all the requisites - a friend, quiet, the sea: and I have a great deal of work to do. This fortnight here has not been all I could wish - in the matter of work.

I do not think there is anything else to write about. I hope Georgekutty has quite recovered by now and that all the others are well. Mrs. Whitehead is leaving England only in the middle of October. The Moffatts had gone away to Scotland before I came back, so I missed them unfortunately. Kunju asks me to write a French letter but I'm afraid I can't do that yet: I do not know many of the small rules though I can read fairly well. Later on, perhaps, I may send her one.

Much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. One of our fellows, a Dr. Charles who reads lessons at evening chapel in an astounding voice like a double-bass trumpet, but a D.D, L.L.D, F.B.A, etc. has just been made Canon of Westminster and is going up to live in London.

To Ammu many thanks: write in a week or two. Next week I shall be awfully crowded at Swanwick.

Oxon.

24.Viii.1913

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter this morning and many thanks for it. Also one from Georgekuty, besides three or four others. Yes, a year has passed quickly on the whole and so will the two remaining years. As for my headache it lasted only one day - and now I am quite well, 'bursting with health'; and so I presume I need not take literally Apachen's injunction to rest a week. As a matter of fact since I came I've not been working more than five hours a day - much less sometimes - and, as I always say, I am by nature so idle that there is little danger of my yielding to the temptation to overwork, if temptation there is. But again, there is a great deal of work to be done; while what with the freshmen and new lectures and meeting and old friends I'm pretty sure that the first fortnight of term at east will be unhaunted by those grim history books.

So far I wrote on the 24th, and now I resume on the 28th at Swanwick. I had hoped to write a decent letter but today is simply frightfully full: they are having a 'puddocks' team up and must have me though I told them I had never heard the name till yesterday. But perhaps I had best begin with Saturday in the short time at my disposal and go on as far as I can keeping the rest for next week's letter. On Saturday afternoon I had a long and fine row on the upper river: and in the evening of course I went to the Allens for dinner - for the first time in my own dinner suit and for the second time in a dinner suit at all. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were there - I met Mrs. Arnold for the first time. After dinner I saw some picture postcards of N. Station towns where the Allens had gone in Easter to hunt up letters and misc. of Erasmus. I think I've said already that they were some years in Lahore.

Later

On Sunday I went to St. Mary's in the morning and heard Bishop Welldon preach on the text: Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. He is not very prepossessing in apperance but I could not see him well being seated at a distance from the pulpit; his voice is ditto - large and masculine and rather harsh perhaps. But the sermon was good - of course the list of eminent preachers whom I have recently heard is all due to the extension students who were at Oxford in vac. but they have all left now and when I was at the Allen's I heard a concert which they had arranged

in the 'Schools' opposite - each country sang some of its own ballads, as of international singing competition, for of course lots of Germans etc. come to the extension lectures.

On Sunday afternoon I went again to the Fyfes: who are very nice pleasant people, and the kids, there is a boy of four or five and a tiny little girl just learning to toddle, are always an attraction.

On Monday morning I left Oxford and went to Nottingham, there changed stations and came on to Butterley, a small station near Pyebridge and Ambergate and Derby. Swanwick is a tiny village and 'The Hayes' the big house where all the conferences are held is close to the station. 'The Hayes' was originally a large mansion in a park of 40 acres which a company was formed to buy - since then new 'hostels' have been built, consisting of 'cells', mostly single bedrooms about 2 or 3 hundred of them with bathrooms etc. the grounds are large and there are tennis courts, football field, a tiny lake, a lovely large garden etc. When the summer student camps are on all the ladies are lodged in the house & for the men a street of tents and marquees is pitched in the fields closeby; often there are 500 men and 300 women. But the conference I am at now is a comparatively small one, only 150 men and is the annual meeting of a Free Church Fellowship. All the non-conformist churches are represented and there are two delegates from a similar Anglican Fellowship as well. The Fellowship was formed some two years ago by a number of young Free churchmen who saw the pressing social & economic evils of the day and felt that these things were utterly contrary to the Spirit of Christ and the coming world order.

They felt intensely that it did not befit Christian's to sit quiet while wrong and evil and selfishness seemed to be rampant on earth and their Churches often indirectly encouraged it or at least did not discourage it in a way practical and decided enough. The meetings we've had have been very good on the whole and there is no doubt that they are in earnest, that there is a very great deal in what they say and that it is urgent that something should be done. Of course the problems are largely peculiar to England and it's advanced economic condition but it gave me in any case that time of quiet which Apachen advised and moreover a time of quiet which enabled me to recover some of that inward energy which one is apt to lose a little in the crowded days of work. Nat Micklem is here and Frank Lenwood and I took a photo of both of them and so is Nat's father, the K.C., M.P.. He is a most delightful old gentleman and talked to me a good deal. To see his smile is cheering. One of Mrs. Corley's

brothers is here too and lots of men prominent in the Student Movement, Malcolm Spencer, Roberts etc. There are three Merton men including me and one of them is a fellow, Powicke, a History man who recently wrote a big book on the loss of Normandy. He looked such a mild short man with a mild inoffensive face that it gave me a shock to hear he was the Powicke of Merton. Of course he does not reside and is lecturer somewhere else.

The days have been bright and sunny, as good as could be wished and I played tennis one day and 'puddocks' today. Both in bare feet - I enjoyed it thoroughly and other men did the same, for people are unorthodox and unconventional in camp. Puddocks is a primitive sort of cricket with a stick, rather like a very thick Indian club for bat, and a small soft ball for the hard ball. The players numbered 18 or 20 each side and we played against the Boy's camp which is out at Matlock and came over for the afternoon. We beat them by a narrow margin and I was surprised to find that I did rather well despite my apprehensions. Indeed it is an easy game though great fun.

Speaking about the boys, I've been asked to go and spend the weekend at Matlock with them. They are chiefly public school boys and only about 25 in number. I may probably go for it will give me some more rest and I am always interested to know something of English boys though they are senior fellows. In any case I'll be back in Oxford on Monday and Krishnamachari will come the same day too. I'm not yet quite sure about the Isle of Wight business for I haven't yet got any 'digs' though I hope to get some soon.

It is a shame to write such a short letter but most of the news is in it though in a compressed shape and there is little time now to post it. This is such an out of the way place that I must post it today and cannot wait till tomorrow.

One last thing. Frank Lenwood tells me he and Mrs. L are coming to S. India in November. He is coming to Calicut and will stay a day with some of the German missionaries: but I am sure he'll be very pleased if you'd ask him to a meal - he'll let you know the exact day later on - and he would rather it were Indian rather than English: he's quite used to it. He told me all this and I shall be glad if you could do this. He is an exceedingly nice man, old Oxford man, and is going to Travancore to see something of the Syrians. He'll be able to tell you too how I am flourishing.

I hope all at home are very well. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#60

2.Sept.1913

My dear Apachen,

Last week's letter was very hurried and unsatisfactory, but I was really crowded for time. The puddocks match was very interesting and we won by only eleven runs from the campers. On Friday, the conference ended, and Micklem and I went off to the camp which was only ten miles or less off. I forgot to say that they asked me to go to the camp and stay there some days if I cared. I hesitated, because I wondered whether the boys would care to have me but finally decided to go and very glad indeed I am of the decision. We had only to go to the next station but one and then to walk a few miles. We came upon the camp soon and it consisted of five small bell-tents, a chaplain's tent, a canteen, a chapel tent, an adjutant's tent, a dinner-tent and one or two kitchen and stove tents. When we arrived on the scene the boys were all playing 'puddocks'. I should add that the camp was one of senior public school boys - about 20 of them - and had a 'commandant', an 'adjutant', a 'sub-adjutant', a sergeant, a chaplain - who are called the 'supers'. The commandant was a Cambridge Professor, Sims Woodhead, a man of about fifty or more but with a heart as young as anyone's. Several of the other 'supers' were varsity men and a few of the 'boys' were at Oxford or Cambridge. The camp was pitched on a large field and in an extremely quiet place about five miles from Mattock" the river Derwent flowed on one side - so there was abundant quiet and a river to bathe in. Of course the regular dress is shorts and flannel shirts and a blazer if you have one; some wore deck shoes and some none. I belonged to the second and enjoyed the reversion to type immensely. The whole of the time indeed - with slight exceptions - I ran about with naked feet and was perfectly happy in consequence. Well, we soon got into the thing, did Micklem and I, and were romping about as merry as 'Robin Hood and his merrie men'. We had tea at half past four and at six or seven a singsong in the chapel - all sorts of songs, chiefly gay, recitations, and reading of the camp paper the Mattock Mirror which was extremely amusing. At eight we had a cup of cocoa and biscuits in lieu of dinner; and then there was service in the chapel - a short address - and off we went to bed to sleep on the tarpaulin the tent. I had brought no blankets with me, of course, and had to borrow some of others well-provided; and a pillow was neglected

as a superfluity. The bed no doubt was hard and rather cold but one did not mind it much. Next morning after morning chapel and a bathe in the river we had brekker; then tent inspection by, the commandant who gave marks to each tent acc. to its neatness and orderliness. Of course brekker and lunch etc. were anything but quiet meals. The tents took turns as 'orderlies' = ie to serve at table, to wash the plates and to do all the incidental work of a similar sort. Every day there were concerted shouts of we - do - not - like - these - orderlies; and one day a sudden attack was made upon them and they were all seized and put into the river; but that was partly due to the fact that they appeared in tent in pyjamas! The meals too were by no means epicurean but their deficiency was partly atoned for by the canteen - which is a sort of restaurant and sold ginger beer, biscuits, chocolates, plums, bananas etc. at stated hours. One way of dealing is to deposit a shilling or so and then to eat it out gradually: and of course there was a crowded custom!

All the morning from breakfast to dinner and all the afternoon from dinner to tea was usually spent in games; sometimes there was an excursion as on Saturday afternoon when we walked to Wingfield Manor and back - about seven or eight miles altogether. We were all in shorts and there was a gorgeous display of coloured football shirts and blazers. As there were two other Indian fellows, N. Indian Mahomedans both going to Cambridge next October, I wasn't unique. We marched up and had tea in the manor which is an old castle, now in ruins on a commanding site and with association of Queen Mary of the Scots and the Roundheads. It used to be a Shrewsbury place and hence Mary's stay there, for she was long under Shrewsbury's guard. The Cromwellians bombarded it and after capture dismantled the fortifications and reduced it to the present ignoble condition. There remain the walls of a banqueting room with a splendid oriel window, of cellars and batteries and a tower and best of all a vault or crypt in splendid preservation. Tea was good and jolly - and on the way back we extemporised a flag with a stick and couple of highly coloured jackets and we marched behind it in a regular array. At a village where we passed through we halted round a fountain in the streets, sang songs round it and played 'nuts of may' with the whole astonished population for an audience! Fancy the exceeding light-headedness and light-heartedness of it all: but the absence of convention and the freedom and jollity were perfectly delightful.

Sunday was quiet of course but in the course of an evening 'At Home' I was asked lots of questions about the Syrians and I had a long talk with Mr. Woodhead whom I found a charming man. He takes part in all the games and thoroughly enjoys

the fun yet in a dignified way and we had rousing cheers when he went away on Monday morning. Nat Micklem too was in his element - and sang amazing comic songs in a wonderful fashion which moved all beholders to admiration and laughter! He was at least as much a boy as I was; and we did let ourselves go! Nat's address on Sunday evening was very good, but as one of the ill-fated orderlies he suffered being thrown into the river! Besides him Timpson Worcester, Oxon, whom I must have mentioned before, was there too; and so I had some men whom I already knew and it was not difficult to talk to anyone in camp: there were no formalities.

Slang was of course in the air. At table there were frequent calls for 'slime' (=treacle), 'squish' (=marmalade), 'sand' (=sugar) and someone was heard complaining that they hadn't had any 'spotted dog' yet, meaning thereby to the initiated 'currant pudding'. And of course nicknames abounded; Timpson's younger brother called himself 'Baby Timpson' though he was a fat Joe; a young fellow called Edwards was universally known as 'Grandpa'! I was very sorry indeed to leave camp on Monday but I'd promised to meet Krishnamachari in Oxford that afternoon and it could not be helped; the morning was wet but three men very kindly walked the three miles to Ambergate with me and sent me off on the tedious journey to Oxford via Derby, Trent, Nottingham, Leicester, Rugby and Banbury.

3rd Sept.

I came back late in the evening and had dinner; K. was already here. The next day, i.e. the 2nd, was all filled with walking up and down, packing and repacking and we were dead tired by the night. Today, the 3rd, was nearly similarly spent, but in the afternoon I called on Mrs. Whitehead. She told me that as the bishop was going to Calicut in October she could not accompany him; and asked whether Amachi ever goes or would go to Madras - I answered that it was an unlikely possibility. Between 12 and 1:30 I showed K. over some of the sights of Oxford; the time was limited but I think we 'did' a good deal and several of the things I'd never seen myself before. We went to Trinity Gardens first where they have the famous lime-walk, but I noticed that the trees were smaller than ours. Then we went to the Merton grounds which are just now lent to the town and are riddled with croquet hoops in consequence! Put to base ignoble use. Then we went into New College Chapel which I saw for the first time; in the antechapel are the best windows including the famous one designed by Reynolds which has on its lower panel figures symbolic of Truth, Charity etc; the colours were exceedingly effective though not brilliant - and the figures themselves

in the master's best style. The chapel is fairly large and above the altar is a reredos. I confess I do not like these reredoses, even the gilt one in All Soul's Chapel is not very pleasing. After the chapel we rushed through the gardens; then we glanced at the oldest house in Oxford, a small octagonal one said to be 13th century - what scenes it must have seen, especially standing as it does at the corner of the Broad and St. Catharine's Streets and looked on to the Bodleian and the Sheldonian. Perhaps the swelling throng of clamorous undergrads and sturdy townsmen who met in that celebrated riot of St. Scholastica's Day, perhaps the violent scenes in Convocation of the Oxford Movement. After this we ran up the Radcliffe once more and had that wonderful view of the town which it affords. The best point about Oxford is the marvellously fine grouping of the colleges, Cambridge is nothing to it. From the Radcliffe dome one sees close below on every side only an extending array of quads, towers pinnacles and college gardens - a splendid view.

Lastly we went into Worcester gardens which again I saw for the first time. They are very large and very beautiful and the pond or tiny lake they have makes the scene charming. The hall and chapel are however insignificant places, comparatively speaking, though the former contained on the panels the great names of Thomas de Quinacy and Charles Kingsley and a marble bust of the opium-eater.

4th

Many thanks for Kunju's and Sarah's letters. Replies next week. This afternoon at 2 we are going off to the Isle of Wight when we have just got 'digs' after some search. I return about the 30th and after that will be in college. I am enclosing a photo of Gray (holding the book, the identical one I sent full of Oxford pictures) and Crawford, taken in a corner of my room. Notice the oak panelling and the picture p.c. of Madras, Serampore etc. stuck up on the wall. I am going to develop my films in future - it would save me about 1 1/2 d on each film and 9d on each spool, I calculate.

We are going to Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight.

There is little else to write. Hoping everybody (including Sosah) is well, with much love,

Yours affectionately
Kuruvila

as from
Merton College
Oxon

#61

Fern Rock
Camp Rd.
Freshwater
Isle of W.
10.9.1913

My dear Amachi,

The mail came to me here on Monday morning and was very interesting. Shall I first answer the many questions in it? I think I've written already why K. decided to go to Cambridge - it is because he suddenly changed from History to Science and Cantab. is the better place probably for the latter. He is going into Jesus, a great sporting coll. and head of the river in Camb. but otherwise not particularly distinguished. I am glad Apachen likes the gossip about Oxford wh. I sometimes insert - I must try to introduce tales of dons, deans and daring deeds when term begins again. In this quiet corner of the Isle of Wight one is far indeed from any such news - in fact it is about two week since I looked at a newspaper!

My tulips are at the Moffatts whither I sent them when Easter vac. began; my hyacinth is in my cool room. Of course both bloom only at particular seasons and the last of them remain quiescent, so to speak. I'll have to revive the hyacinth next term though it only blooms in February or so. I am glad the garden at home is flourishing again; it has passed through as many vicissitudes of fortune as any human institution - from that dim and primeval time when a number of boys and girls watered it every evening urged on by the love of lucre, in this case three pies, and I mistake not, per month. It was a great time, later it seemed for a time to have fallen on evil days.

Yes, I do not mind your taking extracts from my letters for the B.G.M. if they want it; but probably a few changes might have to be made first. They are written so hurriedly often, hardly ever with much leisure except on board the steamer, that gram-matical solecisms no doubt abound - and the arrangement, I daresay, is often so obscure and absurd that some improvements maybe found necessary - all which with absolute security I may leave to anyone there. And indeed when I come to think of it, apart from my own letters, some description of English life, and especially student life, at the Varsity, may not be uninteresting to the undergrads there. One

knows extremely little in India as a rule of English manners, habits and ways of thought, and many Indian students I am afraid take no trouble to adjust their points of view so as to appreciate sympathetically the ideas of the West; they lack the imagination that is necessary - or rather they have it but often refuse to bring it into play. One very common attitude is that hardly anything English is worth taking the trouble to understand. I sometimes wonder whether the inability to see two sides is a national defect, or induced by the prejudices of circumstances. All this, of course, not in any sense meaning that I have attained to the impartial summit.

Achoyi was kind enough to send through Georgekutty a very good photo of himself. I must write and thank him for it. Many thanks to Georgekutty for his letter.

Now for my own news. On Thursday 4th afternoon K and I left Oxford for the Isle of Wight: the trains were rather slow and so we only came to Stokes Bay at about five or so. The way lay through a deeply interesting country but there was not much to be seen from the train; and the glimpse of the historic city of Winchester I missed through dozing at the critical time! A small steamer took us over in a quarterhour to Ryde and from there we had a laborously slow and inconvenient train journey to Freshwater, a small place between Yarmouth and the Needles where we came at about eight, I think. Indeed the railway system of the Isle seems still in a rather pre-historic condition.

Our 'digs' are in the middle of a miniature street and not as near the sea as I had expected. The sea may be approached in several ways, but the nearest is to Tolland Bay a mile and a mile and a quarter to Freshwater Bay. It is three miles to Alum Bay and the Neidles. We've walked to both the former places and they are both rather small. Toltand Bay probably the prettier - the beach in either case is of the scantiest proportions and the coastline for the most part apparently consists of cliffs. We see the ocean fairly often because several times a week we go to play tennis on an atrocious court in Toltand Bay. The court belongs to what professes to be a club, but if it is a club it is a very poor specimen of one, for I could easily hold my own with the best members who exercise themselves on the beautifully uneven lawns. However it is away from the road and quiet so that we enjoy our game after all. Besides it is cheap.

There is little to chronicle of our life here - it is very quiet and very uneventful.

All the morning we work and some afternoons - tennis usually from 4:30 - 6:30 and in the evening we do not get much work done - only an hour or so. On the whole this week I am working seven hours a day: next week I fear I'll have to increase to eight. Much more than that is difficult to do and in any case almost unprofitable, for after eight hours good work the mind is tired and unreceptive of fresh impressions. As you may imagine there is plenty of work to be done; and our books form an imposing array. I have with me 14 books and ten note books all of which I have sanguinely destined for Freshwater. It is a question whether I'll finish 2/3 of what I mean to do, but it is interesting work on the whole.

Later

I am chiefly engaged on English History which spreads out into a vast number of authorities, a small part of my European History and the whole of Political Science. There is not apparently much historical association in the little Isle. It may be interesting to know that it was one of the places that remained pagan latest in England. Carisbrooke Castle where King Charles I was imprisoned for a short time after his fall is close by and I must see it sometime. On Sunday I went to the Parish Church, a rather large one which was fairly crowded.

I should say a word about my photos. I tried to develop them myself for the first time the other day and owing to an unfortunate oversight spoiled a spool chiefly of Swiss pictures: but I did not mind that very much as they were mostly photos of the house and some of the people I lived with at Cortaillod - and the loss was comparatively immaterial; the second spool was one of people mainly, several taken at the Boy's camp. Imagine my surprise when only two of them developed. I found out that the other photos had not been taken at all! I had noticed that the camera had not clicked but thought it was alright. It was not, however. Nevertheless I enclose a couple of snapshots of myself taken by somebody else in Switzerland of which they sent me copies this week. They are passable but not more.

I hardly know what else to write, the life here is so absolutely still and hardly a breath of the outer world reaches us, newspapers are unknown - to us, and we are to continue in this blissful state of ignorance till the 29th when we both intend to leave. K. to Camb. via Oxford where some of his boxes are, I to Oxford of course. This time I mean to go into College, for there will be several others there already and it is in every way more convenient - even less expensive for ten days. Term begins on

the 9th, I think.

I've heard from several friends. Gray wrote sometime ago in answer to one of mine. Naish wrote and Bray who has passed his Maths - Mods just missing a first which is not strange considering most men take it at the end of the second year. Lastly one of the men I met in camp, Edwards whose father was longtime missionary up in the North of India and who is himself at Taunton School wrote too.

I am afraid I'll have to stop here - for sheer lack of news. I may, however, add that I do not think I'll be able to meet the Nevasa at Tilbury Docks on the 19th or 20th; for one thing because one cannot be sure of the date, secondly because going to London means at least a whole day and probably two days as the steamer might arrive anytime of the day and lastly it is so expensive. If I had been anywhere near, even at Oxford, I should hardly have hesitated - but the connections from here are extremely awkward. However I hope to meet them both in London sometime.

I hope all at Unniachen's are well. With love to everybody.

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

#62

as from Freshwater
Merton Coll. I. of W.
Oxon. 17.9.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter was a day late - probably owing to the monsoons. It is curious that while the mails are often a day - sometimes even two days - late in England - for almost a third of the year in fact - they are rarely if ever later than a few hours in India. I suppose the explanation is that the monsoon winds blow to India while the England-bound steamer has to struggle against the gale. Of course the vicissitudes of the Bay of Biscay do not affect the mail.

I am rather surprised at your saying Merton does not appear to have done very well - we had four firsts and a vast number of seconds in the final schools alone and any college might be proud of that. I do not know how Cyril Asquith particularly

distinguished himself - of course he was Scholar of Balliol and got firsts in Mods and Greats and a couple of classical prizes and schols. but that is no more than Raymond Asquith did thirteen years ago. The latter also took a first in Jurisprudence. Cyril, however is not the second son - there was at least one more at Oxford some years ago, Henry A. who did not distinguish himself in any way except in the Union. By the way Raymond A. was President of the Union while C. to the best of my knowledge, never aspired to oratoric fame. Nevertheless his record is as brilliant as anybody could wish.

So Valliamachi has left home. I hope she had a good journey down south. Kunju will long have returned from Ernakulam when this comes. Her English marks are good and it is a pity she missed distinction by eight marks only.

As for the Y.M.C.A. library: Everyman's Lib. is very good but I have no great faith in the Times Book Club. If you could entrust me with some money I should like to buy a dozen or score of books - mainly religious - which, perhaps, may not be easily available in India. The Young Men of India gives good lists on its inside covers each month, as no doubt you know. One book which the library might to have - and here I'm sure Georgekutty will quite agree with me - is Forbes Robinson's Letters, which cost 2/6 in money and are really priceless. One could think of many others easily. Ananthan Master's library has apparently reached respectable dimensions. I hope it is not largely Books for the Bairns as the B.G.M. Coll. lib. is (Does Kunjunju contradict?) Speaking of books may I recommend also the Home University library (1/ each) which are really excellent and authoritative books. There are a good many on religious and philosophical subjects and the scientific ones are invaluable introductions to any subject and written by acknowledged experts.

I donot think there is anything else in the homeletter that needs specific reply to. But when I come to my own deeds I am at a loss: because deeds there have been none this week, in this sleeping little town. We are as far removed from the ordinary turmoil of life as Keats when he had drunk of the true, the blushful ?Hippoerene. Besides this week there have been peculiar causes to counsel quiet: the weather has been atrociously bad so that tennis was out of the question altogether and walks precarious and sunless. Walking under such a sky is a chilling exercise and neither exhilarates the body nor expands the soul in generous mood. Nevertheless we walked once more to Alum Bay which I described in the last letter - the coloured sands and the famous 'Needles' rocks at the bend of the tiny bay. Many ships came to grief

there in the old stormy days and now there is a lighthouse ensconced among the rocks - a small enough affair but sufficient to warn off lost mariners. Another day we walked far out on the Newport road but without any definite objective. Tomorrow we are proposing an expedition to Carisbrooke Castle in the afternoon: it is almost the only place in the island of great historic importance, Charles I having been imprisoned there for a considerable time. Wight, as might be expected, has always lain more or less out of the immediate and central current of English history. It was the last place Christianised in the 7th century and no great battles were ever fought, I believe, in the island.

One other event remains to be chronicled, and that is that we are leaving this place on the 22nd a week earlier than we had proposed to and this for many reasons; first, because I wanted to get some more time in the Radcliffe than at first planned and second, because that is the only way in which I could meet Ochen and K.C. Chacko who are arriving on the 20th and Mr. Pittendrigh who is leaving on the 23rd. I will probably go up to town on the 23rd - for the day only - and meet all three. It will be nice to meet the newcomers and as I missed meeting Mr. P. once already and he wrote to say he would like to meet me it will be a solution of all difficulties. Of course this time I go into College and in Oxford I'll be able to take some exercise too whereas if this weather continues here the outlook is decidedly dismal. Krishnamachari of course goes to Cambridge - he gets 'digs' for this year as is the usual custom at Cambridge.

I do not know how to apologize enough for forgetting about Ammu's birthday last week - it slipped from my mind in the pressure of Stubbs and Oman. This week too unhappily the most I can do is to write a letter for this place is well nigh innocent of such superfluties as books - the railway bookstall is the literary centre whence learning is disseminated! When I get to Oxford I must send her something.

I am sure you will forgive me when you realize the circumstances for the shortness and absurdity of this letter. I am getting on fairly well with my work. I have finished Oman, Davis, Lavis, Maine - and started upon Stubbs, Gardiner, Aristotle and some other books - perhaps some of these may be mere names to you. Oman's England before the Norman Conquest is the best and most authoritative book on that vexed period. Davis writes on the Norman and Angevin period - Lavis on French History in the 15th cty, in French. Maine's book is the famous Ancient law; Stubb's the great Constal. History, Gardiner's Constal Documents from 1625-60.

I hope all at home are well. I was never in better health. I hope to send some more snapshots next week of myself in several elegant positions and postures! With much love to all.

yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#63

At last really from
Oxon

24th Sept. 13

My dear Amachi,

I am back 'at home' at last not without considerable feelings of relief. On Monday morning K & I left Freshwater without many regrets - the weather had been as bad as could be the last week and we had little tennis - and we came to Oxford at one. We caught a fast train at Eastleigh but our luggage could not be moved in time, so it came on at a quarter to three. We had therefore to walk to and from the station quite a number of times, for K. left the same afternoon at 5:40 for Cambridge. It took me the whole day to put my room to rights. I was sorry to lose him but we shall arrange to meet sometimes in the vacs - at least so we hope. He is a very nice fellow and even the rather severe test of living together for some time has not made me modify my earlier opinions. He is nearly Christian in many of his ways of thought - if only one knew, it is surprising how many of these students are.

Well, as I said, it took me all the afternoon and evening to make the room habitable. You will remember that it was the first time I rearranged things since term ended in June - all the photos had to be sought out of all sorts of places and put on the usual mantelpiece and shelf, the books to be artistically arranged, clothes to be put away or taken out. Just now the room looks better than ever; there are more pictures on the wall. As I think I wrote I got a few prints cheaply in Switzerland and had them framed here. The 'camp photo' came a few days ago - it is so delightfully startling to see men in shorts and shirts squatting on the grass. Unfortunately I am in a coat and muffler. The photos make a long row on the shelf and the mantelpiece. There are a few yellow flowers which look lovely and smell vile on the table. My books have outgrown the old shelf (130 now) and I applied for another and am to get

it shortly. I have invested in the luxury of a coffee-pot (rather like Apachen's), for it is cheaper to make your own coffee when you want it than to get some everytime from the kitchen. Everything looks neat and clean and even attractive (!).

I received my mail when I returned - three letters from home, Georgekutty and Kunju respectively and the fourth from Miss Richards. It is nice to hear that Georgekutty is coming from for Michaelmas - a change will do him no harm. I am amused at Amachi's account of Kochunju - but still I sigh when I think of the old Madras days when one could have a pukka suit for three rupees: one could not dream here of anything less than 50.

It is no wonder the students did not understand Mr. Muller's question. I puzzled two minutes over the cryptic problem - 'A typical Roman Character: boys - men, girls - women', in an agony of vain thought before I read on and found the solution!

You may be interested to hear some details of my expenses for the last year, August 31st 1912 to August 31st 1913, i.e. omitting the passage money and what I spent on board. Of course, the first year was bound to be expensive in any case, because of the clothes one has to buy - and coming into college as I did I had to get all the cutlery, crockery, linen etc. which come to no inconsiderable amount. Further I had to get many books and I did a good deal of travelling, though on the whole the last item was not extravagant, because I so often stayed with friends. I do not know all last term's expenses yet so am not certain of the exact amount, but it is just under £ 275/-.

It is a dreadful lot to spend in one year, and I'm afraid I often incurred expense which I could have avoided with a better knowledge of the conditions here, but it is somewhat comforting to find that it is not much more than I had estimated. Of course a great deal of it is nonrecurring expenditure and this year will be much cheaper. I calculate that - barring unforeseen contingencies - I can manage on £230 at most this year. So that perhaps I may only want £10 in March instead of £20 but it is always best to have a small sum in hand to meet any cases of emergency. To take a few specimens of what I consider non recurring expenditure: I spent over £25 on clothes of one sort or another - about £10 on furnishing the rooms with linen, pictures, crockery etc; about £7 on matriculation, admission, senior standing etc - and there are lots of similar items that one has not to add this year. I am not without sanguine hopes of living on £220: but it is always best to reckon rather high for practical

purposes - and in any case if I go to Italy I may have to spend a little extra. I hope you are not all shocked at the enormous amount I have spent, nevertheless, compared to other Indian students I believe I shall not appear extravagant.

Enough of this subject, as old Aristotle used to say when he came to a difficulty. There are many other things to write this week. Last Sunday I went to the Wesleyan Church for a change - it is much smaller than the Parish Church and the congregation appeared to be on the whole on a lower social plane, as men reckon these things. But I am forgetting Carisbrooke Castle. We went to see it on Thursday afternoon, only a dozen miles from Freshwater. The castle stands on a fairly dominating hill. The first thing you came across were some outer walls and a ditch, now dry, which were constructed at the time when the news of the impending visit of the Great Armada sent all England into a fury of warlike preparation. When they came the visitors found it so hot (not the weather), that they did not make a long call! Passing by the side of these walls you mount up till you come to the Elizabethan outer iron gate on which Queen Bess's monogram still appears. In you go and through the 13th or 14th century gateway when you come into a quad - or courtyard. On one side is a modern chapel to the memory of Charles I. On the other you mount up a long flight of the steps onto the rampart walk. You can then walk right round the castle - at one angle you come on the keep - which is, you know the strongest part of the castle - a small castle in the castle - intended as a retreat in an extreme danger. A further flight of steps led up to the door of the keep and inside there was a deep well, an oven and two or three tiny rooms.

The chief interest of Carisbrooke is its association with King Charles of blessed memory. He was imprisoned there in 1648 for some time and twice tried to escape unsuccessfully - the window is still pointed out in which he stuck unable to either to get out or to come in. In one of the rooms died his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, some time later - now a most gloomy forbidding looking apartment with one stern window surely no fit place for a princess of tender years. Outside the inner walls is a level green surrounded by an earthen mound. Antiquaries identify the mound as the remains of a Roman camp and probably correctly. In the middle ages it was a parade ground but when Charles came it was turned into a bowling green for him.

One of the sights of the Castle is an old well built they say in 1050 - time of Edward the Confessor - and 161 ft. deep. The water is drawn by means of a wheel and a donkey. The arrangement is curious and interesting. The bucket rope is wound

on a round beam which is fixed at one end to a wheel; the wheel is so large and broad that a donkey can stand in it. The donkey walks up the wheel and immediately the wheel turns of course and the beam with it and the rope is thus gradually wound on the beam. The donkey is thus always trying to walk up the inside of the wheel but never succeeding - a sort of looping the loop which does not come off - a tread-mill. This may seem rather hard on the donkey but they say the donkeys there are particularly long-lived. After term begins I shall send home a number of picture postcards illustrating my journeys in the vacation.

The castle is very old, parts of it go back to the 11th century - and we had an interesting time walking through it. There was a small museum attached which contained many curious relics of Charles.

Now for Oxford news. On Tuesday morning I went up to town and met Mr. Pittendrigh, K.C. Chacko and Ochen. Ochen lives rather far out - in Wimbledon, which is almost in the country. Hence the place is quiet and there are plenty of green trees, parks etc. near by - he is very pleased with the part he stays in. Of course I had only an hour to spend with him. K. C. Chacko I had the merest glimpse of, he was away all day till 5 at an exam. He is in 21 Cromwell Road now but will soon change to some other place. He smiles his broadest smile when he saw me! I was quite tired out when I returned in the evening.

Today I called on the Moffatts in the afternoon. They are all back and the children had grown wonderfully in the one month they had up in Scotland - I hardly recognized Archie. Margaret had undergone a similar transformation. Eric has gone up two forms and he'll soon be going up to a public school, is in two or three years more. Archie has a tricycle now and exhibited his record-breaking speed-rides: Margaret has a big doll's house. They have started a museum, the chief exhibits now being a miscellaneous collection of shells from the seaside place they were at. I did enjoy being back there, they are all so cordial.

After hall I called on Mr. and Mrs. Hoare. They are in lodgings half a mile off - quite near my old 'digs' in Alfred St. They both looked just the same as in India and Mr. Hoare talked as much as ever. Mrs. H. getting in a word now and then. They remarked that I had grown stouter, which is what others have said too - and so you can understand how well I am doing. I asked them to tea and they are coming on Friday. They are to stay here six months and so probably I shall see a good deal

of them.

The I.C.S. results are out today. Padmanabha Pillai has again proved his good fortune by coming up quite high. There is a Parsi, too. Khandath, V. Kunhi Raman Nayanar's son will probably get a place. Bajpai's name does not appear nor does Chandrasekharan's. It is not a good list as far as Indians are concerned. In the I.M.S. I think there were 5 Indians out of 12.

I mentioned some photos in the last letter. Unfortunately K who took them shook them all and they came out hopelessly blurred. However there is another film which is decently good and of that I enclose a print. It is one of my first essays in printing and hence the extreme lightness. This one was taken at Swanwick. The round disc on my coat is the badge containing name and address. Observe the college tie!

I am sending Ammu a book this week with many apologies for the delay.

I do not know what else to write. This is a fairly long letter though owing to pressure of time I've written it hurriedly. I am working about seven hours a day. That is all. I'm the only man in residence but since I am hard at work and can call on people in the afternoons I do not feel very dull.

I hope everybody there is well. Many thanks to Sosa for her letter. Congratulations to Georgekutty on athletic achievements! Mrs. Hoase, I think, is writing to Kunju.

Much love ever,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#64

Coll. Mert.

Oxon.

2.10.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter as usual on Saturday, just as I was going to the Bodleian to work. There is little in it apparently that needs a direct answer and so I will begin in my

own unmethodical fashion. I did nothing on Saturday except cycle a bit and play some tennis - nothing, that is, apart from my work. On Sunday afternoon just as I was setting on to call on Mrs. Whitehead the porter put a letter into my hands, which had been addressed to my former digs and had come to college in due course. It was from Mrs. W. herself asking me to lunch that very day - so all that was left to me was to go and apologise for my involuntary failure. I was greeted with the words 'three hours too late for lunch' but I soon explained. There were there besides Mr. Harte and a couple of Indians. Mr. Harte and I went soon after to the Cathedral service - the first time I have been. Indeed on Sunday I had been puzzling where to go to Church - all the usual places. College chapel, St. Mary's and Mansfield, were closed and I had never been in any of the other churches, so it was with some relief that I went to the Cathedral. There were comparatively few people in the grand old building; we were in one of the side aisles near the choir indeed but screened from all view of the officiating chaplain by massive stone arches. Away in front of us were three glasses, apparently by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There was no sermon but an anthem, and a voluntary after the service wh. we did not stay to hear. The music was enthralling, the anthem - one from Samson, I heard afterwards - was pitched high but the singers managed it perfectly. I must go sometimes to the Cathedral in term-time and also to Magdalen and New Coll. Chapels which have good choirs. I think I have some faint far-off feelings of pleasure when I hear first class music - as at King's Coll. Chapel or here. Not that my taste is too sensitive or refined by any means! We walked back to Mrs. W's and had supper there. Mr. Hart was leaving the next morning for America.

On Monday morning I ran round the meadows the first thing. It is a good mile and a quarter and I had to stop several times being out of training. On Tuesday morning, however, I did it in better time; but my legs grew so stiff with the unwonted exercise that I did not repeat the performance yesterday and this morning I got up too late. Besides today the weather has changed completely. For the last six or seven days we had the most perfect sunshine and all the papers were full of it. They quoted the temperature, compared averages with glee, printed pictures of peers basking in the sun and prophesied a hundred things. Yesterday however there were signs of impending change, but still this morning the rain came on suddenly. We had quite a storm with a good deal of sharp thunder and lightning. C'était un orage véritable. Just now, however it is only raining hard outside - no, this moment there is a distant rumbling. Of course this means that I shall have to stay in all day.

That is hard luck, for even without rain and confinement I am not overwhelmed with company. Of course my books keep me from feeling lonely and there are occasionally people to see. Last Tuesday a number of 'divinity exam' men came up; but it was only in the evening that it suddenly flashed across my mind that Bray of New Coll. would be up too. I immediately cycled down and he had breakfast here yesterday morning. It was quite a pleasant interlude. Besides in the afternoon who should appear but Bajpai. He was cast down over his failure in the Civil, his first failure he mournfully told me. I assured him that I was a veteran in that field. I hope I am not unjust or uncharitable in saying that it is perhaps the blow to his pride as much as the mere fact of ill success that seemed to trouble him. I asked him to come and have some tea and he is thinking of going to Wren's for next year and getting coached up. Of course, he is sure to pass next year. This year he got fairly good marks in the History subjects but in Lower Maths and Science he got nothing - the fact being that he had given little time to these subjects nor were there proper facilities in Oxford for them. Altogether he got only about 1500 marks. In the selected list I notice there are about 40 Oxonians and 25 Cantabs. Most of the Oxonians are men who took firsts or seconds in Greats, though there were at least two who took only seconds in History this year. One of them is the New Coll. blue, Hankinson, and his success is rather remarkable. If a man takes Greats and gets a second he is a certainty for the Civil - they just take their 'schools' subjects in the exam. We have no men in this year, though another man appeared too. The top men are Cambridge, for a change.

There are no undergrads in College now - so I dine alone in my room. There are however, a few 'dons' in College - one of them is the famous F.H. Bradley. During term he goes away somewhere, but why I cannot conjecture. Not certainly to hide his distinguished head, for he is a great philosopher, and his books universally read. He has, however, himself retracted from some of the opinions of his earlier books and does not allow them to be reprinted with the result that Oxford booksellers advertise them at the modest prices of £2.10s and £3/-! I saw him in the quad, an old man with a sparse frame and rather wild eyes, I fancied. The warden is back too and the other day had the graciousness to ask me where I had been and why I had come up so soon. Fyfe is just back, but Garrod, Dicky Book, Gill and others have been here some time.

There are some slight changes in my room to chronicle. I asked for and received a new shelf, for my books had overflowed the old. It is a plain one but beautifully

capacious and fits nicely into the corner near the door. I also petitioned for a real writing desk - the knee-hole thing with hundred of cabinets - instead of my present four-footed slab which has only two drawers; but that petition appears to have been disregarded - probably because I did not add the magic phrase, 'For which, as in duty bound, I shall ever be grateful' - the open sesame of hard official hearts.

It is slowly growing colder, though I do not need a fire yet. The days are becoming shorter too - it is too dark to read by six o'clock now, whereas in Switzerland I used to read till nine. When I came up last week there were just a few patches of russet brown on the trees but suddenly and portentously the leaves have begun to fall. Each breeze shakes them down in a perfect deluge and the roads that trees overlook are carpeted with them. The glories of our gardens have faded and in patience we must possess our hearts till next spring.

Having seen all the English seasons now I confess I like spring best, late spring in May (or is it early summer) when the leaves have come upon the branches thick and green but have not yet lost the delicate shades of their upspringing; when birds still sing their tireless songs and you cannot do aught but stop and listen, as if unseen fingers had touched you; while the wild flowers are still sweet upon the meadow and the hillside; while the soul has not yet lost its sense of miracle and mystery at the regeneration of the world.

For,

It is raining hard, till
 'The rain is raining all around,
 It falls on field and tree,
 It rains on the umbrellas here,
 And on the ships at sea'

as the Child's Garden tells us. I've had to turn the light on, it has grown so dark at five. For the days are past of wh. the child could say -

And does it not seem hard to you,
 When all the sky is clear and blue,
 And I should so much like to play,

to have to go to bed by day?

But these lines are true still -

I shd. like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow.
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
As with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar.

But though I cannot do that.

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies.

Anybody can do that though there are some things only a child can do,

The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

It would be false to end on a note like that; the fact is I like Oxford at the end of a year better than at the beginning, and though the rain it rains outside and the cold winds blow, yet the room is warm and bright and hearts are too.

I do not think there is anything else to write: the week has been very uneventful. Many thanks for Kunjunju's and Ammu's letters. I shall send the spare stamps very soon; I suppose Kunjunju will be working very hard now, the exam. being so near. One great point is to begin to revise as early as possible and to revise over and over again. Ammu, I hope, likes her book. Kunju's letter was missing for the first time I think. I have no wish to blame her. She has been wonderfully good in writing so

constantly. I hope everybody else is very well. I am looking forward with great anticipation to what Subbarayan will bring. Ever with much love.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. How are Unniachen, Chaduthy the hopefuls etc.

#65

8.X.1913

My dear Amachi,

Your interesting letter and many thanks for it. I am glad you mention the length of any letters in it because this time I am going to avail myself of the plea of lack of time and write a short unsatisfactory sort of letter. The fact is that most of yesterday and part of today we had the Preterminal Conference of the Christian Union and most of the time I could snatch from the meetings I spent in work. I had some vague idea that I could write the homeletter this evening; but after all I had to go to the last meeting and that is only just over - 10 at night - and tomorrow early in the morning collections begin - real papers this time. I am in a blissful state of ignorance and consequently cannot take away any time from the work. No that collections mean much but this being my first I should not give the Johnner a very bad impression of me and at the present moment I am hopelessly incapable of answering any paper decently. It is curious too in one way because I did do some work for about a month or six weeks in the vac. and all that seems to have disappeared into thin air, to have become of a sudden intangible.

Term has begun to-day and you may imagine how exciting it was to meet old friends. Apart from Merton men I have been seeing many others in the Christian Union Conference meetings. This afternoon Subbarayan called and Naish.

The little box has arrived but I've got to get it from Wadham tomorrow. Gray and the other Merton men are back, the freshers walk about quiet and green. I should much like to ask some of them to tea or coffee but in the present condition of affairs it is out of the question this week at least. I should also say that I met Streeter who has been careening through India in the Vac; he looks an amiable gentleman enough at close quarters and has a laugh that makes me burst every time. Another person whom I have met is Tissington Tatlow, the General Secretary of the British Student

Movement and an exceedingly capable man. He told us that his mail was not less than 10,000 letters a year and that it was a positive pleasure and recreation to him to give two or three or more addresses a day and to escape his clerical and business work for the time. He is an old Oxford man and flattered us in the meeting this morning by telling us that Oxford produced a type of thinking man (especially in Greats) the like of whom certainly no other English University (Cambridge not excepted) could boast of and probably not another university in the world. I've met scores of old acquaintances from McLeod Campbell and Leslie Johnstone to crowds of undergraduate friends. To-day has been like the incoming of a deluge - but yesterday Oxford was a quiet city like any other and the College empty; tonight almost every room is filled and the streets are thronged with varsity men.

I have two papers tomorrow and two on Saturday. My only hope is that the Johnner will give us the last schools papers wh. I have looked up a few questions of - otherwise I shall be totally floored. Did I tell you that Bajpai is going down to London for this year - to be coached at Wren's. So that I shall be the only Indian in Merton, though among the freshers there is a Chinaman, Yu Wan by name, who seems to have plenty of money and is apparently a nice fellow. I had him to tea the other day, he being then in 'digs' in Oxford.

I did get myself taken by a photographer in Oxford but have not seen the result yet. Probably I shall be able to send some copies next week. Mrs. Whitehead is having any At Home for all the Indian freshers' next Sunday at her home. I don't know any of them men who are coming up.

It is getting colder now and tomorrow I am going to have practically my first fire. The minumum these days falls down to 40 degrees and the average is about 50 degrees; but everyday it is falling and I think we are in for a cold winter wh. however I don't much fear. Just as the men have come all of a sudden so have the leaves fallen off the trees.

I am very sorry indeed that this letter is so exceedingly shabby; but next week's I promise you shall not be as bad - not if I can help it. Probably before that old Johnner will have snapped me up for giving in blank sheets adorned with his lovely profile! If he does I promise you he'll have chronic indigestion, for I am tough stuff!

Everything is quiet in college ow - except a sound from above me as the

American fresher who lives there turns in his bed dreaming of the mighty Michigan he came from and the Delta-Omicron club he was a member of. He is finding it difficult the first night to hit the hay! - an Americanism of which the meaning is I believe to go quietly to sleep. Hayes and Swartz are both in digs this year and so are Naish and several others I know.

With much love to all and many apologies.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#66

15.X.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletters last Saturday. Now the mail appears to be fairly regular and this week's too is expected on Saturday I find. There is not much in the homeletter which requires a direct answer, though it was full of interesting news. It is amusing to hear of the perennial B.G.M. troubles.

I have often wondered how it is that at Oxford in the colleges which are really large hostels with hundreds of young men in each there is so little of discontent and insubordination, comparatively speaking. Of course the traditions of the place must be considered, so that nobody even though he abuses and breaks a rule, ever rebels against it: but a large part of the reason no doubt lies in the wide freedom left within certain limits to the undergrads and also to some sense of the propriety of things in the men themselves. Once in a while there is a bumper and some windows are broken. Nothing is said at the time but at the end of term everybody is fined in the battels under the head of 'glazier'. They pay it cheerfully because it was perfectly expected. But still I am sure I have not got at the entire secret yet.

Mr. Fagge I notice did not give a very accurate impression of Cambridge colleges - perhaps he hadn't time. For one thing the quadrangles there are called courts and not quadrangles - if one may commit an Irishism. They are as a rule less regular than ours and less complete. Some courts may be filled up with gardens but I've never seen any of them yet. At least I can speak for Trinity Great Court and Emmanuel

Court and several others. They are exactly like our quads with a lawn in the middle. As far storeys it is the commonest thing to find there; two is rather the exception, and our New Buildings have four while New College new buildings, I believe, have five,

This last week has been extraordinarily busy for all of us. On Thursday the Preterminal Conference ended but on Friday 'Collections' began. We had two papers that day and two the next and I had one on Monday too. Of course the number and description of papers varied for almost each of us. My papers were on English Political History up to 1485, and after. English Constitutional History up to 1485, Political Science and half of my European History. Luckily Johnner gave me the 1913 papers and so I have done not so hopelessly as I feared in some of them. He has not returned them yet. It was dismal to sit down and write all day, especially since it was the first exam. of any sort I've had since March 1911. I had got entirely out of the habit of answering exam. papers and this give me useful training. On Saturday the perverse old person set us a 'collecker' from 4 to 7. Result, no tea. He himself of course enjoyed tea in his own room. On Monday I thought I would escape by telling him of a lecture I had at 12; but he gave me a half paper to do till then! That reminds me that my lectures are all arranged - I have only seven; two of Patterson of Trinity on English History after 1715, two by Edgewaorth, Professor of Economics on Money and Credit, two by Barker (now fellow New College) on Political Thought from Plato to Nicholas of Cusa (whoever that latter gentleman was), and one of Carlyle's of Univ. on The Theory of Sovereignty. I attended Patterson's first today and he seems to be methodical and dull! There are no good lectures this term on my period so that I am wating till Armstrong of Queen's who is the great authority on that period begins his course. I have as usual to do a weekly paper for Johnson.

The one absorbing subject of the week is, however, not papers or lecturers but 'freshers'. It had been a dream I had begun to indulge in last October to ask as many of the freshers of this year to meals as I could. There is no Indian at Merton, so my first duty was to the solitary Chinaman who is apparently a nice sort. He is from Canton, and I think there is only one other of his countrymen up in Oxford, one at Queen's. Then I got a list of the freshers and their schools, left out the scholars and exhibitioners who will be asked out in any case by the other scholars, left out also the men from big public schools like Eton, and then began to ask the others by ones and twos. I've had about eight or so already. There are three on my own staircase, one from Eton, one from Marlborough, and the third a Rhodes scholar from far off Michigan. I've had the two latter. Then I've seen another Rhodes man from

South Africa, a Roman Catholic from Beaumont College, a man from Clifton, and a man from King's College School, London. I asked about four others who had some other engagements. Probably I'll only ask about half a dozen more, the rest one will get to know in other ways. We are having a fresher's meeting in every college to tell them about the Christian Union. Rev. E. A. Burroughs of Hertford is to speak at ours sometime next week. Last year nothing of the sort was done, with the result that there are only three of us who are members, but this year we hope to get in many more. It does a fresher a world of good to enter some such society when he comes up - I know it did make a great difference for me. Even socially, it saved me from the first from feeling lonely and introduced me to many exceedingly nice men in different colleges.

We had a long committee of three hours last Sunday to discuss things and on Monday a college secretaries' meeting.

The box came a few days ago and I was very pleased to get all the things so kindly sent. The cake I hardly dare cut, it is so 'superior'; and the sweets are 'ripping'. I was fairly startled at the quantity of them. The shirt and toothbrushes are excellent and so are the socks, only the light colour is not particularly fashionable in winter. Subbaryan told me he saw Apachen at the station.

I went to tea at Mrs. Whitehead's on Sunday; there were several other Indian students and one or two English undergrads. She left Oxford yesterday for India. I've met most of my old friends again - Shahani and Bray, Naish and Timpson, Thompson, Nat Micklem and others. ----- overstrained himself in the vac. and has now to take a complete rest perforce.

I've omitted to mention one other thing. Yesterday afternoon I played - or tried very unsuccessfully to play - the game of lacrosse. The instrument of war consists of a curved stick with the angle laced loosely so as to form a shallow basin. The little ball is caught there and you run with it for the enemies Goal, throwing it if you are hotly pressed to another man of your side; so that it is like a combination of football and tennis. It is possible to receive shrewd blows with the stick as you run but the game is not more dangerous than soccer. e.g. Of course as you may guess it requires no little deftness to catch and throw the ball accurately; and a beginner makes the most hopeless blunders. Americans and Canadians are the chief proficient in it.

This afternoon I went out for the preliminary run of the Hares and Hounds - in

other words cross-country. There were about 40 people in and we went a long course of five or six miles but rather slowly. So that what with my previous practice I can in easily at the finish with something left over. There was a Merton man with me who was new to the game and his agonies after about three miles were pathetic. They reflected mine last term so well. We had a few lovely puddles and muddy holes to get dirty in and a few fences to manoeuvre; but apart from that there was nothing exciting. The day was very fine as days have been all this week. There is another run on Saturday.

Thursday

I enclose a proof - or rather two proofs - of the photo taken of myself in Oxford the other day, the finished copies are not yet to hand but I daresay they will by next ———. Johnner seemed rather pleased with some of my 'collection' papers and I have α 's in at least one or two of them, I see; but he has not given them back to me yet because we had no time today to discuss all the answers.

I am giving up the Union this year - because there is little time to attend the debates at all regularly nor are they worth such attendance. As for books the Radcliffe is more handy and of course far more complete; and I calculate I lose from 10 to 15/- a term by continuing my membership. In our J.C.R. I get all the letterpaper I want and there is only the stamps to seek. There are many other uses for 15/- .

I think that pretty well finishes my news for this week. With much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#67

Merton College
Oxford
23.X.1913

My dear Amachi,

The mail on Saturday as usual. It is interesting to read of the condition of things

in the B.G.M. Hostel. That reminds me of a long talk I had with Hauer the other day. By the way, he is engaged to an English lady. Well I found him particularly reasonable in these things: he seemed sincerely anxious to do the right thing and has learnt several lessons without which it is impossible to manage any school - never to lose one's temper, to carry courteousness to the last degree etc. I gave him several suggestions, to offer the students seats when they called on him, to start 'At Homes', to be inconsistent rather than foolishly obstinate. If one may put the point in a paradox: Consistency is no virtue in a teacher. He frankly admitted that most of the men who went out thought more of their dignity than as good for them. I was very favourably impressed with Hauer and when he comes with his English wife a year hence it may be the beginning of better days for the College.

I had clean forgotten Charles Macrae when your letter told me he had gone up to Worcester. So I wrote and asked him to tea and he replied that he never ate tea but would come at teatime last Wednesday. So I called on him in his digs one evening and was astonished to see a giant. He was in an easy chair having strained some muscles at rugger that afternoon. I had expected to find a tall man but this is a big man in every sense. He could not pass the New Coll. entrance; and then he told me he thought of Christ Church. But finally he went to Worcester. He is doing maths. I believe, though he did not seem enthusiastic about it. However I only stayed ten minutes expecting to meet him yesterday afternoon; but strangely enough he did not appear and I have not had any explanation yet. Perhaps he misunderstood me or I him; in any case I will wait till I hear from him. So Kenneth is at Rugby. The Micklems were all at Rugby, the youngest brother has come up this year to New Coll.

Talking of birthdays I shall be infinitely obliged to anyone who will take the trouble to write out for a list of the birthdays of all the people I should remember. My book is far from complete in that respect, but the 'Shakespeare B.B' ought to supply all the necessary data. The story of Mr. Pippen and Mr. Green is vastly entertaining; one could have guessed that the latter was bound to come to grief sooner or later with his interruptions. Yes, the billiard table is an embarrassing gift - it is an expensive game and one should think hardly worth while in Calicut football, tennis, badminton and pingpong flourish!

There are a good many books which I should like to be sent over at the next opportunity, it would be much too expensive to send them by post and I can wait

some time for them. But it would be nice if they could be sent through the next person who, you know is coming over. Just now I may mention Gide's Political Economy - my copy probably is in somebody else's hands; the three or four books on the 'Age of Writers' series which I had; Townshend Warner's Landmarks (Kunju had a copy, I believe). I may remember others later.

My collection papers were all returned and I had done fairly well. I got $\alpha+$ for one paper 2 $\alpha-$ for several others - of course most of these I had looked up somewhat in my inspection of the recent Schools exam - papers, so that I cannot take all the credit. On the whole Johnson seemed fairly satisfied and said I had a good chance for a first. I am not at all oversanguine myself.

I have been playing lacrosse and running in the cross-country since I wrote last, but there has been nothing remarkable to chronicle. Yesterday evening we had the Merton Fresher's Christian Union meeting - it was quite an innovation and as we were pleased to get about half the freshers. Burroughs of Hertford was very good and I believe the meeting made a decided impression. Three joined immediately, and doubtless more will come in. The Rhodes Scholars, especially the Americans, respond to this sort of thing wonderfully, and are among the keenest men in the varsity. One of the indirect advantages of this year's meeting is that it will be easy to hold a second one next year. Most of the colleges are having freshers' squashes of a similar sort and I think things are moving much better than ever before.

I do not think I called on many new freshers since I wrote last; but now I know about half of them more or less.

On Sunday I had tea at the Hoare's; in the evening Bp. Taylor Smith, Chaplain General of the Army, preached in St. Mary's and was wonderfully good. Nothing notable occurred either on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday.

This week I am sending three copies of the photo, one for Georgekutty. I think this effort is a distinct improvement on the London one - and though I did not care for such a large reprod - I found that it was cheaper than smaller ones. On the whole I think it is quite fair of me, though again I have failed to bring off a smile! Under the conditions I always stiffen though normally I am the lightest-hearted of mortals!

After writing so much I walked to the parks and watched Merton beat Hertford

at soccer by three goals to nil. Then I came back and had three guests to tea - one of them was Wiltey of New. Coll, and another Bulmer, a fresher of Merton. Subbarayan accidentally looked in and stayed on of course. Bulmer is a Marlborough man and apparently very nice. He is a classical scholar and has just joined the C.U.

I hardly know what else to write. It has been decidedly wetter than last week and yet very good weather on the whole: it is really surprising for Oxford and at this time. I met Dr. and Mrs. Moffatt at Mansfield on Sunday but that was hardly a glimpse. There are so many things to do at the beginning of term that one has little time for calls. Besides I was there not long ago.

Last mail I had little time with the result that this week I have an appalling list of letters to write. This letter I fear is very inadequate but I cannot think of any news I have left out. Barker who was first a fellow of Merton and then of Johns' has gone on to New Coll. now. New Coll. have suffered heavily because both H.A.L Fisher and R.S. Rait, their two best history men have left Oxford. Leslie Johnstone who was tutor at New Coll. is now dean of Magdalen. Mr. E. Bevan whom I met in London and have mentioned in previous letter has been elected an Honorary Fellow of New Coll. Cyril Asquith won a fellowship at Magdalen too. Next week the Archbishop of York, I think, is preaching in St. Mary's or it might be the Bishop of London.

Let me stop now. I hope everybody is well; with much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

Mrs. Nicholson wrote to me just at the beginning of term to go to London for the day to meet her. But it was one of my 'collection' days and I could not go. Further after I had gone once to meet Mr. Pittendrigh, Ochen and Chacko, it seemed extravagant to go again so soon just for the day. It costs about 13/- to go to London for the day - might be even 15/-. This is the second time, but last time too she wrote just at the beg. of term, wh. is always a particularly busy time and this time I was hopelessly crowded. I hope she does not mind my refusals either time.

My dear Apachen,

The mail as usual on Saturday. There is not very much in it to answer directly. I am interested to hear of Apachen's visit to Travancore, the house I hope will now be definitely begun - it has been an 'idea' long enough and should now be transformed into an 'act' - in psychological language. It is a pity that the portico had to go: it may come later, however.

I am glad that you saw the Torpids on the Bioscope. If it is last years' races I believe I am visible in the crowd running along the towpath. At least I was apparent enough in the films exhibited in Oxford - so I was told - and perhaps if you had looked for me you would have spotted me. After all toggers are a comparatively slow race - not only because the men are chiefly novices but because they use heavy boats and fixed seats. In Eights they use sliding-seats, seats which run on little castors and thus give the oar a wider reach.

I hope before this you have met Dr. Meyer and heard all about my visit to Basle.

I had better begin with some news that gives cause for some pleasure and some regret. There is a commoner's Exhibition attached to the 'Collections' in October - open only to commoners, not to scholars; and if you get it you do not assume the scholar's gown. It is £25 for one year only and I had some hopes of getting it. As it is, I was first in the 'collections' but as the coll. have a rule that Rhodes Scholars are not eligible for it they discussed whether I as a govt. scholar was eligible; and decided that I was not. I cannot see that the decision was inevitable and as a matter of fact they took a long time to make up their minds, but there is no appeal. Thus I missed £25 - which went to Reid - but Johnner told me that I was first, and I have that consolation. We had some fun to-day in my essay hour. The Johnner denied the Quantity Theory of Money - which is admitted by nearly all economists of any repute - but I succeeded in converting him at least partially. That is one great point here, your tutor discusses with you on equal terms and is quite ready to change or modify his views if you can bring reasonable arguments to convince him. It was touching to see Johnner recant his heresy!

I've had a busy week in the matter of social engagements. On Friday I had

breakfast with a Lomas, Research student at New Coll. and a Manchester graduate - a charming man; lunch with Murray, C.N. Secy, and tea with Wood, a non-coll man who took a second in history this year. On Saturday we had the C.U. Committee. On Sunday I heard Dr. Selbie preach at Mansfield but as it was very rainy I could not go to the Moffatts in the afternoon though I met Mr. M. and Eric after church. On Monday I went to breakfast at Wadham with Subbarayan. There was also a Fiji islander there, a fresher at Wadham and some scion of the reigning house or the house wh. used to reign. He spoke English well and looked interesting on the whole. I had tea in Queen's with C.K. Hughes. Then I met an American with a mighty accent and a little Chinaman, the only example of the species in Oxford besides our own Wan Yu. He told a thrilling story of how he ran away from a proctor once. Hughes is a ripping fellow and a scholar. In the evening I went to a party given by the Indian students in the Randolph Hotel to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Either evening or Indian dress said the card. So I dressed up in my evening clothes, as so did most of us, but there were a few specimens of Indian dress. Raju turned up in a wonderful Egyptian robe, much resembling a bath gown. Another one appeared in a velvet long coat, thickly embroidered. Mrs. S. herself was in Indian dress. There were half a dozen English guests. The poetess is a small woman with a ready command of English but with some accent; a fairly quick wit and complete self-possession. Her face is not striking save for two large eyes. She spoke in a strange singsong that spoiled her fluency. On the whole she did not dazzle me, though she appears perfectly nice. Nor have I changed my opinion of her poetical powers - that some of her poetry is very good, some passable, and some bad. She has a pretty faculty at versification and some ear for music and rhythm but no deep thought. Probably it is too much to expect the last from her.

On Tuesday I had a fresher to breakfast with me - St. George. I've already had him to coffee but he is a singularly attractive fellow and so I asked him again. On Wednesday I had two Wadham men to breakfast, Squire and Heawood. They are both seniors and very nice men. The other day I called on their 'digs' on business in the morning and they made me share their breakfast - so I asked them back. I lunched with Naish and Timpson and for tea I had three Indian freshers - Khosla (New Coll) from the Punjab, Mukundi Lal (New Coll) from the U.P. and a Rao (Non-Coll again) from Mysore. They are all doing history.

Today there was the C.U. tea at a restaurant in the High. About a dozen people

turned up and we had a jolly time. Tomorrow I am going to tea at the Moffatts. That finishes my engagements for the week.

We have a nice collection of 'freshers' this year. I have not met all the scholars - only Bulmer who is a classical scholar from Marlboro' and a ripping fellow who has joined the C.U., Adams from St. Paul's School and a Classical Exhibitioner who has done the same, and Wylie, the History Scholar from South Shields, a quiet serious, large, north country man. I have met all the four Rhodes Scholars. Blanshard, a solemn man in specs, Towson, a tennis enthusiast in a pair of the most amusingly American trousers, loose and baggy, Davison an athlete - all Americans - and Hart a South African. Besides there are Mackay from Nova Scotia, and Wan Yu the Chinaman among foreigners. Then you have a list of British Commoners, Lambert from Eton, Solomon from Winchester, Bowen from Marlborough, Jagger from Shrewsbury, Lowe - an amazing rugger man with a thick lock of hair always over his left eye and an expression that seems incapable of ever changing into a smile, much less a laugh, from Clifton, Shelswell from Radley and a dozen or more others from smaller schools.

The weather has changed for the worse. Our brilliant sunshine has given place to the usual round of misty mornings, cloudy skies and heavy rain. It is not however very cold yet.

At the last J.C.R. meeting we decided to substitute a Smoking Concert (or "Smoker") for the ordinary Freshman's Wine - unless of course we have the latter in hall. As it is unlikely that the hall will be given for the purpose it seems probable that we shall have a much more decent 'push' this year than last. Several colleges are doing the same - and it shows how Oxford is slowly moving onwards.

I wrote some time ago of the £20 which I should like to have in December. It is exceedingly hard to live cheaply at Oxford but I am trying my best to be economical. Books are a heavy item. Next year probably I shall move into 'digs' as it saves me about £10 a term or £30 a year - at least so I calculate.

The conswainless fours were rowed yesterday - eight boats entered. The race is rowed two at a time by distance of not by bumping. Magdalen I beat Magdalen II, New Coll. beat Oriel, Balliol beat Trinity and Univ. beat the House. The second heat is to be rowed today and the finals tomorrow. There is little doubt that New Coll.

which have a full blue crew will win; Magdalen have only two blues out of four and both Balliol and Univ. have only one each.

Yesterday there was an interesting debate in the Union - on War and Peace. Raju was one of the speakers 'on the paper' - ie one of the first four who are arranged - and I hear he made quite a small sensation by his eloquence. I did not hear it myself being no longer a member. But Raju had a bad cause, he was an advocate of war. Norman Angell, the author of the Great Illusion, spoke after Raju and tried to 'squash' him, with some success. The house was crowded.

I do not think there is anything more to write about. I hope all at Unniachan's are well. With much love.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I enclose half a dozen copies of the snapshot for Kunju and anyone else who may want it.

#69

5th Nov. 1913

Guy Fawkes' Day

My dear Amachi,

I am beginning this letter on your birthday. Many thanks for the homeletters, which are so interesting. Sometime I shall attempt to answer them all. There is little in your letter to which I need refer: so that I may start off at once on Oxford views. Little has occurred since last Friday which is worth while putting down. On Friday I was asked to and went to a party at the Moffatts. One can hardly call it a party, for it was a children's evening and there were only three other children besides the young Moffatts. One of them was Mr. Farquhar's daughter, about 12 left behind when her father and mother went to America. The occasion was Hallowe'en, a day remembered I am told in Scotland but not kept in England. We had tea and games and then the skewering of apples. A good many apples were put into a tub half full of water, which was stirred. Each of us stood up on a chair in turn and dropped a fork on the apples. If we speared any we got them. It was great fun and none of us were left empty handed, I won four which I stuffed into my pockets on coming back to

college. It rather reminded me of John Gilpin's bottles and if I had fallen off the bike it would have been a great sight watching the apples roll about. However I came here without any such mishap and the apples fulfilled their 'nature' - as Aristotle would say - by being eaten!

On Saturday afternoon I went with Timpsons' walking club. There were ten of us, two Indians, a German and seven Englishmen - and had a three hours' walk - over the neighbouring country. Coming down Headington into Oxford we sang songs and a policeman who passed by eyed us suspiciously (at least he shd have), but it was only five on the afternoon and he let us go by. We came dead beat to Weekes' in the High and had a jolly tea - and then departed, as the children of Israel used to do, each to his own tent. I to the tents of Merton beside the brook Isis.

On Sunday I attended only the two college services. But on Monday afternoon I went to the upper river with Bray, and we rowed races. As however the two boats were very unequal we could not judge who was the better oar - or rather who was the least worst. Naish had tea with me at four and I dined with Naish and Timpson at their digs in the evening. Yesterday I went to tea with a man called Tyndale at Worcester. He is a most extraordinary person - a mere boy in appearance with bristly hair that he never attempts to brush and absolutely regardless of his personal appearance. But this is the least. He is of the most restless persons I've ever seen, and walked about the room, which was crowded with furniture, three fourths of the time I was there. If however you can put him into a chair he is fairly quiet. He is a great socialist and altogether a curiosity but throughly nice in other ways.

6th Nov.

On Wednesday afternoon I had tea with H. J. Davis (St. John's) in his digs to which he moved from coll. at the beginning of this term. He and a Trinity man went to Italy the first five weeks of the Long Vac; and I had a recital of their adventures. They walked long distances, part of the way through the St. Gothard for instance and saw an amazing lot in the comparatively short time - for they went down as far as Rome and Naples besides of course staying sometime in the North Italian cities like Milan and Florence and Venice. He told me he was disappointed with Rome, it is so modern. There is not much of Roman Rome left standing - a good deal of what there is is excavated, and one has to look into it as into a pit - and still less perhaps of Medieval Rome. And no wonder; for there cannot be another city in the whole wide world which has had such a chequered history as Rome of the Seven Hills, one so

besieged, beleaguered, taken, pillaged, sacked - Constantinople has suffered about thirty sieges; I shall not be surprised if Rome has had more.

On the other hand Florence, it appears, is till marvellously medieval in its aspect. And indeed it is a famous town - with its associations of Dante, Machiavelli and others, with its spacious cathedral where Girolamo Savonarola thundered against the corruptions of the Church, its narrow streets where faction fights were a daily occurrence in the 14th century, with its wonderful picture palaces, the Pitti' and the National with its paintings, sculptures and buildings by men of the measure of Giotto, Donatello and Michaelangelo. No other place has shown so much of the intense and brilliant spirit of ancient Athens as medieval Florence.

Yesterday was Guy Fawke's Day as you will remember. In some colls. there were fireworks and bonfires: but Merton was absolutely quiet. Children in the streets however, wheeled about curious figures constructed of a pillow, an overcoat and a mask, which wre supposed to be representations of poor Guy Fawkes (but which bore not the remotest resemblance to any man, living or dead,) and which were the excuse for begging for pennies!

This afternoon I went to the C.U. tea which was not very well attended but was very jolly.

Last week the conswainless fours were rowed. Merton did not enter but there were eight or ten other boats. New Coll and Balliol came into the trials - and though new Coll had four blues and Balliol only one the last race was keenly contested and the former won by a bare length. In both hockey and soccer, however, we have been doing very well, though not brilliantly in rugger.

It seems rather hard to find news to fill the letter this week. I have by no means the gift of the walrus in Alice's Adventures - I do not know whether I quite correctly

"The time is come", the walrus said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of ships and shells and sugar pots,
 Of cabbages and Kings."

The third line I am sure is not correct, but it will do. May one answer the walrus,

But when it rains on roof and road,
But when it pours pell-mell,
How can a cold and shivering man
Of all the objects tell?

And indeed it drizzles outside - and the days get colder and colder and shorter and shorter as winter approaches. One is glad of a warm fire and comfortable bed!

Congratulations to Ammu and Sarah for their many firsts and many thanks for Kunju's, Kunjunju's and Ammu's letters - also Sosah's to which I am enclosing a reply.

7th morning

The night has not given me any fresh inspiration and so I am afraid I shall have to stop now, with reluctance. With much love to all,

Yours affectionately
Kuruvila

P.S. Many thanks to Georgekutty for his letter. Could he tell me what are the Medical College colours, I should like to know them for a particular reason!

#70

Merton College
13.11.1913

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter, with all its news. I have had a fairly busy week too. Last Friday I had Bray in to tea, Naish and his father dropped in later. In the evening there was a small meeting in Mr. McL. Campbell's room at which Mr. Pakenham-Walsh (Bangalore) spoke on India. I had met him at the Camp at Alwaye two or three years ago but of course he did not remember me. He proposed to stay in Oxford the weekend and on Thursday at the C.U. tea Murray asked whether any of us could have him to a meal. Several meals were thus fixed up, not without some

difficulty, when Mr. P. Walsh graciously declared that he could stay till Thursday. Imagine Murray's consternation! However, he spoke quite well on missionary problems in India and seemed a hearty enough man but not Oxfordy.

On Saturday, which I did not forget was Sarah's birthday, I had a number of engagements. After lunch I went to the upper river with Bray - we had asked Eric to come but he could not arrive in time. After rowing races on the river with varying success I rushed back to be in time for tea at Wycliffe Hall where Thompson had asked me. He introduced me there to a Syrian - none of your pretenders (like myself) but the real Simon Pure. He had been in England two years now and is returning shortly. By staying in Wycliffe Hall, I suppose, which is very 'low', he has drifted far from the strict Jacobite position and intends when he gets back to reform the Church. He asked me about the recent visit of the Patriarch to India and I told him as much as I dared - on many questions I had to preserve a discreet silence. He also inquired of the address of the Merton (Jacobite) to whom I believe he intends to write. May such a guileless man come to no harm among our veteran diplomatists! I could not stay long to tea, however, because of the Committee at five. After hall again Reid came in to coffee and we discussed history and the schools.

On Sunday Mr. 'P. Walsh' spoke at the C.U. midday meeting. In the afternoon I had tea at the Rev. H.W. Fox's in Holywell. he is vicar of St. Peter-le-Bailey, I think, and they live in an old house with low roofs, panelling, wonderful fireplaces and veritable maze of staircases, so intricate that every unfamiliar person has to be shown down to the streetdoor! It is almost as exciting as living in the days of Fair Rosamund.

On Monday I had breakfast in Exeter with a man, Cox, who had asked 'P. Walsh', as Murray calls the Rev. Packenham-Walsh, M.A. - the first time I've had a meal in Exeter. I am now trying to realize an ambition of having some meal in every college in Oxford! What a noble ambition! In any case I have done so in St. John's, Worcester, Balliol, Wadham, Hertford, New College, Exeter, Queen's, and Corpus - while Ch.-Ch., Oriel, University, Magdalen, B.N.C., Lincoln, Jesus, Pembroke, Trinity and Keble have yet to be invaded. All Souls, of course, one may leave out and Teddy Hall does not count. The talk in Cox's rooms was chiefly monopolised by another Exeter man and ran on the feud between Exeter and Jesus which stands across the door and the rows in Exeter itself. It seems they have some windows overlooking Lincoln, whence they discharge bits of coal into the Lincoln

men's room or shoot sugar lumps into the quad. I heard also a good deal about their Chaplain Williams, affectionately called 'Nippy'! It seems Knox of Trinity said, "There is only one cleverer person in Oxford than Nippy and that is the Devil: and Nippy knows it. Knox himself is extremely clever but hardly to be taken seriously. When Foundations came out he published a skit on it in Dryden's manner - a most brilliant piece of work - and now he has come out with a book called 'Some Loose Stones, being Reflections on a book entitled Foundations.' Exeter on one of its sides lies along the Broad and some of the rooms have balconies which overlook the street. A favourite device of the hopeful Exonians is to duck people passing underneath. Hence at night that part of the pavement is shunned by all except the unwary. It is one of the rowdies Colleges. Speaking of the Broad reminds me of some excellent stories I heard recently. Long ago, in the last century, the great Liddell was Dean of Christ Church, and there was a popular ballad which represented him as saying:

I am the Dean, this Mrs. Liddell,
She plays the first, I second fiddle.
She is the Broad, I am the High,
We are the University.

The point of the verses is rather lost upon anyone who is not familiar with the geography of Oxford. The Broad and the High are the two important streets and in a manner may be said to constitute the Varsity.

Even before Dr. Liddell, the Dr. Gaisford whose name still lives in the Gaisford prizes, was Dean, ie Head, of Christ Church. You will know that in every college there is a Dean - not the head, except at the House, but the fellow who has special charge of college discipline. Now at this time there was a certain Oriel don who was Dean, and having occasion to write to Gaisford he began thus - 'the Dean of Oriel presents his compliments to the Dean of Christ Church', whereupon Gaisford remarked, 'Alexander the Copper-Smith presents his compliments to Alexander the Great!'

Another and I am done - this time of the mighty Jowett, master of Balliol in the time of its greatest glory. You may remember that the Colleges do not care to have men staying up in the Vac as a rule, and far more so about thirty years ago than now. Once a body of students stayed up on some pretext or other and Jowett determined to get rid of them. So he first of all instituted a compulsory chapel at five

in the afternoon, and then ordered the men to meet in hall every morning for breakfast - which was about equal in quantity and quality to the food in Oliver Twist's workhouse. Very soon the last coach rolled away to the station. Jowett regarding this with relief exclaimed - "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting!"

How far I have strayed. Well on Monday afternoon Merton played Emmanuel Coll, Camb. in rugger and were just beaten, by three goals and a try or 18 points to a goal and three tries or 14 points. After the match I got two freshers in to tea - Shelswell from Radley, a school near Oxford and Jagger, a man from Shrewsbury, both very nice fellows, the former of whom has joined the C.U.

On Tuesday afternoon I went for a cycle ride with Rev.A. Way of Pusey House - over Cumnor hill and back, a good twelve miles, I shd. think. I had tea at Murray's where there were a dozen people met to discuss the question of Indian students. Realizing that a single Secy. cannot cope with the work we have we have now a large committee of about sixteen.

Yesterday afternoon I had Tyndale in to tea - in exchange for his invitation of last weeks'. I liked him better this time - he is thoroughly genuine.

I find I forgot to mention the Smoker at Mansfield on Monday after hall. The J.C.R. was crowded and we had the most ripping humourous songs and recitations. One story sticks in my mind of an undergrad being viva'd in Divvers. He was asked 'what was the Second plague of Egypt'. He deliberated and asked tentatively, Locusts? 'No, what was the eighth plague? Again in the same tone, Locusts? No pull yourself together and tell me what was the fifth plague? Locusts? Yes, you are right and now tell me what did they do to get rid of the locusts - whereupon the unconscious humourist said in the same fashion, 'John the Baptist?' He failed.

I must not omit to mention that Nat Micklem has invited me to his home for Christmas week and I have accepted. Two of his brothers are up in Oxford now - they all go to New Coll. The rest of the time I may spend in some quiet place with Krishnamachari - there is a lot of work to do.

There is little more to tell. Shall I end with another story, this time of Mark Pattison who was Rector of Lincoln Coll. some years ago. He used to ask the men to go walks with him but conversation was not very free, the undergrad being too

awed and the Rector too intent on his own thoughts. One day he set out with an ambitious undergrad; as they walked out of college into the street the man propounded the theorem 'The irony of Sophocles is deeper than the irony of Euripides'. Pattison began to think on the proposition and remained quiet till they had walked about two miles and were turning back. He then said, 'Quote'. No quotations being forthcoming, the two walked back and parted in silence!

Kunju writes about a music book - I shall try to send it to her. I have asked the Chinaman to give me some stamps and when he does I shall send them to Kunjunju.

Just now I am reading a book by Mr. Bevan - of whom I have told you - 'Indian Nationalism, an Independent Estimate'. It is apparently a very fair and able one and the Times gave a page to a review of it. If Apachan cares I shall send it to him after I've read it through - it is quite short. He has published several other books and is quite a historian. Leslie Johnson told me the other day that next term he would act as Professor of Ancient History in place of J. L. Myres.

I am seriously debating whether I should go into 'digs' next year or not I could stay in coll if I wanted to but 'digs' is slightly cheaper - though of course it has its disadvantages. I shan't go unless I get some companion to share 'digs' with me - some Englishman, is possible. But the thing is altogether unsettled yet.

And now I must finish. With love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

#71

Merton College

20.Xi.1913

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter as usual. Many thanks for the account of the Bishop's visit: from all one hears I believe the Bishop of Madras is a very favourable representative of the Anglican Church; but I should be surprised if he is not somewhat High Church. In Oxford, as one would expect, the divisions are deep and bewildering. There are Low Churchmen, Evangelicals, High Churchmen and Catholic Anglicans. The former are

comparatively few and perhaps the High Churchmen are the most influential at the Varsity; all the authors of Foundations, for instance, are High Church. But there are a few who are still more advanced; a man like Ronald Knox, Chaplain of Trinity, is in favour of reunion with the Catholic Church, though he is still an Anglican - hence his attack on Foundations in the new book entitled 'Some Loose Stones'. That reminds me of the definition of Oxford some wit supplied the other day as 'The city that hath Foundations', of course from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. There are clever men in all these sections and one does not know where to turn. I am inclined to think that what attitude one takes up is simply a matter of taste and prejudice, and hardly depending upon any real distinction. It may even be - if one may be cynical - that some persons like to be apart from the common herd.

One year of India or the South Seas would probably shake all the nonsense out of people. One does not object to their different ways of looking at a question, but when they elevate mere differences of habit or idiosyncrasy into vital questions of controversy they forget the proportions of the world. Miss Creighton is bound to be a nice lady - her father, the historian and bishop of London was a fellow of Merton and in our hall there hangs an enamel of him. Mrs. Creighton is keen on missions and is a well known figure at Swanwick.

Georgekutty too writes of the Syrian Christian dissensions. It is exceedingly unfortunate that instead of trying to coalesce with the others Indian Christians we are anxious to split ourselves up in two: one had hoped that after the turbulent if somewhat comic time when Father Geevarug is dragged by a faithful following to the services in the Armenian Church of which they understood not a word things had settled down to amity and peace. Miller Home, I'm afraid, is more honest, energetic and fanatic than tactful, generous or sympathetic. I fear that if the breach is not healed, this first step may only be the beginning of a time of trouble.

To turn to Oxford. Towards the end of term things usually grow rather slack and I have not had as busy a week as hitherto: still it is fairly crowded. But first let me begin with Oxford stories and poems. What for instance can beat the expressive simplicity of the following:

If a Proctor meet a body
Coming down The High,
If a Proctor greet a body

Need a body fly?
Every Proctor has his Bull-dog,
Dog a mickle might,
When he marches forth in full tog
At the fall of night.
Every bull-dog when he spies a
Man without a gown
Promptly chases him and tries a -
Main to run him down.

And here is a lovely couplet on a fat gentleman at Oxford,

When Tadlow walks the streets the paviers cry,
'God bless you, sir' and lay their rammers by!

The following description of a famous Oxford character with whom I think you are already acquainted came out in the *Isis*, nineteen years ago. "Why The British Workman"? For there is nothing distinctively British in his ample form and bearded countenance and little that is reminiscent of the working-man in his short wide trousers, sub-fusc coat and Oxford shoes. Yet for many years he has been and for many more (let us hope) he will be 'The British Workman' to all Oxford, except to that small knot of intimates who talk affectionately of him by the endearing diminutive of 'The Britter'."

Another story. There was once a tutor at Trinity who lectured on Aristotle and in time - as tutors and other men will-passed the age but which Aristotle says that man's powers are at their best. After that he used to say, 'In those hot climates, you know, people come to their acme much sooner than with us'."

To turn to the usual course of events. On Friday morning I had breakfast at Naish's and met there a Corpus man called Fausset; to tea came Bateson, now fresher at Magdalen, whom you will remember I met in Scotland. He seems quite a nice fellow, and is an old Rugbeian. On Saturday morning I had to breakker both Nat, who has at last returned, and Shaw, the Travelling Secy. of the S.V's who is spending a week in Oxford. In the afternoon I took Eric on the river and let him row most of the time wh. he did remarkably well considering his age and experience or lack of both rather. On Sunday I went to Mansfield and heard Dr. Carnegie Simpson preach

an excellent sermon: he is, you'll remember, the author of *The Fact of Christ*. On Monday I went to tea with Dodd, a New Coll. man: on Tuesday Tyson of Magdalen and Murray came to tea, while I had breakfast with Allan Gaunt of Mansfield. He said I could go as an officer in one of next year's boys' camps: they have six in different parts each summer. On Wednesday afternoon the Oriental Students' Committee met Mac. Lawson, The Secretary who came up from London for the day, and discussed plans for work among Indian and other Eastern students. Instead of a single secretary we have now a large Committee and lots of people seem to be quite keen to do their duty by the strangers. At 5.30 we had a larger meeting on the same subject in St. Mary's where Lawson gave a very fine address. He has started a hostel in London on the principle of an equal number of English and Indian students, considerable care being taken in their selection. K.C. Chacko is there and I believe thoroughly enjoys himself, and certainly Mac. is one of the most charming men I have met, wonderfully keen, genuine and attractive.

In the evening after hall I was taken in to and nominated for the Stubbs Society. Yesterday, as it happened, there were only a few members, but as one of the conditions of admission is a speech it was really lucky for me, because I had only to talk to half a dozen people on a subject they knew nothing about and I had taken care to work up a little. Of course I spoke only in the course of the discussion, raised by a paper read by Dodd on a 'Welsh border lordship'. Perhaps I shd. add that the Stubbs is one of the Varsity Historical Societies: I shall probably be voted on and elected at the next meeting, a fortnight hence.

This morning I had breakfast at New Coll. with Whitley - there were two other Rugbeians present. As usual I went to the C.U. tea in the afternoon.

A few other things and I'm done - Raju has been nominated for the Junior Treasurership, the third highest office in the Union, and though there are two other candidates, has a very good chance of being elected. Lloyd-George is speaking at the meeting tomorrow and there are rumours that some silly Tories are organizing a rag or row! It wd. be a pity if it is anything serious, for one cannot look on thee thing quite as Jowett did. Whenever he walked in the quad and saw some windows broken he remarked, "The College still lives; the mind of the College is expressing itself" or like Walter Pater who professed to like bonfires because they lit up the spire of St. Mary's beautifully!

That brings me up to date; and there is little more to write about. Time too is not overabundant. I hope everyone there is well. Christmas is fast approaching and in a fortnight I shall have to post my cards. With much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. Many thanks to Kunju, and Sarah for their letters - and of course to Georgekutty, for writing in the midst of all his work.

#72

27.11.1913

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter and many thanks for it. Let me answer some points in it to begin with. I find I have inadvertently used Oxford terms with which you are not familiar. α as any Oxford man (or Cambridge man for that matter) knows is equivalent roughly to a First. Papers are never given marks here, not even in the varsity exams, but marked $\alpha+$, α , $\alpha-$, $\blacksquare+$, $\blacksquare$, $\blacksquare-$ etc, in descending order of merit $\alpha++$ is rare but not unknown, and there are such subtle variations as $\alpha--$, $\blacksquare++$ etc. To get α therefore is to do fairly well, and in the schools, I believe, 6 α s out of a possible ten given you a First. In my five collection papers I have one $\alpha+$ and most of the rest were $\alpha-$. I did not descend to a $\blacksquare$ at all: but then Johnner is famous for his liberality in dispensing α s.

Now for my news. On Friday I had tea with a man called Watson - he is from Cheltenham Coll., one of the good public schools, a second year man, and a 'wet bob', ie. a rowing man who had a place in our last togger and in the second eight. He is not, however, very brilliant and therefore not very popular, but is quite nice - if you can forget, what is indeed a sin in Oxford social circles, his being rather slow. On Saturday afternoon I sculled on the upper river, taking for the first time a whiff, a much narrower lighter thing than the dinghies I have hitherto sported in. A dinghy is all but impossible to swamp, but it does sacrifice elegance and speed to security. A whiff, on the other hand, is very light and glides swiftly on the water; but it is so narrow that one can never let go of the oars. It is the simple scientific principle of an

extended base; not remembering this I once let the sculls go to get my handkerchief; and the boat began to rock in the most horrible fashion so that I dared not move but kept absolutely still and clutched the sculls again. Of course there was not any serious danger because the river was extremely shallow there. With this one experience, I got on very well indeed, and shall not return again to the dinghy if I can help it. You'll be surprised to hear that there is a lighter boat still, appropriately termed in Oxford slang, a toothpick - so narrow is it - which only stands out of water by inches. I shall not venture on that for months yet though I have an ambition to try one before I return.

At five as usual there was the C.U. Committee, but In the evening we had the Fresher's Smoker. This years' was a tremendous improvement on the last. We had a good dinner in hall and after that a little port. Now this port was dispensed in tiny wine glassfuls so that no-one got a large quantity, and those who know tell me that it is next to impossible to get drunk on port. The result was everyone was sober at the concert which followed immediately after in the J.C.R. Some of the songs were good and it was thoroughly enjoyable. Hayes kept order and sent a man who came in with a tremendous jug of beer out of the room. Of course being a big man and of some consideration in College he could do it easily. After the concert there was a short interval while the J.C.R. was being cleared for the dance. Some of the incorrigibles, but very few indeed and as far as I now none of the freshers, took this chance of going up to their rooms and getting drunk on whisky. I did not stay for the dance but came up to my room instead. In every way it was a satisfactory contrast to last year's disgraceful exhibition. One of the few who had partaken too deeply of overstrong potions hailed Dicky Brook who was passing through the quad, familiarly, "Hullo, Dicky" adding some not very complimentary terms - he has been gated!

On Sunday morning I went to Mansfield Chapel and heard Dr. Cairns preach an exceedingly good sermon. Mr. Hogg had given me a letter to him which I could not find, but I met him nevertheless at the Selbie's in the afternoon. Wilker was there too and he took the Sunday Prayer Meeting of the C.U. I told him that I remembered dimly hearing him speak at a Y.M.C.A. meeting with McConaughy long ago - he remembered it too and complimented me on my memory! He looks astonishingly young still. Cairns is a delightful man of about fifty five perhaps with a small face and shrewd, kindly eyes. He is a great man in the Student Movement, and is of course in the Theological College at Aberdeen.

Monday was a quiet day except that in the afternoon I had Hughes of Queen's and Davis of John's to tea. On Tuesday there was more doing. I lunched with the Streeters. They live in the High, near Queen's. Mrs. Streeter proved to be a very nice lady and did most of the talking. Streeter himself remained nearly absolutely silent: which was rather strange considering he had been to South India only last long vac. and there were plenty of common topics for him to talk upon. I was rather awed myself but nevertheless did try but vainly to lead him out. He refused to be tempted into anything more than a very occasional sentence. Indeed he is a man who cannot express himself well, and his efforts at explanation and exposition are always long winded and involved. After a rather dull hour I had a very lively one - for I went to play 'soccer' in a Mansfield 'squash' - a trial game. By the way 'squash' is a favourite Oxford term and means several things. Lemon Squash, anyone can understand. A hockey squash say is a trial game of hockey usually between members of the same college just for practice or to select the best players. But when somebody tells you 'I had a squash in my rooms last evening' he means something quite different. A 'squash' in such a context means simply a party, a number of men. Well, the soccer squash was delightful, and though I did not quite cover myself with mud and glory I had an enjoyable game. In the afternoon Rossdale had promised to come to tea but he cried off at the last moment and so I wandered out into the quad to find someone who wd eat my cakes, found Bulmer and brought him in!

On Wednesday afternoon I called on Naish and had tea there; and today I had tea at Khosla's digs. That finishes the tale of my social engagements. Now above the vac.

I am not quite sure yet where I shall go - but it will possibly be near Beaconsfield, a place about twenty miles north-east of London, near Chalfont St. Giles where Milton lived sometime, on the Chilterns and in the midst of a most delightful country. Of course Krishnamachari will come too and Subbarayan may too for two or three weeks. Term ends on the 6th, Saturday and the next term begins, I think, on the 16th January so that we have a slightly longer Xmas vac than usual.

I find I have a great bundle of postcards to send home - I shall send them sometime soon. This week I have no storeis to beguile the tedium of this letter. I am glad to hear that anything can be made out of my letters with printing. If it is not difficult I shd. like to have a copy of 'the College mag. in which the 'Diary of an Oxford Undergrad' appears. I should love to see what the impudent fellow says of

things.

Amachi may be glad to hear that Macrae - whom I had given up as hopeless - called one evening recently while I was out and left his card with the legend - I have been ill and away - wh. of course explains his nonappearance and long silence. So I asked him again and he is coming to breakfast on Saturday.

The Oxford-Cambridge rugger match is to be played in London on the 9th December. We are sure to get beaten: for they are a much better team. On the same evening there is a Camper's Reunion dinner in London to which I have been asked and shall probably go, for I expect to be either in or near London on the 9th 'Evening dress, says the card, 'would be an unwarranted breach of camp etiquette'!

I enclose two carol-books; Kunju may find some use for them, though perhaps without the music she may not be able to sing all of them.

I shd. stop now with much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

#73

4th.Dec.1913

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the letters from home. I am glad you liked the photo, it is fairly satisfactory on the whole though Nat Micklem declares it to be no likeness: and indeed the expression is a little severe, and severe or not far more serious I must confess than the original. I am surprised, however, that you prefer the side-view, so to speak. I did not like it a bit and only had three copies developed of that plate. The two others I enclose herewith and Kunju can have one.

As for the cross-country I have latterly given it up; and that is why there is no mention of Sproule in my letters. However, he is running again for Oxford on the 13th agt. Cambridge: Gaussen is not well enough to run otherwise our victory had been a matter of course. We have, however, a good American fresher as second string, Taber by name. We have also quite a formidable rugger side to fight the Tabs

on the 9th at Queen's Club. They are a very good side and the odds are abt. 3 to 2 that we will lose. In any case there is sure to be a hard and a glorious fight. I cannot afford to go as a seat costs 5/., but I do not much regret it having never been an enthusiast of rugger. The soccer match is only played next term and so the hockey, athletics and rowing. As for the last our trials were rowed this week. 'Trials' means that all the best men in the colleges are selected and put into two boats (the old 'blues' who are good enough do not row in trials), and these hold a race. From these boats are selected what recruits may be wanted to fill the varsity boat. This year the boats fouled each other, that is came together so close that the oars clashed - so the race was declared void. Hayes was rowing and acc. to the report in the Times did well though not brilliantly. He says he is rather stiff and short but a useful worker; if you can understand the jargon. Our last year's stroke, Horsfall of Magd., is chaning his position this year and the boat needs a stroke who may be either Pitman of New Coll (an old blue) or Fletcher of Balliol. The Merton stroke (Raikes) was tried for a short time early in the term and then thrown out because he has not a long reach, being short and stout like a tub.

I should have mentioned earlier that Rischbieth of Merton is one of the reserves this year in the cross-country. We shall also probably have a hockey blue in R.G. Coxon who has played for the varsity many times in minor matches. Also in the soccer league we are at present head of the first division, in hockey we have not yet been beaten this term I believe while in rugger we are nearly top of the second division. Hurray for Merton! Now for my doings this week. Last Saturday morning Macrae came to breakfast. Having seen him at close quarters I like him. He is a big man, over six foot high and large in proportion; but not by any means unique in the varsity. The astonishing thing is that there are scores of men like him, a few even bigger. At Merton there must be a good dozen who are six foot and over and most men are 5.10 or 5.11. A man like Neville Talbot must be 6.6 or so and the 'Magdalen Giant' as the tallest man in the varsity is called must be over that height. But the giant is a pitiful sight, then almost emaciated, weak-chest, thin-legged he inspires no terror! Macrae I'll admit is a good specimen of a man but what I claim is that he is only one of many. I went to brekker with him in return on Tuesday; his 'digs' are near Worcester and he told me he found Oxford wondrous dull after living years in London - a statement with which I violently disagreed. He is perhaps rather lordly and exclusive, at least he seems to think most of the Worcester men unfit to associate with, and such an opinion makes me suspicious not of Worcester man but of the author of it. He was, however, perfectly nice to me and as I said before I rather like

him on the whole.

I should have mentioned that on Friday afternoon I had tea with an Oriel man, McClusty, in his 'digs'.

On Saturday afternoon of course there was the Exec. meeting, the last meeting of term; and accordingly we made a rather long business of it. On Sunday I only went to College chapel in the evening when we had advent and Christmas hymns, the latter being 'O Come let us adore Him' in Latin, the famous 'Adeste fideles'. I sang it as lustily as anyone though I am sure all my accents and quantities were hopelessly wrong! In the afternoon I paid a farewell call at the Moffats. Dr. M. was not at home but I saw all the others, they are staying on in Oxford during vac. In the evening after hall I asked in two freshmen, Monk Jones (Dulwich) and Vickers (Oundle), both classical scholars. They proved extra-ordinarily nice fellows, and I liked the former esp. very much. He has joined the C.U., has a brother in B.N.C., and has a trick of winking very often. Isn't that an adequate description?

On Monday afternoon I had P.R. Johnston to tea. He is also a Dulwich man, a fresher, and a classical scholar. He is a mere boy and was a charming fellow. I had asked a third man but he did not turn up and so we had a tete-a-tete. After hall I went to the C.U. Coll: Secretaries' meeting - most of the college secs. turned up and we had a very good meeting. Next term is going to be a crowded one, for one thing because of the Bishop of Oxford's Mission in the varsity for a whole week in February. A lot of preparatory work is being done for it. On Tuesday morning I had brekker with Macrae and had Timpson in to lunch. In the afternoon I went to tea at Magdalen with Tyson. (For Kunju's information I may say that he does not live on the same staircase as the Prince of Wales.): He was in Switzerland last summer vac, in the Alps and showed me a great many photos and snapshots of it.

On Wednesday nothing happened, but today I had lunch at Murray's along with the other members of the Exec, and for tea I had Wylie. He is a quiet North country man, the very antithesis of Buckland, last year's history scholar. He is also exceedingly shy and nervous and when his turn came to read lessons in chapel fell into hopeless confusion at first and hardly a word was heard by the rest of us. Poor fellow, the type is rather uncommon at the varsity and the consequence will probably be that he'll be rather 'out of it'. Proof: he told me today that he knew very few of the freshers to speak to, while some others I've met know almost everyone.

Now for the vac. Term ends on the 6th and I leave Oxford the same day. My movements are far as I know them are these: 6th - 8th Mill Hill. 'Baby Timpson' is at the school there and as his brother is going to visit him and I was asked to go too, I thought I'd take the opportunity of seeing an English public school; besides Mill Hill is very close to London and therefore hardly out of my way and after all a little 'dissipation' at the beginning of the vac is good. On the 8th or 9th I go to London and stay there till the 10th, probably at McEwan Lawson's new hostel with Chacko. On the 10th Krishnamachari comes from Cambridge and we go to Beaconsfield together. From the 24th - 29th I shall be at Boxmoor at the Micklems'; these particular dates because both before and after Nat will be away from home.

The end of term is usually a crowded time and this is an exception. Add to this that this week is my Xmas mail and you can imagine how hardup I am for time. Hence I cannot write much more. I shd. mention however that I have elected a member of the Stubbs Society.

One thing and that the most most imp. I have left till the last, which is nothing more or less than to wish you all a very happy Christmas. I suppose the Christmas tree will bloom again and that once more Santa Claus will appear. I should have much liked to send all of you something but find it impossible, but after all the best thing I can send is love and all cheerful wishes.

from ever yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I shd. add that I got the £20. Many thanks.

#74

Old Jordans
Beaconsfield
Bucks.
11.12.1913

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter which I received the last day of term and could

only hurriedly glance through till I was in the train to London. I should mention with regard to collections that it was a purely college thing and that no scholars or exhibitioners were eligible for it; So that there were really only some ten or twelve competitors for it and most of them hardly serious. As for the other report as much credence is to be given for it as to similar reports - and that is very little.

As I said Saturday was a crowded day. In the morning I had breakfast with Swartz and some other Americans in their 'digs'; then I called on the Hoares to bid good-bye. Mrs. Hoare, it appears is going to stay with her brother in Norwich for some time now. After all this at about halfpast ten I had my don-rag. Johnner was not present but had sent a statement about each of his pupils and the warden read mine out - the usual stuff, only if anything more ludicrous than usual. He said I worked hard and read many books - both gross exaggerations - wrote careful essays which were - however, sometimes too long. Now the last clause especially to simply a repetition of the first don-rag. My first time I did write long essays but this term they were so short that Johnner himself remarked on it one day. But when he came to write something for the don-rag he forgot all about recent occurrences and remembered his old verdicts! That is characteristic of the man.

As soon as the don-rag was over I got into a cab and went to the station, there met G.F. Timpson and together we went to London. We lunched at S. Pancras station and then took train to Mill Hill only ten miles off. It was the next station to Hendon and as we went past we could see the aeroplanes flying over the aerodrome. At Mill Hill we first found our "digs", after some confusion, and then went up to the school. There was a rugger match between the school and some other club on and so we waited and watched it. There was a great crowd of boys watching and they cheered loud and often - which reminded me of Madras. The school which played well won the match. Mill Hill is not a big public school in numbers, there are only about 250 boys, while a place like Eton has over a thousand. But the buildings were very large. As the name implies, the school is on a hill, the entire summit of which the school has bought so that the village cannot come near it. On the hill there are four or five blocks of buildings each of which is a 'House', that is a number of boys live in it under the care of one or more masters. These stood quite apart from each other and have a more or less separate life. For instance they all have separate teams, dine separately, sleep in different buildings and meet together only for classes, chapels and a few occasions like that. Far the largest and most important of these 'houses' is the School House, a fine building with a front like the side of an Oxford quad,

overgrown with ivy and relieved by a column of Corinthian pillars and a triangular plinth in the middle like the front of Pachaippa's College, to take an intelligible illustration. Attached to the School House, which itself is largely dormitories, class-rooms, etc., are bathrooms, one large swimming bath, boot rooms, etc. and a tuck-shop. This last was very well patronised and the boys often have tea in a room behind the tuckshop. We had tea there too and I watched a fat little fellow eat unlimited bread and butter and cakes with a feeling of terror and curiosity whether he would burst. Close to these there was a nice long library, a reading room where a crowd of boys devoured the papers, music-rooms where they could practice on pianos, a workshop where they could make photo-frames, etc., and labs. Walking along the corridors we came to one corner where round a fire a group of small fellows were sitting which reminded me at once of the fireside scenes in Tom Brown. It was 'Baby' Timpson who took me round all these. At about six all the boys of the House lined up in the corridor and the monitors walked up and down, the senior one saying in a prolonged intonation "Stop Talking". If they caught anyone talking he was punished. The monitors are great swells and are co-opted with the consent of the Head - the qualities needed, anyone or both of ability in games or work together with a strong character. There are fifteen or sixteen of them, and below them come an equal number of prefects, their assistants. I believe there is one prefect in each 'dormy'. After the "stop talking" the boys filed into the dining rooms for supper.

On Sunday morning Timpson and I went to the College Chapel, a nice big building with a fine traced ceiling and a good organ.-----diagram----- something like the plan. A is a side gallery reserved for old Mill Hillians and visitors where we sat. B is the headmaster's place, C the organ. The long lines represent the benches where the boys sat, the monitors and prefects on the top rows on either side and the little fellows of the preparatory school on the end gallery D. F was the pulpit.

They have a special liturgy - I should have said before that Mill Hill is a Free Church public school - and the morning service was more or less an adaptation of the English service; Dr. Forsyth preached on Sports and Work - a good sermon but much too long. The singing was not bad, and altogether I liked the service. After it was over I was introduced to the Head, Sir J. McClure, recently knighted. He is a most remarkable person in appearance, a shock of hair on his head and a face that somehow strangely recalled the man of the eighteenth century - a face difficult to describe yet full of personality and power. He is familiarly and universally known

as 'The Bird', why I cannot tell, for his appearance is anything but airy or light.

In the afternoon we invited Baby T. and another boy, Chivers to tea at our 'digs', having first asked permission. We had quite a nice time. In the evening we went again to the chapel to a service very much like the morning one. Dr. F. again preaching. I find I've omitted to mention that on Sunday the monitors wear frock coats and when they go out top-hats! They are big swells in college. Two of Dr. Selbie's sons are there - the older one looks very young being a short fellow but is I'm told eighteen and has just been up - fruitlessly I note from the Times - for a schol. at Oxford. In the school there are of course stated times for nearly everything - and before classes they have 'prep' time, an hour or so for preparing lessons which they do in class-rooms, while monitors or prefects walk about to see that there is due order and silence. On the whole the tone of the school struck me as very good and doubtless my description is very inadequate, for the real thing is vastly different from anything I know in India and I had no time to really understand all its workings.

On Monday morning we left Mill Hill and I went to the new Student Movement hostel at Hampstead. McEwan Lawson and his colleague Morley run it and it is quite a nice house close to the Heath, a large bit of green and trees on the outskirts of London. There is none of the hurry and noise of the city, and though the place is not full yet several more men are coming in after Christmas. The idea is to have an equal number - 5 or 6 - of Indians and Englishmen, and the men who have the management are ripping. Mac Lawson is getting married to-day and moving out into a lovely little flat close by. He has furnished it all very simply yet nicely and they are both going back to it tonight. I stayed at the hostel till this morning. K. C. Chacko was there too.

I had crowded time in London, so crowded in fact that I had no time to visit either Frank Cheshire (leaving for Nagpore in January) or Ochen (who I was not sure was in London: he was to have gone to Oxford some time in the vac). On Tuesday I went to the varsity rugger match. The grounds were packed and I had to stand up in the press and hour and a half before the match began. I met however five Merton men that afternoon. The results of the match itself you'd know already. We were beaten by 13 points to 3, but as a matter of fact the game was much more even than the scores indicate and Oxford had rather more of the ball than the 'Tabs. Our three quarter line however failed unexpectedly and that was the cause of the disaster - wh. however was more or less confidently predicted.

Krishnamachari who was to have met me in London called while I was out and not finding me in came away at once to Old Jordans. I wondered at his absence and waited for him all Wednesday, but he did not turn up so I came to old Jordans myself today and found him here to my surprise.

I have left myself no time to write of this place nor have I seen much of it yet. This is the only letter I am writing this mail altho' there are several waiting to be answered. The pressure of things was such that I have no leisure at all. I shall begin work only tomorrow. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#75

Old Jordans,
Beaconsfield.

17.12.1913

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the letter. There is little in it which I need directly answer. So let me begin with my own experiences. The last letter I remember was written in a tremendous hurry to catch the mail and it was the only one that went to India from me that week. So I must have described most things rather sketchily except Mill Hill School and the Rugger match. I am sorry to say that Oxford were beaten in the cross-country too on the 13th, but we solace ourselves by thinking that it was simply hard luck. The excuse is that Gaussen was unable to run having been ill most of the term, and as a matter of fact our men were both first and second. Sproule, as was expected, came in first and besides beat the record by running the 7 1/2 miles in 41 min. 55 sec. The next was the fresher, Taber (St. John's). But the three other Oxford men were 7th, 9th and 10th thus making a total score of 29 against 26 of Camb. wh. thus won by three points. If Gaussen had run he would certainly have been second or third and as it was Sproule was nearly a whole minute ahead of the first Cambridge man, Bonsfield.

One thing about London I forgot to mention, that I went into Selfridge's and Liberty's - both great shops in London - to see the Christmas things. The former was

crowded with people and it was a relief to get out of it, but Liberty's was beautiful, the rooms were charmingly arranged and it was a real pleasure to walk through them. I thought how it would have delighted Kunju's heart to see them!

And now I must give some sort of description of Jordans. The house itself is a hostel, run by the Friends or Quakers with accommodation for say twenty people. At present there are only three besides the two ladies who manage it; the others are an American Rhodes scholar (Exeter) doing History and an old American lady who seems to know all the important people both in England and America. Her conversation is often like this: When I see the Bishop of London next I must ask him etc. or when I was in American I used to call on the Secretary for War almost every day - and she is not at all an imposter. Her chief occupation at present consists in making unlimited quantities of American sweets and packing them up in boxes - dozens of them - for her friends at Christmas! To get back to Jordans.

The house is a plain cottage - of course rather large - standing in sheer country - the nearest house is quarter of a mile off, the nearest village a mile and a half, the nearest railway station three miles off. So there is as much quiet as one wants. For exercise one may either walk among the hills and valleys all round, most of them full of beech woods, which must be glorious in summer and even now are not unattractive - for the twigs of the copper beech are purple and the ground is carpeted with a thick soft layer of dead leaves; or play badminton in a big barn. The nearest village is Chalfont St. Giles - modern and unattractive in itself but memorable in virtue of its association with Milton. Thither when the Plague was in London in 1665 he retired and in a little cottage surrounded with rose and honeysuckle wrote his great poem. The house is still preserved, a wide chimney touches the street and you go in by a low side door into the poet's room, low, small, with a huge old-fashioned fire-place and lighted by two square windows. Now it is full of pictures of the men of the time of which a few are of Milton himself - one which looked beautiful, of the poet at ten. There was also the first edition of *Paradise Regained* in it. It was somehow hard to picture him in that crowded room - for he sat 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues' blind, dictating - while perhaps the bees hummed outside on a summer's day and suggested a famous simile in the first book. The house was only opened to the public 20 or 30 years ago, but they are on the 5th Visitor's Book now. I glanced through the first and found many famous names, Robertson Nicoll, the Bishop of Oxford, German princes; while the vast majority were American tourists, holiday-makers, Schools, and in later days boy-scouts. The country has another

special attraction to American Tourists - for very near Old Jordans hostel is the Friends' Meeting place, Old Jordans. There in the old and dark days they met together for worship and there Penn and his wife lie buried; and many visitors from Pennsylvania make the pilgrimage to this quiet English countryside.

I have not quite exhausted the associations of the neighbourhood yet. At Beaconsfield, three miles off, are the graves of Edmund Waller, the old 17th cty. poet and of Edmund Burke, the 18th cty. politician, orator and philosopher. At the present day there lives in the small town G.K. Chesterton, one of the most entertaining of modern writers. At St. Giles there is an old church to which an ancient lych gate gives access. I attended service there on Sunday and was an object of interest to all the children!

Krishnamachari was here till yesterday - when he left for Ipswich. He found Jordans too dull a place to stay in for more than a week. I may rejoin him at some place on the east coast after Christmas - till the 24th I shall stay here, of course. I have also got leave to go back to college a week before term begins, ie about the 9th January.

We have been living a quiet life, on the whole; but one day we walked to Dropmore Park, about five miles off. It is a tremendous place and must be very fine in summer. Near there are the famous Burnham Beeches.

18.12.1913

There is nothing more to write, except that today I went to the Station to meet Edwards. He is on his way home to Essex from Taunton and I persuaded him to come and spend the night with me at Jordans. He is sitting near the fire reading fairytales!

I must write next week about some other things. Many thanks to Kunju and Ammu for their letters which will duly be answered. Georgekutty will now be hard at work in view of the final M.B. With much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. I must write to Unniachan soon in answer to his kind letter.

Beaconsfield.

23.12.1913.

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for all the kind and loving wishes and letters - it is very good of you all to remember me and though I have not yet received the box yet I'm sure its contents will be lovely and let me thank every one of you in particular for their presents. You will see from the date that the birthday is yet to come.

You will readily understand if this letter is both short and dull. I have stayed here most of the time and there have no very exciting events. On Thursday afternoon of course Spenser came and spent the night here. It was a pleasure to have him and we had a nice time till he went away on Friday afternoon. I thought I'd take the opportunity to get some things I wanted in London and we went up to town together. I had only a couple of hours to spend in town and getting the things needed occupied most of it. I returned rather late, that is, I came to Gerrard's Cross at six when it was pitch dark. Till I left the row of houses behind me the road was fairly light, but after that I had to tread on the spot that looked whitish. However, I knew the road and of course there was nothing to fear, so I got home quite comfortably walking the three miles in three quarters of an hour. On Saturday I did nothing worth mentioning and on Sunday I went again to St. Giles' Church hoping to hear some Christmas songs and a Christmas sermon. But it happened to be the feast of S. Thomas and the conscientious vicar preached on St. Thomas, the lessons were about S. Thomas and we sang song on the same subject. Result: I was rather disappointed. I should have mentioned that Miss Aglionby went away on Saturday and on Monday Barnett went away too to spend Xmas in Paris: but a family of four came up yesterday and tomorrow more people will come in. For Christmas the house will be pretty full.

I have just had a letter from one of Nat's brothers that the motor will come for me tomorrow afternoon with Nat probably in it - so that I shall have a lovely ride to Boxmoor. Krishnamachari went away last Tuesday to Ipswich but today he left for London and after I come back we may spend the rest of the time here. It is quite a nice place, and most of the Christmas visitors will have gone by then.

I had a huge Christmas mail on Monday though there were not quite so many cards as last year, but there were a lot of letters which more than compensated. Cards are however still dropping in from friends in England. Dr. and Mrs. Moffat sent one

which I enclose, because it has the Mansfield crest and colours. The other day I went to Chalfont St. Giles for a few cards. The first shop I went into was kept by a man whose chief trade evidently consisted in boots. But he was also the postmaster and did not object to dealing in last year's Christmas cards - so faded was their hue and they looked old and dilapidated. The next shop was slightly better. It is a queer little village unremarkable save for Milton's cottage and the old church. A paper called 'The Mushroom' was edited here last summer. I have been making some additions to it, one a fairy tale and the other an interview - of course the interest of either is purely local.

Miss Aglionby gave me a box of her sweets for Christmas - it is called 'fudge' and is a dangerous confection to anyone who values his digestion - but at Christmas time who does?

It is ridiculous, but I am afraid I must stop now. Last year too I remember just about this time I wrote a very short letter - but what is one to do when there is absolutely nothing doing. Besides some other letters took up a lot of my time.

Ever with love to all,
Yours affectionately
Kuruvila Zachariah

P.S. I must write to Unniachen next week and congratulate him.

#77

Old Jordans,
Beaconsfield.
27.Xii.1913

My dear Apachen,

I should really thank you for the kind and clear letter you wrote to me sometime ago. One thing in it - implied rather than expressed in so many words - struck me with grief; the perhaps unconscious impression that I neither thought of nor consulted with the home folks in making my plans. I am full of regrets that any conduct of mine could ever be construed to give ground for such a feeling, and for all my want of trust in thought or deed I beg forgiveness. But I should not be just to myself if I

did not say that the thought of what I owed - and owed gladly - to all at home was never for one moment absent from my thoughts on this problem. In some degree at least I have understood and am thankful for all the love, tenderness and care which mother, you and all the others have lavished upon me. Often I have thought of it till I was overwhelmed with the marvel of it, and more and more as the years go on I am learning to wonder at and be grateful for all the love with which God has surrounded me. Believe me, I can never cease to love all at home and if I seek to do God's will, what helps me most of all to persevere is the conviction that in doing what pleases Him I shall also be doing what is best for all I love. The sense that I may grieve some of those who are near and dear to me makes every step of the way harder to tread.

One thing I had better say at once - there is no sort of understanding between the Christian College men and me. If you think that when I met Mr. Pittendrigh in London either of us at all mentioned this subject you are mistaken - and I may confess it rather pained me to see that you thought so, especially after I had written that I had not decided on anything for certain. It would be wrong again to think that any of the Professors, even Mr. Hogg, attempted to persuade me to enter the college. Even when I wrote to him to give me his advice Chacko was silent on the subject - from a feeling, which is just like him, that he must not anyway influence me in any choice. In fact, one of the hardest things for me has been all along the lack of anyone to discuss things with in England; and I must take all the responsibility for any decision I have come to.

I think I understand the family position. Though I had no clear notion then I had long imagined that it might be necessary for my sisters to be somewhat dependent on me - and I acknowledge no obligation more cheerfully than this one, indeed I cannot think of it as very much of an obligation, but as a privilege, a debt one gladly repays. Then there is all the money borrowed for my stay in England. It is therefore necessary for me, unless something happens, to seek some work in which I will be in a position to afford this help and to discharge my debts.

At this point one naturally thinks of the Civil, and I can quite understand why people in India all wish me to appear for the Exam. It had been more or less of a boyish dream to myself - and to India especially to most people it is the Zenith of life's ambitions, a sort of material heaven to which the way is narrow but to attain which is worldly salvation. I do not for a moment think that these are at all the

reasons wh. prompted you to urge me to try for the civil, but I've no doubt that these, added to a certain prestige for the community, are what occur to most people at first blush, and few of them care enough to give the problem a second or any deep thought. Their wish therefore counts with me for little. And I cannot help feeling that unless I had prayed and thought and prayed and thought over the case I should have no right or justification nor do any good if I advised another man in a similar situation to mine at present. That is why a man like Chacko hesitates to give his opinion, altho' I know he has given more time to thinking over it than most of the other people put together. For, after all, one must admit that the Civil need not be the best and noblest work for every man to do who can get into it.

As I said your own reasons stand altogether on a different place, and I am sure you will bear with me if I cannot always agree with them. Perhaps I am most doubtful about the service my entering the Civil will be to the community. I grant that it may gain an added prestige and command more respect than before; but, from what I have seen and heard of the community, I cannot help feeling that what it needs is not so much more of wordly respect and material advancement as more of the spirit of self-sacrifice and of love. If we win India for Christ it will not be because we have a hundred men in the Civil Service but because we reveal in all our doings - within and without - the Christian spirit.

'The Civil is the one sphere where one gets full scope for all one's talents.' But is it not also true that there are different kinds of talents, and here I come to my root - objection to the Civil. I feel that I have very few of the gifts that make a successful administrator and whenever I have been in any capacity that needed abilities of that kind - though far inferior in degree - I have been a failure. I confess that I am 'helpless' in any new place or situation. In this connection some remarks of Johnson's recur to my mind. He was talking of Bajpai, whom he knows well - and he said (in effect) that it was foolish and silly of him to compete for the Civil because he had none of the capacities that a man needs in the Civil. He believes and mightily that Bajpai will get in, but he strongly disapproves of his trying to get in. I am in exactly the same position.

On the other hand, while I am far from thinking that I have any great talents that way, I cannot help feeling that what I have are such as would best suit the educational sphere. Nor is this an altogether unverified aspiration - during the year I was tutor, while I was not good as a lecturer, I at least was able to keep discipline (which is

more than many tutors do) and best of all to win the friendship of several of the boys I came into contact with. Somehow I have been singularly successful in making friends in the last two or three years - and when you remember how shy, awkward, irritable and unsocialable I was in earlier days you will appreciate what the change waste means. Even in England God has been very good to me in this respect, as in others. So that I must believe that what gifts have been unchanged to me would seem to be not inappropriate for this work.

May I say a word about mission work: keeping quite apart the fact of the help I have to give my brother and sisters and keeping apart also the question of what work I myself shall take up. I cannot think that there is any man with genius so brilliant or accomplishments as varied that he will be too big for the lifework of trying to spread abroad the Christian message. It would be superfluous to speak of men like Henry Martyn, Keith Falcroft or Bishop Patteson. But even at the present time at Oxford I have been struck with the fact how many clever and able men go into the ministry or into foreign missions. At this moment I can think of several who could have entered the Civil on a week's work but who thought they had found 'something better'. I am not denying that a man can serve Christ in any honest calling.

Another suggestion I cannot bring myself to accept - to compete for the exam and then refuse to enter the service. Partly because it would seem such a meaningless waste of effort - and to appear for the Civil in a year would mean an enormous amount of work and little prospect of success - and all for nothing. A little prestige and Kudos.

For the rest I have little to say. I see the need of taking up some work that will enable me to help the others. If the Govt. Educational there is little to be done just now. I asked Mr. Arnold who is on the board of selection and he said it was simply a question of vacancies and merit, and that if I got a first I should stand a good chance. But I must do what I believe to be the will of God and when He leads I must follow - only I know that He takes account of every factor and loves all whom I love more than I can and His will is surely the best and happiest for us - for all of us - even though it might seem to lead through clouds and shadow. Surely I cannot be as sinful as to think that God will take me away from the duties I should do.

With regard to Kunju, Amachi mentioned a Ninan here. I am afraid I do not know the person in question and so can hardly approach him - nor do I know where

he is and what he is doing.

If anything in this letter is amiss I humbly ask forgiveness.

With love.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#78

Old Jordans,

Beaconsfield,

Bucks.

31st. Dec. 1913

11:15 p.m.

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter and many thanks for it. Many thanks for all the Christmas and New Year wishes. As I sit writing this the New Year is fast coming in and 1913 is almost rung out.

This week I have to write of my Christmas. On the afternoon of the 24th, Nat and his youngest brother, Caryl (who is an invalid and cannot walk without assistance) came in the motor for me. We started off gaily through Chalfont St. Giles and Amersham, four miles off: but just outside Amersham the car refused to take a very steep hill. So Nat telephoned home to say we wd. be late and we had to return on our tracks a little and take a very round about road to Boxmoor which however avoids the hills. It was fast getting dark and very chill but we were all completely muffled up in multitudes of overcoats, mufflers, rugs, gloves etc. I enjoyed the ride immensely though we cd. not see anything of the beautiful Chiltern country through which we passed. We ran through Wendover and Thring where the huge estate of the Rothschilds lie and came to Boxmoor about six instead of at five - 25 or 35 miles instead of the straight twelve. We were met at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Micklem and Nat's two other brothers.

Let me describe the family. Mr. Micklem K.C. is a charming old gentleman, formerly M.P. for Hertfordshire. Mrs. M. is a very nice person too but rather

excitable, I believe. She has a pleasant though not very striking face and is very nice and kind. With great difficulty she had been persuaded to sit for her picture, which had arrived just before we came and had been hung in the hall. Mr. Micklem faced her on the opposite wall, both were excellent likenesses. Nat is the eldest son, the next is Esmond who took his schools at Oxford last summer and is now doing something in the medical line. Romilly, the third, is in his first year at New Coll. Caryl is the fourth and last and has always been at home. There are no sisters, I believe. All of them were at home for Christmas, but the only other visitor besides myself was an uncle. An aunt came in after Christmas.

The house is a large one rather out of the village of Boxmoor. You walk into a hall from which open a number of other rooms, a dining room, a drawing room, studies etc. On the second storey are most of the bedrooms, besides a billiard room, and there is a second floor too. I had a lovely room and every comfort, hot bath, fire in bedroom, hot water in the mornings etc. There is a pianoforte in the drawingroom and an organ on the first floor. Most of the sons as you may imagine can play or sing. There is a large garden all round, and beyond a big grass field where we usually played golf. On the whole it is a charming and very admirable place.

We usually had breakfast about 8:30, lunch at 1, tea at 4:30 and dinner at 7. Of course at Christmas time one had the indispensable turkey, plum pudding and mince pies.

The very next day after my arrival was Xmas. After breakfast when everyone got his or her presents we went to church at Hemnel Hempstead, a town two miles off. I had some presents too for Mr. and Mrs. M. gave me two books, Stevenson's *Weir of Herrington* and a book called *Nobler Cares*, and Nat gave me Michael Fairless's *The Road Mender* and *In Memoriam*. Besides the wife of the clergyman of the church The Micklems go to, sent me a nice book on Westminster Abbey. In appears she sends one to every visitor at the house at Xmas and of course to all members of the family - usually they are most expensive ones too, lovely editions such as issue from the press at this time. I met her after church and indeed she must be a most generous person indeed to send a book to a man she has never seen or heard of but once! After Church and lunch we played games, pulled crackers, listened to the gramophone or sang. Mr. Micklem undertook to teach me golf (January 1st) and some of the others came too so that we usually played a foursome in the field, with varying results. On Saturday morning Nat and I went to play on the regular links at

Boxmoor; but since he lost his ball at the second hole and I mine at the seventh we had to stop before we could finish at the ninth hole. In the evening after dinner and an hour or so in the drawing room the men usually adjourned to the billiard room for an hour of billiards.

It was not an exciting time but most enjoyable. Everything went as smoothly and there was a large choice of occupations so that one could always amuse oneself somehow or other. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Micklem had a party - consisting of the old governess of the family and her husband two children, a sister of hers and her little girl. We had tea and crackers and games of all sorts from snapdragon to dumb charades and the little ones quite enjoyed themselves. On Friday which was Boxing Day - a great time for holiday making and amusements - we all went into the lane beside the house and saw the draghounds. It was a gay sight as there were at least a score of riders and most of them took the hedges beautifully, though here and there a horse backed and shied.

The weather during all this time was perfect, often cold and frosty but none the less bright and clear. On Monday morning, I think, we had the first touch of snow.

It snowed off and on all the morning and I walked in the snow to the telephone office to phone Krishnamachari that I'd meet him in London in the afternoon. He had been spending the Christmas at 21 Cromwell Rd. and had, he tells me, a good time. The weather being so good we could walk out whenever we felt inclined and at night the stars shone in the cold heavens. The frost lay thin and white on the morning grass and the contrast with last year's rainy Christmas could not escape one.

All the mantlepieces were full of Christmas cards, some of them real works of art. I had a good thirty altogether besides the half-dozen books. The parcel from home has not arrived yet, it usually takes a week or two more via Gibraltar. Hence I have not been able to send Kunju's cards to Margaret Moffat. On Monday there was a great exodus. On Sunday evening there were nine of us at 'Northridge', but early on Monday Mr. M. left for Deal. He is one of a party chiefly or all of lawyers who go to play golf at Deal. Later the uncle went away, and a little after Esmond, who went to London to attend the hospitals before term begins at Oxford. A little after the aunt and I left Northridge so that in the course of one day the family circle was reduced to four. Nat told me it might be his last Christmas at home. Next year (I mean this, for I am writing this part on the morning of the first of January) he will

pass out from Mansfield and may have a church on his hands. He is the most brilliant of all the sons and the most attractive and entertaining. At meals he kept us all in a continual ripple of laughter with his odd tricks and sayings: and he was very kind to me indeed all through. He was very pleased to get Georgekutty's card.

On Monday afternoon I came to London, and K and I immediately started for Old Jordans. We came here in the evening when the shades of night were falling fast. It had snowed a little all over the south of England and it snowed again a little at night. Most of the Christmas visitors at Jordans had left though there were five or six still staying on.

Yesterday evening the two ladies of the house and I sat up, I writing letters and they reading, to watch the New Year come in. We heard the bells from two villages ringing out twelve and as bade the New Year welcome. This morning when I got up - rather late, in consequence of the vigil - the day was clear and unclouded and the sun shone into my room dazzling my sleepy eyes.

There is not very much more to write. I hope all at home had a happy Christmas.
With love,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

Apologies to Kunju and Kunjunju for not answering their letters this week, I am very sorry indeed but would they forgive me till next week.

8.1.1914.

My dear Apachen,

The homeletter as usual and many thanks for it. I was interested to read about the matches and other stirring events, and do hope the B.G.M. will win the cup again.

This letter again must be a short one: for I have had as uneventful a week as one would have. The only times I walked out during the whole of the last week were on Sunday morning to go to Church at a little village near by called Seer Green and in the afternoon to go to tea with some people at Gerrard's Cross who had invited Krishnamachari and me: they are Quakers, I think, and met us here. Apart from this I spent all or far the greater part of the time in quiet ways, working a little, playing badminton in the barn or golf out in the field or some indoor games. Most of the people are still here who were here last week, but one new arrival needs to be mentioned. On Tuesday came Southea, an Australian Rhodes scholar and freshman (St. John's). Why he deserves notice is however because he won some running events in the Freshman's Sports and also won his blue in rugger: it was very good to be selected to play for Oxford in his first year, and indeed he scored our only try. His great forte is not his tackling but his speed which enables him to be a dangerous three-quarter. He is however not at all like a blue, but a thoroughly good sort, like Sproule for instance.

The weather has been very good on the whole; we had a spell of cold when it snowed a little and the nights were frosty; but that passed away and now it is much warmer, only inclined to be damp and rainy. Compared with last year, however, it is as fair as fair can be. I am rather disappointed at missing the snow and ice which seemed so near.

I am leaving Jordans on Saturday for Oxford. Term begins the Friday after. As there will be a few men in college then I shall not be lonely.

Krishnamachari is here still: he goes away on Monday. Just now he is intent on learning to play the piano and as I write I can hear him in the other room strumming away the do-re-me-fa: with such persistency as makes me think. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

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I suppose you have heard of the Kikuyu Conference and its results- it is creating something of a stir in the Church here, but the very High Church, The Catholic, - party have not many supporters except among the clergy. The balance of opinion among those qualified to give an opinion seems as yet to be on the Evangelical side, though the Evangelicals are not so powerful as they once were, long ago.

The Christmas parcel has not reached me yet, but perhaps it may have reached Oxford and may be waiting for me.

I cannot think what else to write - and I must stop with sincere apologies, and love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#80

11.1.1914.

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the very interesting letter from home. I was lured for a happy moment into imagining myself at home when I read the accounts of Christmas. The mail was waiting for me as I arrived in college on Saturday afternoon: So was the box. Let me thank all at home for their thoughtful kindness, which I most sincerely appreciate. The Caticums were in good preservation and they and the chocolates are being fast consumed. I was quite interested to read again my old letters in the pages of the B.G.M. College magazine though there appeared to be some confusion. In the account of the beginning of term it says I came in a tram from the station. So I did when I made my first visit to call on the Warden of Keble, but not - as the date implies - when I came to enter Merton. All the same it was like living over those

is a very good one. Many thanks for it, I had not bought a Varsity diary this year, so this will come in handy. The tree, I hope was quite as successful this year as at any time before; and the dinner must have been quite a high function.

Let me congratulate the B.G.M. on their brilliant success in the intercollegiate 'cupper'. They must be a jolly good team, indeed.

I left Jordans on Saturday afternoon. I meant to leave in the morning but the cab did not arrive in time and so I had to wait a few hours more. Instead of going back to London I took the train straight to Oxford, only some 35 miles off from Beaconsfield. But the company do not run any expresses on this route, hence my train was very slow, only doing the distance in a little over an hour and a half, and stopping at every tiny wayside station. The country it passes through is usually rather pretty, broken up by the picturesque Chilterns; but in mid-winter and on a gray afternoon it was not attractive enough to allure me from the book I was reading. The book deserves a word more than this direct praise. You may have heard of it - 'The Road-mender' by an author of the pen-name Michael Fairless. It is a poetic-philosophic (albeit Christian) interpretation of Life and Nature, thickly-studded with gems of phrasing, easily, musically flowing like a quiet stream, but not unburdened with the golden sands of thought. Altogether a striking book - short, but suggestive and reflecting day's sheen and the white shimmer of moonlight.

When I arrived in coll. I found I was not desolate - three other men were up, all curiously enough second-year. Some dons are in residence too and Fyfe is also in Oxford. I met Mrs. Fyfe and her son today in Grove St. as I came back from church.

Of course none of the college chapels is open in vac. and so I accompanied one of the other men, to one of the town churches, St. Paul's. He is an advanced High Churchman and the church was as high as it could be. We began with two humns during which the priests and choir walked in a procession half round the church with banners and rods and all the paraphernalia of procession. After the choir came the officiating clergyman walked up in robes and vestments and looking - it seemed to me - a rather ridiculous sight. he looked for all the world like one of our own metrans. The sermon was delivered by another clergyman, who from the example of the Magi - it was Epiphany day - justified the bending of knees and burning of incense, but did not say very much besides: though he did exhort the congregation to the offering of a willing heart. Then the communion service was read and the priest alone partook

- a rather ridiculous sight. he looked for all the world like one of our own metrans. The sermon was delivered by another clergyman, who from the example of the Magi - it was Epiphany day - justified the bending of knees and burning of incense, but did not say very much besides: though he did exhort the congregation to the offering of a willing heart. Then the communion service was read and the priest alone partook of The Eucharist. The little children in one of the side-aisles were kept in order, I noticed, by an individual dressed exactly like a nun. The whole service was a succession of surprises to one like me unaccustomed to the extreme High Church ritual. Of course tall candles burnt all the time. I must believe that all this stands for some genuine aspiration of the human heart, for some verity, but I cannot pretend to understand what it is. On the other hand when I see a kindred spirit to this opposing such a movement as that now symbolised by the name of Kikuyu I confess I feel some indignation against it. All experience leads me to be patient, tolerant, to recognize that there is good in other ways of thinking, to officiate and appropriate it. Still I must recognize that toleration may become intolerable and broad mindedness be too broad. But who shall draw the dividing line? In such a case perhaps it is best above all things to have charity.

In the afternoon I called at the Moffatts and found them all in. Poor Margaret has again had an attack of that nervous trouble which last year kept her a whole term away from school. She is advised to keep at home this term too. I saw her in bed and she, was very pleased to have Kunju's cards. Archie and Eric are all right, the former rejoicing in the possession of a vast Noah's ark full of Jumbo's, ranger's reindeer, 'jim-giraffes, 'canaries and birds', 'Noahs and wives'!

Today has been piercingly cold but dry.

Oxford is awaking. Till now we have had only a primeval horse-tram that took an unconscionable time to make its journeys. There was indeed some contract on the part of some company to run electric trams by this year - which was unfulfilled. Thereupon an enterprising man started motor-buses on his own. As he has not a licence people have to buy tickets in the shops. They are running merrily now and are crowded. Thereupon the tramway company started buses too - and there is keen competition and great excitement in the town. I saw a disconsolate horse tram running down Banbury Road to-day with one old lady as the sole occupant. The bookshops are full of cartoons of all sorts depicting various phases of the strife - and an account entitled "The Righte merye Tale of the Tramways" has already passed

This afternoon I had one of the men who are up, Buckland, the History Scholar, in to tea, for I think the first time. He is a clever fellow but is a little too sure of it himself, but quite nice in other ways.

Tuesday

This morning, while I was at breakfast, there was a knock at my door and to my intense surprise Ochen came in. It appears that he is staying in Oxford for a few days with the Streeters. When I had finished my brekker we sallied out and I took him to a good many of the collges. Some sights I saw myself for the first time - e.g. Keble Chapel. It is really very fine, lofty and large. There is a spacious chancel, then the choir with a great organ at one side, then the nave: but while in the other chapels the seats are always arranged lengthwise, in Keble chapel they lie crosswise as in an ordinary church. The floor is an ingenious pattern in bricks, and along the whole length of the side-walls, about half-way up, there is a series of beautifully-worked mosiacs representing biblical scenes. I was struck with the chapel as a whole. It costs £60,000.

I noticed also that Hertford bridge, which connects their two buildings over an intervening street, is finished and looks very effective.

Ochen confessed that Oxford is a much prettier place than Cambridge - which indeed all unbiased persons admit! The biased include all the Cantabs.

Thursday. 15th

Yesterday, when I was going to the Radcliffe, I met A.V.Murray who was coming to look for me. He asked me to lunch and I asked him back to tea to meet Ochen who spent the whole afternoon here; I was very glad to find that we agreed on many important things - e.g. Indian students in England. Ochen thinks - as I do - that it is a waste of time and money and opportunities to come to Oxford or Cambridge and then keep away from Englishmen. One in such a position would miss all the solid advantages of life in the Varsity and as a matter of fact carries back with him an entirely false conception of the peculiar function and advantages of Oxford and Cambridge. He was also coming to see, he added, that the British occupation in India was far more providential than one might think hastily. The collapse of sudden democracies and violent constitutional experiments among peoples unused to it except as an ideal and in idea and accustomed for ages to vastly different forms of

an entirely false conception of the peculiar function and advantages of Oxford and Cambridge. He was also coming to see, he added, that the British occupation in India was far more providential than one might think hastily. The collapse of sudden democracies and violent constitutional experiments among peoples unused to it except as an ideal and in idea and accustomed for ages to vastly different forms of government is full of wise significance for the leaders of political thought in India. China, Mexico, Turkey, Persia are object lessons and the wise man understands. George, I believe, holds a rather different position.

Ochen was so pleased with Oxford that he intends to come again sometime during term. He left this morning for London. He thought Oxford had a more Christian atmosphere than Cantab.

That brings me to Kikuyu: it is one of the subjects of the day. I have just been reading two little pamphlets, one by the Bp. of Zanzibar and the other by the Bp. of Uganda on either side of the gr. The first is an open letter to the Bp. of St. Albans condemning 'Foundations' in strong terms, accusing the Bp. of Uganda of heresy for his share in the Conference and blaming the B. of St. Albans for publicly condemning a clergyman who prayed to Mary and invoked the Saints. The other is a reasoned statement of the conditions that led to the Conference and the proposed scheme of Federation - sincere, sober and convincing. he thus introduces the common Communion at the close of his paper. "The celebration of the Holy Communion at the close of the Conference stands apart from any general scheme of Federation. That it was celebrated in a Church belonging to the Established Ch. of Scotland was due in a sense to the accident of place, no Ch. of Eng. building being available. The service itself followed throughout the order in the Bk. of Common Prayer; the generosity was on the party of the Scotch Mission in lending their Ch. for an Eng. Service. The admission of Nonconformists was certainly not without ample precedent. It was an exception occasion - an occasion wh. no one present is ever likely to forget. To repel at such a moment from a common participation might be justified by xxxe and dictated by a stern sense of duty; but it wd. have been in a sense to nullify the whole Spirit of the Conference. We cannot but feel that, in the circumstances, the Master Himself wd. have justified the action, as His Presence beyond all question hallowed the scene." One thing that surprised the Catholic party during the controversy must have been the body of influential opinion that supported the Evangelicals.

I am getting some hyacinths again for this term.

#81

22.1.1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter, which came as usual on Saturday, the day after term began. On Friday very little happened except that we dined in hall, but only half the college had come up. I had lunch with Murray. On Saturday morning I went to see my tutor and we discussed lectures and essays. I have eight hours this term,

1. Barker on Political Thought, Medieval and Modern - on T. Th. and S. at 10. New College.
2. Grant Robertson on Documents and Statutes after 1660 - on M. W. and F. at 10. Exeter.
3. W. G. S. Adams. on the Theory of Rights. on S at 11. All Souls.
4. E. Armstrong on French History in the 15th Century on M at 12. Queen's.

Of these Barker is continuing his lectures of last term. Grant Robertson is a fellow All Souls and a good lecturer. he has published a book called 'Select Cases, Statutes and Documents after 1660', which is one of the prescribed texts for English Constal History. He lectures on them himself in Exeter hall which on Wednesday last, the first lecture, was crowded. W.G.S. Adams is Gladstone Professor of Political Theory and a fellow of All Souls. Armstrong is a Queen's man and has a great reputation for the history of the 15th and 16th centuries in Europe on which he has written many important books.

So for the lectures. This term I am trying a new plan for essays. To make myself work I asked Johnner to give me two a week and accordingly I go to him on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6:45 in the evening. For Tuesdays I get essays on Aristotle, at least for the present, and on Thursdays I write on my European History period, French history just now. I have thus begun to work fairly hard - but still only

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On Saturday evening there was as usual the C.U. Executive meeting which was rather informal and we spent most of the time discussing the Daily Prayer meetings which some people want conducted in one way and some in another. Nothing definite was settled: the membership increased last term from 190 to 371 which surely is very good indeed.

On Sunday I went to Mansfield in the morning and heard the first of a series of four apologetic sermons to be preached by Dr. Selbie this term. It was on man's attitude to God' and was very good. I went with Monk-Jones whose father was a missionary in Coimbatore some twenty years ago. Perhaps someone there may remember him. After Mansfield I attended the C.U. meeting at which Moberly of Lincoln spoke. He is a very nice don. The weekday prayer meetings are not being held for the first half of this term because the mission holds a prayer meeting at the same time in St. Mary's and we meet with them. In the afternoon I called on the Fyfes and then went to evening chapel. In the evening I had Crawford and Burnett-Hall to coffee.

On Monday I had no lectures and had lunch with Timpson. In the afternoon Raman Menon of Hertford came in and I asked him to stay to tea. On Tuesday evening I went to my tutor, on what other things I did my diary is silent and memory fails. On Wednesday I had Whitley of New College in to tea. He is a very nice fellow and son of the deputy-speaker of the House of Commons. On Thursday, that is, today, I had lunch at Murray's, and Nat in to tea. Mansfield had been playing a soccer match with New College, London, and of course he was playing and so was rather late; but he was in good form when he came. In the evening I read my essay to Johnner - it was unfinished as I had no time to write it all out. He sympathized and said asking me to write two essays was like asking a young curate to preach two

have a missionary meeting in each college and a big meeting at the end to be addressed by Dr. John Kelman of Edinburgh and Mrs. Creighton. So it will be a busy term - even the weather is not so dismal as last year: it is cold and misty but not very rainy. My hyacinths are flourishing though not yet in flower. Mr. Bevan is up at New Coll. lecturing instead of Prof. Myres on Greek History. I have not met him yet.

The number of the certificate is not given in the G.O. The G.O. itself is No. 499, Education, 5th June 1912, and the certificate is dated Malabar Collector's Office, Calicut, 4th March. 1912.

23rd

I find that there is little else to write about and as there is not very much time now for the mail I stop. I met Mr. Hoare yesterday in the street and am intending to call on them this afternoon. Ever with love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

P.S. Writing little bit each day makes the longer I find - so I shall try to pursue that plan in future.

#82

Jan. 25th. 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the very interesting homeletter, all the more welcome if possible because I had only one other letter last week. There is very little in it directly to answer. Edward, whom you have forgotten, is one of the fellows I met at the Boy's Camp. He is in his last year at Tarnton School, Somerset, now and next year will go up to Cambridge, I believe. He is a very nice fellow and his father was out as a missionary in North India sometime ago. Now they live near Southend, in Essex.

answer. Edward, whom you have forgotten, is one of the fellows I met at the Boy's Camp. He is in his last year at Tarnton School, Somerset, now and next year will go up to Cambridge, I believe. He is a very nice fellow and his father was out as a missionary in North India sometime ago. Now they live near Southend, in Essex.

On Friday I did very little work chiefly as a reaction from Thursday when I worked all the afternoon at any essay. On the morning I went to hear Robertson at Exeter. Going in I met Barnett, the man who was staying at Jordans, coming out and asked him to tea in the afternoon. Robertson I like less and less, he is so rhetorical and diffuse that one can take hardly any notes - and a lecture without notes, such is the Oxford theory and not altogether wrong, is time wasted. My first day's notes consisted entirely of these three sentences,

1660 - 1714. Making.

1714 - 1813. Stationary.

1832 - 1897. Remaking,

so you may imagine I did not get very much out of it. By the end of the term I venture to predict that the hall will be less crowded than it is now.

Barnett in the afternoon. We talked over Jordans stories, fought old badminton battles over again and had a pleasant hour. He is taking schools this year.

On Saturday I had two lectures in the morning - Barker and Adams. The latter I attended for the first time on The Theory of Rights and he was quite good. In the afternoon I met Dodd (New College) going out for a walk and accompanied him. We walked on the towpath, for the first time this term. I should say that Saturday was a very cold day, and in the morning the white frost lay almost like snow on the ground. In the river there were quantities of floating ice like miniature icebergs, and all the shallow ditches were frozen hard. And now hear the worst of my hard luck. Usually this term is very rainy and the meadows on both sides of the river are flooded a foot or two deep. Under such circumstances one or two cold days would freeze them and one may get beautiful skating without any of the danger of skating on a river. This winter has however been so dry that on almost all the meadows there is not a drop of water and there is no chance in prospect of my learning to skate. Of course the river takes a good many days to freeze and today is warmer so that all the ice will already have thawed.

At halfpast four I went to New College to have tea with Mr. Bevan who is up for a term acting for Myres, the Prof. of Ancient History. We talked of Mrs. Besant and he told me that there were several people in England who belonged to her order of the Star of the East, one of the most prominent of whom was Lady Emily Lutyens, wife of the man who is building Delhi. He added that hardly anyone in England had heard true accounts or indeed any accounts of the Madras case which damaged her reputation so much in India.

I had to leave Mr. Bevan soon because of the C.U. Exec. meeting, which lasted till seven. Hall at half past and after that I had P.R. Johnstone, one of this year's classical scholars, in to coffee. he is hardly more than a boy and is a very nice fellow - why I asked him was chiefly because there was a proposal to form some sort of a discussion circle and I wanted to get some of the freshers in. It was successful beyond my highest expectations and we have about seven or eight already, almost all freshmen - the best of them, Johnstone, Millis, Adams and classical men, Blanshard the American and probably Lowe and Towson. Some of us met this morning and decided to centre our discussion on Bernard Lucas' book, *The Faith of a Christian*, and to meet on Sundays at ten.

To Mansfield at 11:30 where a Rev. Mr. Benson preached a good sermon. As Dr. Moffatt came alone I asked whether Margaret was still in bed and was told that she was better but Mrs. Moffat was unwell. After Mansfield to the C.U. meeting, crowded, where Hoyland (Cantab) spoke.

28th Jany.

On Sunday afternoon I called on the Hoares, they are both well though Mrs. H. is rather bored having to stay so long in lodgings. They are moving this week to less expensive digs in Walton St. but will stay in Oxford till about the end of summer term. In the evening after hall to coffee with Bulmer and then to hear the Bishop of London in St. Mary's. He was a quarter of an hour before time but only got about the last seats available. The church was packed and the sermon very good, chiefly about the mission, which is to begin on Feb. 1st.

On Monday I had tea at Naish's - but nothing else is recorded in my diary. Probably an eventful day. On Tuesday I had tea alone and then the essay with Johnner. In the afternoon I walked out with Burnett Hall on the towpath and saw the

On Monday I had tea at Naish's - but nothing else is recorded in my diary. Probably an eventful day. On Tuesday I had tea alone and then the essay with Johnner. In the afternoon I walked out with Burnett Hall on the towpath and saw the various crews practising. Merton was very good, keeping well together, particularly in 'paddling'. The Varsity boat was out too but rather disappointing. Christchurch First Togger is showing good form and so is New College I but most of the rest are middling except some which are positively bad. It is of course very early to say yet for even training only begins on Monday next. It is interesting to walk on the towpath of an afternoon; it is an exciting scene, boat upon boat coming along with a rush, then a pause while the coach who has probably been racing alongside on a bike lectures them on their shortcomings in something like the following style "Two, you are too short in the water and three, you lean back too far", while a fit of bad temper may make the language much less amiable. Most the coaches ride bikes, but some run and most of them shout instructions through that useful instrument, a megaphone, which makes itself heard in the veriest din. Only the coaches of the Varsity boat ride horses - a dignity suitable to their office! They are mostly old blues like Dr. Bourne or Bourne Junior, the famous stroke. Most coaches wear the most delightful white flannel trousers, incredibly thick and impervious wholly to wind or weather; and of course there is a gorgeous display of blazers in scarlet, violet, blue and other equally striking colours.

On Tuesday evening after hall Rev. W. Carey of Pusey House came and talked to a score of the Merton men on the mission trying to clear away misunderstanding and putting forth the need of it. He spoke well and we are hoping it may stir Oxford profoundly.

This afternoon tea with Bray where I met several other men, mostly maths men.

29th Jany.

Thursday has been as uneventful as usual. All the morning on an essay for my tutor for the afternoon, reading chiefly French books and writing hard, slow work I can assure you. In the afternoon I played soccer on the Mansfield ground. Only about a dozen men turned out so that each of us had a good deal to do and I came back tired and stiff but with a glorious feeling of fitness. Nat was playing too. After a hot bath to the C.U. tea at Moon's where I met Hauer. I may tell you that his

There is little more to write. There is another letter for Kunju. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruville

P.S. I shd. like to have the £20 early in March. Possibly I cd. do without it (if I do not go to Italy) but it is advisable to have a little money for emergencies.

Merton College

Oxford

#83

February 3, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. Shall I first chronicle my own deeds and adventures and experiences of the past few days. My deeds are, as ever, few and frail but the days have been exciting enough. On Friday afternoon Naish came in to tea and in the evening I went to coffee with Reverend A.E. Burroughs, a Hertford don. I happened to be one of a committee appointed to confer with the Evangelicals about the present state of the Daily Prayer meetings of the C.U. They are confessedly a compromise intended to satisfy people who preferred silent prayer of intercession and those who believed in open extemporary prayer. Of course the Evangelicals - a small body in Oxford - are the bulk of the latter party and they chose to think themselves rather neglected as far as opportunities for open prayer were concerned. Hence, this difficult negotiation. Victor Murray, Eyres of Trinity, Spafford of Keble and myself - all members of the Executive met Hopkins of Exeter, W.G. Thompson of Wycliffe Hall and Gowan of New College, all Evangelicals. At one stage of the discussion it looked as if a split was inevitable, which would have repeated the disastrous state of things in Cambridge where there is a similar division; but at length, after a couple of hours talking, and largely due to Burrough's sound good sense we won them over more or less to our point of view. They are excellent

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On Saturday afternoon there was the Executive meeting. Just before half three freshers and I met for prayer, for the first time, and I am sure it will be a great help to each of us - they were Blanshard, Adams and Monk-Jones.

On Sunday morning some of us, mostly freshmen, had a discussion circle in which we talked of the first chapter of Bernard Lucas: The Faith of a Christian. In the morning Hensley Henson preached in St. Mary's a sermon in which he vigorously supported the Kikuyu bishops. I did not hear it but there was a report in The Times; nor did I go to Mansfield where I heard Dr. Selbie preached an excellent sermon. In the afternoon I called on the Moffats who are all well now, Archie in the most indefatigable high spirits.

In the evening to St. Mary's for the first meeting of The Bishop of Oxford's mission. Several of us went at 8 and found the church already half full. By 8.15 there was hardly a seat left and there must have been between 1,000 and fifteen hundred undergrads present. I saw several Merton men there whom I had not thought particularly susceptible to religious influences - and so no doubt with regard to every other College. It was a marvellous sight, seeing the church crowded with the faces of young men, the flower of the land - and one felt that here was an unrivalled opportunity. And yet after the address the general feeling seemed to be one of disappointment. It was extraordinarily disjointed, rambling, ineffective and no idea was impressed on the mind as one came out. Though I had listened attentively I found myself after it was all over vainly trying to recall what the Bishop had said.

Yesterday I could not go, but I was told it was much the same, but to-day was different. Of course the audience had fallen to between 700 and 1,000, but the address was pointed, simple, impressive. Of course the mission goes on till next Sunday and there can be no doubt that it will surely mean some uplifting of the tone of Oxford life and radical change to certain individuals.

Monday, yesterday, was rather crowded. An essay kept me busy and I

the afternoon I went to a New College C.U. tea in Whitley's rooms. There were about 15 people present, among them Romilly Micklem, Prestige (a young don at New College), and Chaplin, a fresher from Mill Hill with whom I am to breakfast sometime next week. In the evening my essay kept me at home, though sleep overcame me quite early.

Today Tuesday, I worked hard with the essay which was duly read to the Johnner in the evening. In the afternoon I played soccer with the Mansfield men and got delightfully tired. After half the mission - and after that this letter. At present I can obviously write no further.

5 t h

February

On Wednesday after a lecture at 10 I came home and worked till 1:30. The lecture was one of Robertson's at Exeter and so absurd that I spent most of the time in writing the following silly effusion. I append it so that you may see how low the poetic art may descend.

To G.C.R.

Thou rank and raging rhetorist!
 Thou prattler of flat platitudes,
 Who, in attractive attitudes,
 Flows futile as a futurist!
 Come, cease thy endless chattering,
 And credit with some common sense
 No, who with weariness intense,
 List hapless to thy battering.
 In endless throng besiege my brain
 "Alternatives", "solutions" too,
 "Documents", "statutes" and their crew
 For fifty minutes this strain.
 If from my life I sudden part
 On Search, they'll find, for my many sins,
 A Test Act in my intestines
 And an indulgence in my heart.

[Notes 1. A futurist is the modernest and most ridiculous school of art. 2. Of course the subject of the lecture is Select Statues and Documents from 1660. Alternatives etc.

And an indulgence in my heart.)

[Notes 1. A futurist is the modernest and most ridiculous school of art. 2. Of course the subject of the lecture is Select Statues and Documents from 1660. Alternatives etc. are favourite phrases of G.C.R. 3. G.C.R. (which by the way does not mean Great Central Rly.) poses in stage attitudes. 4. Referring to the well known Declaration of Indulgence of 1672. 5. With apologies to Queen Bloody Mary for borrowing the idea.]

Well, at two, I went down to the upper river to cox a Mansfield four which I did without any serious mishap. It was the first time I'd ever coxed a boat - though of course Mansfield runs the boat only for fun - and it is by no means so easy as it looks.

Little else happened on Wednesday. No, I forgot going to tea in the afternoon to Mukandi Lal, a very nice Indian, where I found quite a number of men and we had all sorts of "rags".

Today a lecture again. Before the lecture brekker at Murray's where I helped him entertain two Merton freshers. Adams and Monk-Jones one of whom will probably be college secretary. For the C.U. next year. After the lecture did nothing much except a walk on the towpath in the afternoon with Mitchell where I saw Bp. Gore, and many other people I knew either by name or more intimately. Then to the C.U. tea and then here I am writing this letter.

I'm having a rather crowded week. There are no less than 2 brekker, 1 lunch and 6 tea engagements for the week from February 2-8th. On the 14th there is the big C.M.S. brekker in the Town Hall, on the 24th. Burrows is having another Party to meet the Vice-Chancellor and on the 25th Swartz and I give a togger brekker in my rooms. When the Torpids men go into training - which lasts about three weeks - the other men in the College give them breakfasts - very often the hosts join together in groups of two or three to save the expense, hence my alliance with Swartz.

6th

There is nothing more to add. I shall be delighted if Kunju would take trouble to copy out on a sheet of paper the birthdays of most of the people from Amachi's birthday book. Besides I should like to know Sosamma's. Very glad to hear of her

the trees, the buds are coming out and the sun shining bravely. It is often quite warm too.

Here is a definition from Lewis Carroll. "A plain superficiality - is such that any two points in it being taken the speaker is found to be wholly between those points." Here is a game for idle folk - if there are any: You take two words of equal length like Nose and Chin and have to change the other in - as few moves as possible, only changing a single letter at a 'time' - Thus

Nose

Note

Cote

Core

Corm

Coin

Chin

Or again Poor and Rich

Poor

Boor

Rook

Rock

Rick

Rich

Can Kunyu or Kunyunju turn Army into Navy in nine moves
or winter into summer in fifteen?

Hoping everyone is well, with love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#84

Merton College

Oxford

11 February 1914

11

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter. I was shocked and grieved to hear of Valliapan's death so

11 February 1914

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter. I was shocked and grieved to hear of Valliapan's death so suddenly. It is hard on Valliamma and her children, may God keep and comfort them.

I have to begin with last Friday. In the afternoon was played a rugger match between Merton and Oriel in the Intercollegiate Cup. Both sides were thoroughly bad, but Oriel who have a blue beat us at last. So we are out in the first round. Of course rugger is our weakest point, and in the Hockey tournament, which is coming on shortly we hope to do better. Later Hauer came to tea: he is buried in work now because of schools in June.

Saturday was more eventful. In the afternoon I was to have gone a sailing on the upper river but the Queens' man who arranged to take me was not free as it happened and I had to stay at home. In the morning half a dozen second year men breakfasted with Mr. P.S. Allen, one of the dons. To tea I had Southee (St. John's) whom I met at Jordans and Monk-Jones (Merton). Then the executive.

On Sunday I went to Mansfield to hear Dr. Skinner preach. He is a brother of the Dr. S. of Madras and is Principal of Westminster College (theological) at Cambridge. I met him in the afternoon at Selbie's and talked to him: he is very much like his brother though with a less historically severe expression but he was tired and I did not keep him long.

On Monday to G. Thompson of Wycliffe to tea; on Tuesday breakfast with Allan Gaunt of Mansfield - both days a walk on the towpath in the afternoon. This morning I had breakfast with a New College fresher from Mill Hill - Chaplain - who coxes their second togger and seems a very nice fellow. In the afternoon to the Parks where I looked at the first half of a hockey match between the Varsity and the Army. The Army defence was very weak, the Varsity attack brilliant, and in the first half seven goals were scored for Oxford as against one by the army. In the second half the varsity attack slackened and the Army scored two more goals, so that we won by 7 to 3. A Merton man, Coxon, was right halfback for the varsity; the match against Cambridge comes on towards the end of the month. The Oxford team consists chiefly of Oriel and Hertford with a few men from University, Trinity, John's, Balliol and Merton.

The days therefore have on the whole been wet, gloomy and unpleasant. We are hoping that the change will not last long, otherwise it'll spoil toggers week.

My hyacinth are quite promising now - especially after I stood the bowls on the mantelpiece - The warmth causes them to grow marvellously quickly and they'll be in flower in another fortnight.

Friday - 13th

On Thursday there is nothing to record as to the morning - except a lecture. In the afternoon tea at Batesons', Magdalen. His rooms are on the ground floor of what is called the Old Grammar School, a venerable monument of crumbling black stone with a look of immemorial antiquity on it's face. Then my tutor, who however had no time to listen to my essay and so I left it behind for him. After hall I called on Heawood and Squire (Wadham) at their digs. They are both very good fellows and we had a great time together.

Well, that brings me up to date but only to the end of a single sheet which is very disappointing. But what else to write puzzles me. Subbarayan and I have arranged to go to North Italy for the first half of the next vacation if the expenses are not too heavy: I have yet to study the railway fares.

Spring is approaching fast - the birds have been singing - robin and thrush, blackbird and chaffinch. Walking round the meadows this morning I found the buds out on the trees - tiny red heralds of a green time to come.

I cannot say how thoroughly ashamed I am to send a letter like this. Many thanks to Kunju and Kunjunju for their letters. Next week I shall try to patch up a more adequate one. There isn't even time now for a rag-poem. I hope Chinnamma is all right again and that all at home are well. With much love,

Yours ever affectionately,
Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford

#85

February

18, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter: which came on Friday evening. I am very glad to hear that Chinamma is out of the hospital.

My own doings this week are of much the same type as usual. On Friday I had tea with Hauer, in his digs, which are at the eastern end of Oxford, nearly two miles off from Merton. As the day was wet I did not enjoy the walk to Divinity Road, for such is the name it enjoys.

On Saturday morning there was the C.M.S. breakfast in the Town Hall. A large crowd as usual, Heberden (Principal of B.N.C.) presiding. In his peculiarly shrill piping voice he introduced Greenshields, the speaker, a missionary for the Esquimaux land. The address was exceedingly interesting as the speaker gave many tales of work in the Far North, where a parish extended five hundred miles, where the clergyman could meet his brother clergyman only after a sleigh journey of hundreds of miles, where the people lived in snow-huts and hunted seals. He asserted that the Esquimaux were an intelligent race (one of them repaired a broken-down gramophone for him), and that the medicine-man (or what corresponded to him) had immense authority over the minds of the people. If he declared that a sick man would die he was simply left to die by all his kith and kin and perished from sheer lack of care. Altogether a striking speech. In the afternoon a walk with Davis of St. John's discussing Italy and then tea with him. The walk took us to the Parks where we watched Oxford beat Blackheath at hockey by 8 goals to nil. The varsity hockey match is to be played on the 25th and Coxon of Merton has his blue. The odds are in favour of Cambridge but in any case Oxford will put up a good fight and die game.

On Sunday walk in the afternoon with Blanshard and tea with him. After hall our circle which was very interesting: after the regular meeting in Johnstone's rooms was over Monk-Jones and I stayed on and we had a "rag"-time.

College) were to come to breakfast with me. Rom. came but Chaplin did not turn up. So we had breakfast by ourselves, and when Romilly was leaving Chaplin appeared, profuse of apologies, pleading that he had forgotten all about the engagement! In the afternoon tea with Khosla (New College) and then an essay with Johnner.

On Tuesday afternoon Gowan (New College) a fresher from Eton came for a walk and we wandered down by the riverside. He is an exceptionally charming fellow but with an astonishingly naive ignorance about some things. For instance when someone talked of the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire he wanted to know who Brumaire was; nearly as bad as the old lady who asked "What are Keats?" He stayed to tea and Whitley came in too. We had a great fight all over the room for a letter which Whitley had written to me in slang! After tea again an essay with the Johnner.

Today nothing at all occurred worthy of note.

Toggers begins tomorrow and Merton are sandwich boat between the second and third divisions to begin with. This means rowing at 2:30 top of the third division. As Hertford who follow are very bad we expect to row over. Then we shall row bottom of the second division at 3:30, and have good hopes of bumping Balliol II who precede us and who, report says, are not famous for speed. The first division rows at 4:30, Magdalen leading followed by John's, Christ Church etc. Magdalen are expected to retain their place.

The weather being wet and gusty has suddenly turned clear and cold. Today it even snowed for a brief quarter of an hour in the afternoon to the surprise of everyone. If it continues like this it is ideal weather for the races.

It is pretty certain that I shall go to Italy for the first half of the vacation. Subbarayan will come too. And as neither of us know any Italian and I know but little French our conversational experiences should be decidedly interesting. However I am trying to learn a little Italian now, it is rather easy. Meanwhile Subbarayan has influenza which keeps him in bed for two or three days.

19th

Yesterday the first day of Torpids. Merton was sandwich boat and so had to row at 2:30 and at 3:30. At 2:30 of course we rowed top of the third division, and as Hertford who followed us were themselves bumped by Wadham, our men had an

as Hertford who followed us were themselves bumped by Wadham, our men had an easy time. There were four bumps in the division altogether and only three boats finished, Merton and St. Edmund's Hall hotly pursued by St. Catherine's (non-Coll) who were only a quarter length off at the end.

In the second division Merton started last with Balliol II in front. We got them about halfway up as expected; there were three other bumps, Exeter getting Keble, Univ., John's II and Corpus, Pembroke. I did not stay to watch the first division, but I heard the results: Christ Church I bumped Johns I for the second place on the river, Magdalen being head. New College I bumped Trinity I for the fifth place, and House II got B.N.C. It is doubtful whether Merton will make a bump today as Queen's who are in front have Keble, a poor boat, in front of them. The best boats seem to be House I, New Coll I, House II, Worcester and Exeter.

While all the men were down at the river, a burglar entered a staircase in New Buildings and carried off some money and valuables. It is the easiest thing in the world to do as none of the rooms are every locked; I must take care to put away everything of value.

Subbarayan has just recovered from an attack of influenza which, however, was very mild.

At Cambridge I see Jesus II bumped First Trinity I for the headship of the river. Trinity has not less than nine boats on the river and is divided to begin with into First Trinity and Third Trinity, one of which is solely composed of Etonians, Second Trinity is dropped simply, I suppose, to vex the uninitiated.

Meanwhile the Kikuyu controversy rages. Zanzibar objects to the Nonconformist bodies being called "branches of the Church of Christ." There have been very few things so disastrous as this Apostolic succession. However, I score a point there, because I tell all my High Church friends that the Syrian Church comes down in unbroken descent from St. Thomas!

I have come to an end of my news and my time. Hoping all are well, with much love,

Yours affectionately

P.S. My ink is out too.

#86

Merton College
Oxford
February, 1914

2 5

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I shall inquire about the Singer but it is very hard for a mere man like myself to find out about these things. I shall consult Mrs. Hoare who may be able to help me.

The great event of the week at Oxford has of course been the Torpids. I may say at the start that Merton has not done as well as the first day led us to anticipate. On Friday I had asked the Moffatts down to the races and to tea afterwards, but since Eric had just had measles and Mrs. Moffat had been nursing him, both of them had to stay away. But the others came; the day was cold, and as scanty of bumps as the first day had been profuse of them. We watched the races at the Gut, a bend of the river about halfway up and a famous place for bumps, but not one occurred though in the first division a procession of boats followed each hotly pursuing its predecessor. The races were therefore rather a disappointment from the spectacular point of view, and the Merton bump was achieved much higher up, i.e. much nearer the finish as the boats row up-stream. Archie amused the bystanders during the interval by turning somersaults on his head in the rather muddy field nearby and had to be restrained by main force. Afterwards Dr. Moffatt, Margaret and Archie and their governess came to tea and we had a jolly time. I asked Monk-Jones in too. Kunju may regard this as a small party given in her honour as the 20th was her birthday.

On Saturday there were the races again - and as the enclosed chart will show we pursued Keble without success, for they rebumped Exeter. At five I had the C.U. executive meeting where we discussed the new members of executive for next year who take up office next term. There was so much to be said that the meeting was adjourned to Sunday morning. The procedure was rather curious. Some of the present members were suggested for the presidency; and they went out of the room while the others discussed them. Of course there is such a fine spirit in the Executive that such

others discussed them. Of course there is such a fine spirit in the Executive that such a course could be safely followed without danger of any personal unpleasantness or resentment.

On Sunday before I went to the Executive meeting I had another meeting. Naish persuaded me to speak on "Student Life in South India" to an Adult School. When I arrived in the scene I was rather surprised to discover a score of men of all ages from fifteen to fifty and it made me feel rather nervous and very silly to discover to men of such imposing age! However, in fear and trembling, I said my say - which was very little; but though I spoke only for fifteen minutes I did better than I expected. The exceeding brevity of the speech was due to the fact that the whole engagement had gone clean out of my mind till with a sudden shock I remembered it at twelve at night on Saturday. The preparation therefore was of the scantiest.

Afternoon walk with Bulmer. Long ago I remember reading in the B.G.M. Library a book called "Walks and Talks of two school-boys!" Their conversations were, if my memory does not betray me, highly edifying and as good as a lecture; ours was of a more frivolous character. Perhaps I should not say ours - for I played the interesting part of a listener to the variegated flood that poured from my companion - not always very enlivening. Later, tea in Monk-Jones' rooms along with the other members of the discussion circle. The discussion itself was cut short by the chapel bell when it had reached the engrossing problem. Whether space or time are real or only apparent. However after hall Blanshard and I pursued the question till once again it was time to go to St. Mary's. A very meagre audience to hear Neville Talbot preaching about what was his final sermon and last word to the university - rather wordy and incoherent, but redeemed by a transparent earnestness and fire that made it almost like a personal revelation.

Monday - toggers again - after that tea in Monk-Jones' rooms where I met his brother who is keeping his last year at B.N.C.; both Alleynians (ie. Dulwich men) and scholars. After hall the debating society held a meeting which was nothing more than a sheer farce - but highly diverting - In the middle of a speech one member attempted to set fire to a whole box of matches by laying a fuse and lighting it, whereupon the President authorized a burly man to eject him. He was thrust out by the scruff of his neck. Great applause! This was only the most notable event of an evening which was full of such performances.

Home "to meet the Vice-Chancellor. Fewer people I fancied than last year. I met the Vice-Chancellor who is this year T.B. Strong, the dean of Christ Church and found him not very attractive or striking. But the climax, as far as I was concerned, was when someone innocently introduced me to the Warden of Keble! Though he did not allude to our ancient passage-at-arms', yet I believe he has not forgotten it. There were, besides, Streeter, M.L. Campbell, Talbot, Williams who is head of St. Edmund's Hall, all of whom I had met before and several others whom I did not know. I saw the principal of Jesus, Sir John Rhys, who is a pure Welshman and talks remarkably unEnglish English. His white bow was also coming off when I first saw him which made me quite interested because whenever I saw him again I looked to see whether it had quite come off. Among the guests there was also Mrs. Herbert Fisher, whom however I did not meet - a couple of other ladies seemed to know me but I have not the least idea who they are (though I did not betray my ignorance).

On Wednesday morning Swartz and I gave a togger breakfast - i.e. we were hosts to the togger men. There were nine of them including a spare man and the captain, Railkes, also came in when we were halfway through. My scout produced all the necessary crockery, cutlery and table-linen - borrowed, I suppose, from other men. The brekker consisted of fish, eggs, and oranges with coffee and cocoa and beer according to choice. It is the custom for the togger men to be thus entertained all through training and as I did not give one last year I thought it only fair to give one this year. Of course I shan't next year - usually, the second year men take the largest part in this entertainment.

On Tuesday I played soccer on the Mansfield ground but today I ran - with the boats. On trick is to run just behind these men of the boat in front of you, and whenever they yell "Exeter", to cry "Merton" at the top of your voice - which considerably annoys them! After a bath I strolled down to see the finish of the first division. The House had caught Magdalen yesterday after a very hard race, today they easily kept the headship. Magdalen II, however, contrary to all expectation, escaping New College I every night, crowned their career by bumping John's today. They'll probably get their oars - Tyson rowed seven for them. University bumped House II and Worcester Trinity. Worcester comes into the first division for the first time in over twenty years - all their success is due to their indefatigable coach and don, the old blue Owen. There will be a great bumper tonight at the House and others in University and Worcester. I am very glad we escaped one.

University and Worcester. I am very glad we escaped one.

Oxford played Cambridge at hockey at Beckenham today. Contrary to the forecasts of all the papers news has just come that we have won by 2 to 1 - one of the few things we have won this year. Coxon of Merton played left half for Oxford.

26.2.1913

I have to add another qualification to the last sentence but one - for we beat Cambridge at Lacrosse today by 15 to 1.

There is little else to add. Miss ?Ashionby who was in Oxford for a few days past but was too busy to see me sent me very kindly a box of 'fudge', with which I am poisoning my friends now. This evening I called on Mr. Bevan and had a talk; in the afternoon Hucks, the airman gave an exhibition of looping the loop. I saw him up in the air but did not see the actual feat. I had lunch today at Labilliere's in the High. He is chaplain of Wadham in place of C.S. Woodward, now Canon of Southwark.

The days are fine again and it is almost like spring - the garden looks quite pretty and the birds are more untiring in song than ever. But with the passing winter has also passed away Dr. Driver, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, who died this morning and for whom St. Mary's bell tolled a funeral knell at one today.

I am only taking my schools in three years - as I did not work very hard my first year and as there are still several subjects - esp. my special period and European history to do - I cannot possibly take it this year. Bajpai is also doing it only in three.

I enjoy reading my old letters in the college magazine immensely - They are very bad but they recall the events of a year ago.

I hope everyone is quite well. With much love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#86x

Wednesday,
March.4.1914.

Many thanks for the homeletter, which came a little later than usually. I am so glad to hear that Ammu did so brilliantly in her exams. Is Sarah 'slacking'?

Let me begin in the accepted way and chronicle the 'small beer' of my daily life. (Does Kunju know the allusion?) On Friday there is nothing to record except a tea in the afternoon in Gowan's rooms at New College, which are up four pairs of stairs. As he could not get anyone else to come we were tete-a-tete. On Saturday there was much more to do. In the afternoon I went to the O.N.A.C. ground to see the sports - a sort of selection for the Varsity sports towards the end of the month with Cambridge. Unhappily I was just too late for the mile, which resolved itself into a great race between Jackson and Taber. Jackson won by five yards in the very good time 4 min. 22 2/5". The heats of the quarter were won by Baldwyn, (51 3/5") and Rudd (50"). The latter is of course splendid time, especially as he was not pressed a bit. The high jump was poor - only 5 ft. 6 3/4; and as was the hammer (122 ft). The heats of the hundred were also run. On Monday the finals of the hundred and quarter and certain other events were all competed for. Havers came out in the Hundred in 10 1/4 sec. (not very good); Rudd again in the quarter but only in 50 3/5 secs. Savage did 22 ft. 4 ins. in the Long Jump and Southee 22 ft. 1. The weight was very inadequate, only 33 ft. odd, whereas Ziegler last year put 43 ft. odd. The half mile, Taber had it all his own way. He ran it in 1 min. 57 seconds, but he was not pressed at all; but the exciting event on Monday was the Three Miles. Ten men entered but only five finished. Both Gaussen and Sproule were running, but the former who had been ill for some time was not in good form. In the last mile they both ran away from the others and ran neck and neck practically till the last hundred yards was reached, when Sproule ran away, and won by about six yards. They both ran beautifully and the time was quite fair, 14 min. 55 seconds. The third man was about 250 yards behind. Against Cambridge we ought to win the Half, One and Three Miles; while in the Quarter there will be a good race and so in the Hurdles (won by Havens in 76 3/5"). The High Jump is open, but the Long Jump and the Weight are certainties for Cambridge. The Hammer also is a likely win for the 'Tabs.

At five on Saturday I had the Exec. till seven and after half Neville Talbot came and spoke at a missionary meeting we had in Dicky Book's rooms. There were about fifteen present and Neville spoke extraordinarily well, with much force and earnestness and not a little persuasiveness.

On Sunday Mansfield where Selbie preached. Afternoon walk with Bulmer round

On Sunday Mansfield where Selbie preached. Afternoon walk with Bulmer round Bagley Wood about three miles out. In the evening coffee at Timpson's where I met Nat and Rom, Micklem, Marler (Univ) and Jack Stephens, a Mattock camper up in Oxford for the weekend. We were all campers.

On Monday evening Monk Jones, Johnston and I went to a Mansfield Smoker. The concert was very good indeed and all the singers, especially Nat, were applauded to the echo. There were present all the dons, including Allan Gaunt who left Oxford yesterday for a tour in Palestine!

Thursday

On Tuesday evening I had Bray and Khosla (New Coll) to tea; and on Wednesday I went to tea at Whitley's where there were halfadozen others and we had an enjoyable if somewhat boisterous time. Whitley has promised to write to his pater if at any time I happen to be in London and wish to visit Parliament. His pater is the Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons and therefore wd. have no difficulty in getting me in to a debate. In the evening the Bishop of Uganda was speaking on the Work of His Diocese in Hertford hall but I was too busy to go.

Today, I had lunch at Magdalen with Tyson who rowed in their second Togger which acquitted itself very creditably by keeping its high place on the river and even going up a place. Evening Johnson again.

Subbarayan has now changed his mind and says he cannot come to Italy as he has Law Prelim. at the end of summer term and much work for it. I have therefore to find someone else to come with me to Italy: which is rather hard luck. If I do not I certainly shall not go along - partly because of the difficulties of travelling alone and partly because of the exceeding dulness of living in a foreign country with no one freely to talk to.

Honour Mods. begun today - we have only three men in, (170 and odd altogether) Lauson, Burnett Hall and Wallace. The first may get a first and both the others seconds. Divvers (Divinity Moderations) begin on Wednesday. Meanwhile the new progs.(proctors) have been elected. Jenkinson of B.N.C. and Arthur Burroughs of Hertford. It takes a good deal of effort to imagine Burroughs as a stern prog in white bands and gown parading the streets at night! Tomorrow afternoon we have the

know.

March is a windy month, there blows at times an East wind which is cold and chilly, piercing to the marrow. But it has not made its appearance as yet this year, and meanwhile we have fair though rather wet days.

I cannot think of anything else to write - and so stop now. With much love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

#87

Merton College

Oxford

12th

March, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter and for all the news. I wish I could reply in as interesting a letter but towards the end of term things grow very 'slack' and there is little doing. However I shall detail each day's programme and something may turn up to give me an opportunity to moralise!

On Friday, the chief event that lingers in my recollection is tea in the afternoon when I had no less than four guests - namely Nat, Chaplin of New College who this time did remember to come, Monk-Jones and Johnston of Merton. Nat was in great form and left us all amused, and though Johnston was as usual rather silent, Monk-Jones and Chaplin had no such scruples or reserve. But I had forgot a great happening - nothing less than the college sports which took place in the afternoon on the O.U.A.C. grounds. There was a fair turn out of people and some of the contests were exciting and others amusing. The mile was a good race, won by Reid with Gray a good second. There was a boating men's handicap race in which Hunt was first and Hayes second. The high jump yielded only 5 feet 1 and the long jump only 18 feet. 10 and a half inches, but the halfmile was won in good style by Pollard who was first by a substantial margin. Webster was first or second in several events, but the most

by a substantial margin. Webster was first or second in several events, but the most amusing event was the servant's Handicap. My scout afterwards declared that he was too tired to run, but several competed in the race which was won by one of the tea boys with the bathman close behind. While we were conducting the sports on the adjacent rugger ground University and Jesus were playing a desperate game in the rugger cup semi-finals. The first time they met it was a draw, which was highly creditable to Jesus as they had only one blue to University's halfdozen. On Friday they led at halftime by 5 points to 3 but were played out and University scored two or more tries thus winning. The finals were played yesterday but University and Keble and won by the formed by two dropped goals or 8 points to a try or 3 points. University had delayed their togger bumper anticipating this result - and yesterday evening they had a great "binge" and there was quite a display of fireworks, chiefly rockets and shells.

To go on to Saturday, I had tea with Burton who had also asked Mr. and Mrs. Hoare. They are staying up till nearly the end of summer term. Mrs. H. told me she had had a letter from you. I had to rush away from tea to be in time for the Executive and it being the last meeting of this Executive we adjourned at 7:30 to a restaurant and had dinner. Everyone told endless stories, some of which I remember. Archbishop Temple used to listen to his deacons (for priest's orders) read to him and once he criticized one of them, who replied that one of his parishioners had told him that he read very well. The Archbishop crushed him by asking, "Did she?" What do you say this rhyme from a book appropriately called "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes:"

Father heard his children scream,
And he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he threw the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard."

And again,

Willie in the best of sashes
Fell in the fire and burnt to ashes
Presently the room grew chilly
No one liked to poke poor Willie.

But let us pass on. Sunday morning, Mansfield where Dr. T.R. Glover, Senior Proctor (St. John's) Cambridge preached, what I believe was a very good sermon but which was rather inaudible to me at the back of the chapel. After service

Gloucestershire. Tea in R. Monk -Jones digs - the brother of the Merton freshman, a B.N.C. final years man, doing Greats. After hall to a meeting of the Livingstone Society at which Dr. Glover spoke on 'Vocation', an extraordinarily impressive address.

Monday nothing happened except a "Camp tea", given by Nat, in Mansfield J.C.R. - about a dozen people present and a singsong afterwards; also after hall a meeting of the Bodley, a Merton literary society - I was present as a visitor, to hear Phillips read a very clever paper on George Meredith. The discussion that followed was chiefly a duel between Garrod who avowed a preference for Scott and Guy Boothby and a distaste of Meredith and Fyfe who was an enthusiastic admirer of G.M. They dealt each other shrewd blows with Latin quotations and most of the rest of us took sides with Fyfe and 'slanged' Garrod.

Tuesday was a crowded day. Lunch with Nat and then to the Parks where was played the hockey semi-finals between Merton and Oriel. Oriel had a blue goal, and a blue back and two blue halves, one of them, Wiggin, the best hockey player in the varsity, so that their defence was extraordinarily sound and we hardly expected to get through. The game was very exciting from start to finish; in the first ten minutes Merton scored a goal and after that it was one protracted struggle in which both sides pressed alternately but without further score as that we unexpectedly won by one to nil. I shouted myself hoarse and we were all jubilant about it - Coxon played as usual a magnificent game and so did Peach, the centre half - The whole side was sound and Mackay in goal very reliable. The finals are to be played tomorrow between Merton and Exeter - we have good hopes of winning. To tea I had Wood (Non-Coll.), Naish and a Ch. Ch. man called Knowles whom I had met on Sunday and whose father had been a missionary in the L.M.S. in Southern Travancore. He was the most remarkable man I have ever met since I came over - stayed till a quarter of seven, while I was wanting all the time to write an essay, had conversation and when he did say anything said the most amazing things. He bored me to tears, and I hope to steer clear of him for the rest of my career in Oxford! After hall I went to the first meeting of the International Club, in which the C.U. had a hand - it was a smoker in Moon's restaurant on the High. I could not stay long as there was an essay for the next morning. But as I fell asleep in my chair soon after sitting down to it I had to write it at high pressure between 8 and 9 the next morning. The Johnner, however, was not displeased with it.

Wednesday evening I had tea in Johnston's rooms - he is a very attractive man or rather boy, for he is hardly anything more. I like him and Monk-Jones best among the freshers as indeed I know them best. "Monkers" and I went riding Wednesday afternoon, occasionally dismounting to look for birds' nests and spring flowers, for he is an ardent naturalist. After hall I attended a meeting of the Stubbs Society at which Canon Watson of the House talked on the Origin of the Parish. There were present also Ballard, an authority on Early Towns and Barker.

So I come to today, Thursday. The only important thing is that the new and old Execs. meet for tea at Moon's this afternoon where we had a jolly time. Mann of Balliol is to be the new President but Victor Murray is to continue as Secretary. Honour Mods. is practically over today and Burnett-Hall etc. are very relieved. He is going to do History after Honour Mods. instead of the usual "Greats!"

Fifty

There is very little else to write. Last evening as I was writing my mail Johnston came in and we talked on all things under the sun till the small hours of the morning - an excess very unusual with me. Johnner was quite nice when I said goodbye yesterday after my last essay - he said again that he did not see how I could help getting a first if I had luck and worked hard - a natural exaggeration in my own tutor.

One thing more. Since Italy is off, as Subbarayan cannot come and I have not got anyone else, I have had to make other plans for the vacation. Roughly they are these: to stay up in Oxford the first week, and the fortnight following to make up a reading party with Victor M. and another Mansfield man to go to Bossington, a little village on the coast near Porlock and not far from Minehead on the North Devon Coast. It is delightful country very near the "Lorna Doone" land, which stretches from Dulverton to Lynmouth along the Exe valley. I hope to see those places, for Lorna Doone is one of my favourites. There is still another fortnight after that which I am still unsettled about: probably I shall spend it somewhere with Krishnamachari. Term begins on the 20th.

I have come to an end of my time and touched the bottom of my mind. Ever with love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. During vacation I will be very good and write letters to Kunju, etc.
 And every day I am good
 I get an orange after food

#88

Merton College
 Oxford
 16 March, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I am afraid I have not very much to write about this week. The last few days have been extraordinarily 'slack', and I've spent most of my time since Thursday reading Kipling. This term - esp. the last four days - I read halfadozen of his books, all borrowed from Johnston. The Jungle Books, stories of animal life in an Indian jungle, are good, but I think Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies are more delightful.

Almost the only exciting thing that has happened was the final of the hockey cup tournament. As I mentioned last week we met Exeter on Friday afternoon on a wet and slippery day. Our men scored in the first five minutes and again, so that the halftime saw us leading by 2 to nil Exeter "bucked up" after the interval and made a great rush, scoring within a few minutes; but Merton fought steadily and added another goal to their credit. Exeter then had their turn and scored and for a time it looked as if they might add another and draw, but their effort was not sustained and Merton shot two more goals, thus winning by 5 to 2. Coxon was as brilliant as usual, and on the whole we outplayed the Exeter defence which was very weak; an Indian kept goal for them. We are all very pleased at getting the cup, and beating such strong sides as Oriel, Hertford and Exeter.

There was nothing doing on Saturday - but one thing I must record. Means, a Third Year American of Merton, came and asked me whether, if I intended to go to Italy, I would care to go with them. It was very good of him to ask me, and after some consideration I decided that the opportunity was too good to lose: it means that I need take no trouble at all, for a capable American is one of the most desirable companions a traveller can have. I should explain that "they" means Means (not a pun) and a John's man whom I do not know yet.

The only other thing worth mentioning is that Monk-Jones and Johnston came to tea while I had lunch at Victor Murray's.

Sunday was a dull day. I was feeling a bit headachy, so Johnston very kindly read to me as I lay stretched on the sofa near the fire. Of course the headache was a trifling matter and has quite gone away now. In the evening, chapel.

So I come to Today and again there is absolutely nothing that one can take and expatiate upon. I ought to mention. I went to tea with Watson on Sunday.

I heard some Spoonerisms the other day - that breed long dissociated with, if it indeed it ever had any connection with, the person from whom it takes its name. Finding some peasants working in a field, Spooner addressed them, "O Tons of Soil!", not at all an inappropriate expression considering their calling. At another time, he declared that he had a half-warmed fish in his heart; and once in the middle of a sermon he said, "Now, dear bretheren, whatever you do never forget that you have a shoving leopard behind you." Consternation in Church! Lastly, a beautiful one, much too good to be true - He read the lesson of Christ's trial and came to the verse of Peter's denial, "And Peter coxed, and the crew went out and wept bitterly" - of course you understand the boating allusion.

Gma

4.3

I take this letter up again on Thursday morning, and from Italy. Let me continue with Tuesday. The don-rag went off well and Johnner said the things he had said at all the previous don-rags: he seems to have some sort of set form and I know exactly what is coming. He said I worked hard and should get a First - the Warden declared himself pleased to hear it. At half-past twelve I left College, most men had gone down by then.

Indeed even Monday, but especially Tuesday, were very depressing days; breaking-up time always is. Monk-Jones had fever when I left, so I went and talked to him a lot, he needed cheering up as he could only go home on Thursday after the Divvers viva. Johnston had to stay up til Wednesday - we are all three becoming great friends, and I find them awfully nice fellows indeed.

Well, I left Oxford at one and came to London at two ten. Tea at the Old

Cheshire Cheese, an inn which Dr. Johnson and the members of the Club used to frequent. It still keeps up the old ways, has a sanded floor and hard benches to sit upon and is a typical eighteenth century eatinghouse. There were however such intrusions such as an electric fan, gas lights etc. We left London at four and came to Dover about 6:30 going through Kent at a great speed. Kent was a pleasant place to see, cultivated, every inch of it and in places the willow sticks were heaped up like sentries' arms before they are stuck up for hop-poles, I presume. then I saw a windmill for the first time and heaps of lime kilns, I believe. The Channel was "swelly" but not very rough and though we all acknowledge and each other that we had felt better in our lives yet none of us were sick. Calais at about 7:20, and then three hours in the express speeding to Paris in the darkness where we came about eleven at night.

We spent the night at the hotel Jeanne d'Arc and the next morning went to the Gare du Lyon. On the way, through the river mist, I caught a glimpse of the spire of Notre Dame. The streets in Paris usually branch out in all directions from a common centre and there are restaurants everywhere where rows of chairs are set outside on the pavement, presumably for people to sit and bask in the sun! Our train left Paris at 8:30 in the morning and the first halt was at Dijon at halfpast one. The country we passed through was most interesting for it's historical associations - for instance Montereau-sur-Yonne where on a bridge the associates of Charles, the dauphin, killed John the Fearless, duke of Burgundy, an act which brought on France thirty years of civil discord and a foreign invasion. From Dijon we struck south and running through the Juras and by the side of the lake Bourget came to Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry. Thence on to Modane, the last French town on the line. Here there was a very perfunctory customs examination and then we went into the Mont Cenis. Unfortunately it was quite dark by this time otherwise we should have had a magnificent Alpine panorama. When we came out of the tunnel it was snowing hard and so it was also when we arrived at Turin. We went to a hotel near by and spent the night.

We spent little time in Turin and saw only the Cathedral, the other things being closed till 11 on account of it's being a Saint's day; and at 11 we had to leave for Genoa where we came after a delightful journey about half past two, and drove to the Bavaria hotel where we are staying overnight. This afternoon we saw the Cathedral, another church and the lighthouse, from the lofty top of which we had a glorious view of the city in the light of the setting sun. Tomorrow Pisa and on to

Rome. I have had hardly any rest and hence the inadequate descriptions and evident hurry of the letter. Next time I trust to do more justice to my subject and to you.

I hope all at home are well. I am very to stop here but must. With love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#89

Merton College

Oxford

March 25, 1914

My dear Amachi,

I have not got the homeletter yet, perhaps it will come in a day or two. These days have been frightfully busy and I am almost sick of sight-seeing. However, you may be interested to hear the details. I think I bought my letter up to Genoa, in however inadequate a fashion. So I will begin with Pisa. On Friday morning we left Genoa and came, with the delightful unpunctuality of Italian trains, to Pisa sometime in the afternoon. I am keeping a diary of the tour, so I shall quote largely from it - it would be impossible to transcribe it at length because I write about two or three sheets every day. The way from Genoa to Pisa - over 100 miles - lay for the most part along the coast. The Apennines came down close on one side lined with olive and orange, and on the other was the sea foaming on the rocky cliffs that made the coastline. Once past, Spezia, however the mountains receded and the line rather farther inland. Here there were whole orchards of almond in blossom and the marvellous rose blossoms in mess made a glorious picture. At length we crossed the Arno and came to Pisa.

Leaving our luggage in the cloak-room, we travelled to the Piazza del Duomo in a tram. Pisa is a small town long past the heyday of her splendour which was before the 15th century. The only things worth seeing are the buildings that stand on the Piazza del Duomo and they were all built in the days of her glory. The Piazza is in a quiet spot near the city walls and on in there is to the left the Campanile, the famous Leaning Tower, then the Duomo or Cathedral and behind it the Campo Santo, and to the right the Baptistery.

We went into the Baptistery first - a round building, diameter 100 feet with

a big dome. So perfect are its acoustic properties that a peal of hand clapping was as the sound of an army marching to war and half a dozen clear notes of the voice like a grand orchestra - the reverberations persisted for an incredibly long time. The only other thing worth noting is the pulpit most marvellously carved in marble illustrating the life of Christ rising up on pillars leading down to a platform adorned with beautiful mosaic patterns.

Next the Campo Santo, a rectangular cloister built on shiploads of Jerusalem soil, covered with old frescoes of no very great merit, adorned with sculptures of no high achievement and faced on the inside by a succession of arches with fine tracery.

The Cathedral is the most wonderful building of the group. It is all of white marble and has a noble colonnaded facade, colonnade upon colonnade. The church itself is the usual cross with a dome above the cross. In the apse beyond the high altar were Andrea del Sarto's, and there were one or two others of his on the aisle walls. They quite outshone all the other paintings which literally covered the walls. There was a great double colonnade of pillars separating the aisles from the nave and the roof was richly gilded.

Lastly the Campanile, which is nothing more or less than the bell-tower of the Cathedral. It is 179 feet high and is 14 feet out of the perpendicular - a most marked inclination. We went up to the top and had a good view of the town and saw the bells ringing. Altogether a good afternoon.

Evening when we left Pisa for Rome - so that I cannot describe the scenery on the Maremma which we passed through. In Rome at about twelve at night and we straightaway came to this hotel where we have stayed since. We have both lunch and dinner outside in a cheap but clean restaurant and only sleep here and have a light breakfast.

The first thing we did on Saturday was to go to the Coliseum, which with the Forum lies right in the middle of the seven hills on which Rome was built. The Capitol is a stupendous structure, completed by Titus in 80 AD. The outer circumference is 574 yards, the longer breadth 205 yards and the shorter 170, while the height was 158 feet. One part alone is preserved in a tolerable degree and is four storied, built on a system of arcades. The Emperor, senators and Vestal Virgins had the front row and then rank behind rank in their order. Even in it's ruins it is a most

massively wonderful building, overwhelming almost in it's size. Where the martyrs were slaughtered and the gladiators fought daisies now bloom. Enclosed are specimens.

After lunch we went to the Forum. This was in ancient Rome, the very centre of public life and contained many temples and other public buildings of which the scantiest ruins remain. There are a few pillars each of the Temple of Saturn and of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the latter built on the very spot where the twin bretheren led their houses to drink at the founts of Inturnas after the battle of Lake Regillus - see Macaulay's Ode for details. Then there is a dry well where Marcus Curtius jumped in and closed the yawning precipice, thus serving Rome by his self-sacrifice. There are the Basilica Julia and the Basilica Emilia. There is the house of the Vestal Virgins and their little round temple where they kept the flame for ever burning. In the courtyard of their house are long marble tanks to catch rain water which alone they might drink. There is the Rostra where the orators harangued the people assembled. There is the Forum where much business was transacted; and there are the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, of Titus after the Conquest of Jerusalem (in the passage way are still to be seen the fine reliefs of Roman soldiers carrying the great candlestick, trumpets etc. of the temple in procession), and a little farther on the Arch of Constantine. Then there is the great Church of Constantine with it's ruin of three gigantic arches. These are some of the thing the Forum exhibits. Just outside is the Mamertine prison where Jugurtha was strangled. We went down to the little rock room with it's low roof where Peter and Paul were imprisoned. I should also mention the temple of Augustus and the temple of Caesar (now utterly gone) on the very spot where Mark Antony harangued the mob after Caesar's death. It was exciting to stand there and repeat "Friends, Romans, countrymen! Only instead of Romans there were numbers of American tourists, Baedeker in hand, listening to the highly-embroidered descriptions of a cicerone.

On Sunday morning I went to an English church close by which was crowded, while the two others went to St. Peter's. In the afternoon we passed out of the city gates to the Catacombs. We went to only one of them, the largest, the Catacomb of Calixtus. A priest who talked English accompanied us and we all had tiny candles to show the way along the dark passages. The passages are more or less like an irregular spiral so that at the same point there may often be five or six, one above the other. Thus while the actual area covered is small, I believe the total length of the Calixtine passages is several miles. All along the passage walls are niches for the dead bodies

in some of them there are still bones. When the Lombards invaded Rome in the dark ~~yes~~ they carried away cartloads of bones to sell in the North as relics of saints, somewhat like Chaucer's Pardoner. At intervals the passage widens out into a small chamber where often early popes were laid to rest and the walls of which were covered with frescoes and inscriptions, now mostly faded or destroyed. Here and there again there were rooms at the sides which were used as family vaults. It was interesting to observe the decoration - fish abounded, for as everyone knows the five letters that in Greek make up the word for fish are the initials of a sentence which means Jesus Christ. Hence the fish was a favourite symbol in times when more open expression was dangerous; but there were also doves, grape clusters, and numbers of anchors denoting hope. The catacombs were intensely interesting.

We went a little farther along the Appian Way by which St. Paul came to Rome. Returning we halted at the little church built on the spot where according to the beautiful legend, St. Peter hurrying away from Rome to escape a martyr's death met our Lord going to the city. "Quo Vadis, Domine - where goest thou, Lord!" he asked - and Jesus answered that he was going to Rome to be crucified a second time. This recalled Peter to himself, he returned and was crucified. On our way back we also looked in at the vast baths of Caracalla.

Monday was a great day. We went in the morning to the Vatican to see the great paintings. Tram to St. Peter's Piazza, where a great curve of colonnades on either side sweeps down to the magnificent facade of the church behind which rises the mighty dome, the work of Michael Angelo. We did not enter St. Peter's, however, but walked behind it and came to a back door of the Vatican. Turning to the right several galleries, of tapestry and modern paintings - and beyond the famous Sistine Chapel. This is a plain chapel as far as architectural detail goes, except for a fine marble screen in front of the choir - but the side walls are covered with frescoes by Tuscan artists like Perugino, Pinturicchio, Sandro Boticelli, Rosselli; while the ceiling is the masterpiece of Michael Angelo who also painted the gigantic picture of the Last Judgement that hangs above the altar. The room was crowded with people, largely Americans. The long side-walls were painted, one side with a series illustrating scenes from the life of Christ and the other from that of Moses. The ceiling has many minor decorations, but the noteworthy thing is the central row of nine frescoes of which the most wonderful are the creation of the Sun and Moon - God is in the middle with one hand touching the orb of day and the other the light of the night - angels around him; the creation of Adam, a masterpiece. God touches

Adam with his forefinger thus filling him with the spirit of life. Adam is a noble figure in a most natural pose and a head marvellously fashioned; then God drawing Eve from Adam's side; and lastly the Flood. From this supreme effort of Michael Angelo's genius to some of the noblest things Raphael did in the Stanza and the Logge. The Stanze are three rooms, the walls of which are covered with large frescoes by Raphael or from his design by his pupils. Many of these were excellent, especially the fire in the Borgo which a pope extinguished by making the sign of the Cross in St. Peter's, Peter led out of prison by the Angel and the Disputa and the school of Athens, a collection of ancient philosophers and scientists. The Logge is a long corridor, the ceiling painted with thirteen of four pictures each, one from the New Testament and twelve from the old. Some of the latter directly challenge comparison with Michael Angelo's as they treat the same subject in much the same manner, but they are smaller. The Stanze and the Sistine Chapel together represents the culmination of modern art - and really were amazingly glorious even to an untutored eye like mine.

In the afternoon we visited the castle of Saint Angelo, a strong medieval castle where the Popes used to retire when unwelcome visitors came to Rome, built on the solid foundations of a mausoleum built by Hadrian for himself and his successors on the imperial throne.

Tuesday morning we devoted chiefly to churches - the noble Santa Maria Maggiore, the largest of the 80 churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. The nave is flanked by forty beautiful columns, mostly of marble and the ceiling gilded with the first gold brought from America. There are two fine side chapels, monuments of two Popes, and the high altar is a basin of porphyry supported by four immense porphyry columns.

In the altar are the supposed remains of St. Matthew and under the altar are some boards from the cradle of the infant Christ! Then the smaller church of Prasside, notable only for containing a piece of the column at which Christ was scourged and as being the St. Praxed's church where Browning's bishop ordered his tomb.

Thirdly, San Pietro in Vincoli, a large church which contains the great statue of Moses by Michael Angelo and also, as the name implies, the chains of Saint Peter. The Moses is the central figure of a monument erected to the warlike pope Julius II - the patriarch is shown as rising from his chair to lead the people and though many

faults have been pointed out - an impossible drapery, an unproportioned head etc. - the total effect is commanding and the artist has created a living human figure - that of a man accustomed to lead men.

From here a long walk to the walls of Rome near Porto San Paolo where is the Pyramid of Cesteux, an ancient Roman monumental building. Adjoining are the two Protestant cemeteries, old and new. In the old lies Keats under some cypresses, the lawn starred with daisies, violets on his tomb. The inscription is pathetic - somewhat after this manner - "Here lies a young English poet, John Keats, who in the bitterness of the hour of death desired his epitaph to be Here lies one whose name is writ in water"! In the new cemetery lies Shelley's ashes - he was drowned and his body was washed ashore - with the fitting lines from Ariel's song,

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
But something rich and strange.

Near him a table to F.W.H. Myers and close by the tomb of John Addington Symonds. The place where they lie is beautiful - near the city wall, far from the madding crowd, among a forest of cypresses through which the noontide rays come aslant and broken, while a hundred birds keep up a perpetual trill of melody that, full of the joy and love of life, falls not, one may suppose, harshly on the ears of the dead. Of the old cemetery Shelley wrote that it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place! - but the new is even more beautiful, more restful.

In the evening we walked up the Janiculum hill, had a most splendid view of Rome as it lay stretched beneath in the setting sun, and visited the Church of San Pietro in Montorio where a little chapel, decorated with reliefs by Bernini, stands on the alleged spot where the cross of St. Peter stood. A pleasant Franciscan monk, who spoke English not badly, showed us around.

25th This morning I got the registered letter containing the draft but curiously enough nothing else. After the first April I have asked all my letters to be kept in Oxford as Italy is a bad place for mail and I have no fixed address.

In the morning we visited the Museo della Torme, which was rather

disappointing. There were a few fine pieces of sculpture, especially a headless one of a youth kneeling, but none of preeminent merit. In the afternoon four churches - First, the Pantheon, the only building of ancient Rome which has survived to the present day in perfect preservation. It was originally a temple built by Agrippa - son-in-law of Augustus - but in 60 AD consecrated as a church. The portico is supported by 16 granite columns - and through a bronze door, very ancient one enters into the church proper which is a circular building with a gigantic dome rising from the side walls. The only window is an aperture 30 feet in diameter right at the centre of the dome - and of the effect of sunlight streaming in through that one opening is wonderful. The rain too pours in. The floor is beautiful marble, and all around the walls are little niches and altars. (The general aspect of a church here is usually a cross - of course the pantheon is quite different.) Between two chapels is the tomb of Raphael, the great painter. The next church was the fine one of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva notable for a piece by Michael Angelo - a marble statue of Christ with the Cross - a noble piece of work. Here also were the remains of St. Catherine of Siena. The other two churches were small and hardly noteworthy.

I must stop with Wednesday for sheer lack of space and time. On the other side are violets etc. Means and Crum went today (Thursday) to Naples and will return on Monday. We'll all leave Rome about the 4th and I hope to be back in Oxford about the 21st April.

Always much love to everyone,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#90

Merton College
Oxford
April 3, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I got the one sent on March 3rd on Friday last after I had posted my last letter and the next I received on Monday.

I answer Amachi's first - I am sorry I did not write more fully about my plans - the fact is that I believed I had done so. I decided to take my schools only next year because I found that was my only chance for a first. It is no more than a chance of course but taking schools in two years would have destroyed it altogether. Chandrasekharan did and got a third - Mr. Corley strongly advised me to take three years over the course and I think it gives work enough for three. I am not saying that one could not take it in two but one would have to be very clever and work dreadfully hard to get a first in two years. Besides it seemed to me difficult to know what to do with my third year - if I read English Literature I should certainly not have had anything better than a third - there is a vast amount of Anglo-Saxon etc. to do of which I am entirely ignorant. The only other solution was to do some History research, but I thought it not worth while.

It perhaps does seem rather useless, at first sight, to spend three years in England at such cost of money merely for an ordinary Arts Course in History. And yet I cannot think it is anything but worth doing - everyone says, and I have perhaps discovered in some measure that what Oxford stands for is not really the actual work done but the spirit, the tone, the atmosphere. It has taught me more than one can measure or write down - and I can never cease to be thankful that I had this chance of coming to Oxford.

Congratulations to Kunju on her prize - also to Oleshule Kunju on her triple victory. *Desha?*

Perhaps I had better mention here that I did receive the £10 sent by the Bank of Madras for Apachen - and many thanks for it. But Amachi says that the week before Achayi sent £10 : this should have come to me in Oxford - but it has not yet arrived nor have I heard anything about it. It is difficult to think it got lost in Oxford, as perhaps it has not yet been sent. As it was I had just enough money to come to Italy even without getting either of these - but they are necessary, because I have the remainder of last term's battel's to pay and must have some clothes.

Now for Italy. I have to begin with Thursday, March 26th I believe. On Thursday, Means and Crum left for Naples but I stayed behind in Rome, sightseeing alone - at first a rather depressing thing. That day I visited the Colonna Gallery first. It was not a place of very much importance and there were but few fine pictures. One that struck me was a Pieta by Albani - a painter who certainly had a genius for

portraying misery; one of the figures in the picture had on her face the most intense expression of sorrow I have ever seen depicted on human face, it nearly made one cry. In another room there was a series of fine landscapes by Poussin, more or less monotonous in subject but skillfully varied in details and painted with great mastery of technique. In another room still was the map one of the Christian generals used in the great battle of Lepanto.

The only other thing I did was to go to the Capuchin church of Santa Maria della Conezione - a church insignificant in itself but notable for a striking picture of Guido Reni of Michael treading on Satan - which I heard a lady behind me describe casually in passing as the original of St. George and the Dragon! That was not worse than the guide I heard today in the Vatican who calmly laid it down that the three Apostles with Christ on the Mount in Raphael's great Transfiguration were Peter, John and Paul, while his audience of Americans accepted the statement without question or doubt.

On Friday I first went to Santa Maria del Popolo - a fine church especially famous for a chapel decorated with frescoes in Raphael's best style. Here are buried several notable Italians of the 15th century.

Then the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, on the Capitoline hill, in which Gibbon first conceived the idea of writing the Decline and Fall. The ceiling is richly decorated in commemoration of Lepanto - and supported by a score of pillars of varying size and shape - which illustrates the fact that in the middle Ages they took any columns they could find in Roman building and used them to decorate churches without any thought of their correspondence or similarity to each other.

Then the Doria Gallery. Here is Claude Lorraine's mill, a picture Ruskin criticizes severely. There are also some fine Madonnas, one by Rondinelli, another by Sassoperato. There is a Niccolo Machiavelli by some Florentine artist - a man of high brow, prominent nose, severe and withdrawn jaw, with a face hard and almost gloomy - such a man as might well write a book like *The Prince*. But the gem of the collection is an Innocent X by Valasquez - a picture in which the most notable feature are the keen piercing eyes set in the ugly visage of the Pope, the face and eyes of a man surely not lovable, but shrewd and full of self-confidence in his insight and judgement. I do not know enough about his history to say whether Innocent was actually of this stamp.

On Saturday the Rosifigliosi gallery where the chief attraction is a fine ceiling - printing by Guido Renni in the entrance hall - Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of the sun - a fresco of which Raphael need not be ashamed and of exquisite taste.

Then to the church of San Clemente. The upper church is old enough itself but stands on a lower one of hoary antiquity. In the upper church there is little notable except some 12th century mosaics and a few frescoes by a Florentine of the early Renaissance. The walls, nave and aisles of the lower church remain and on the walls are frescoes as early as the 5th century - now crumbling away.

From San Clemente to the Baptistry of San Giovanni in Laterano, where tradition alleges, Constantine was baptized; but this is untrue. It is a noble building and a type for later baptisteries in Rome. There is some antique and admirable mosaic too in the side chapels. Then to the Lateran museum next door containing in the Profane Section a splendid head of Sophocles and in the Christian numberless sacrophagic covered with Biblical incidents and quantities of early Christian inscriptions. The incidents were treated in very naive ways, and in Peter's denial there was always a cock in the foreground. Lastly to the church of San Giovanni which has a splendid facade. Near it is the Scala Santa - Italy Stair - brought from Plato's house in Jerusalem up which Christ is once said to have walked. Hence it may only be ascended on one's knees. The interior of the church itself is impressive - it is 142 yards long and has double aisles, transept and choir. In the niches in the columns of the arches stand gigantic statues of the Apostles, and the canopy over the high altar is a beautiful piece of Gothic work. There is a Giotto in one of the aisles and the Church is an important one, many general councils having been held here. It has cloisters to which I did not visit.

On Sunday I stayed at home after Church in the morning but Monday was a busy day. First I visited the Corsini gallery. This has several fine Madonnas, especially one by Vandyck in which the Child is sleeping on it's side as any child would do instead of staring round - eyed in the usual manner. Here also in Holbein's famous Henry VIII, a picture every illustrated History of England reproduces. Murillos' Madonna dark hair and a Spanish face, as is but natural. I saw also the original of a Madonna by Carlo Dolci which hangs in my room. There were other fine things here but I cannot pause to describe them. Across the road is the Villa

Farnesina where Raphael has a series of ceiling paintings of great merit on the Myth of Psyche. Then I walked down the Tiber side to the Palatine bridge from which one can see the outlet of the Cloaca Maxima into the Tiber. Near by are a couple of small old Roman temples in good preservation, now churches. Then I walked through streets where formerly there was a Forum and up onto the Palatine.

The Palatine hill overlooks the Forum Romanum and faces the Capitol. On the summit were many great Roman buildings, among them the Imperial Palace but scanty ruins of the them alone survive. Much of the ground is now laid out into a beautiful garden from the terrace walls of which magnificent views of Rome may be had. I was quite tired when I returned.

On Tuesday Means and Crum returned and as they were too tired to go out we did nothing. On Wednesday however we had a full day. In the morning we secured from a smiling sacristan permits to go up St. Peter's Dome. The ascent is a great experience. At two or three stages there are passages around the interior from which one can look down. The dizzy height almost staggered one and men walking down below seemed like ants. From the very top there is a glorious view of Rome and the surrounding country - to the west to the blue Mediterranean and to the east to far-off Appenines. The dome is over 400 feet high. Then we went to see the Vatican antique sculptures. These include the famous group known as the Laocoon, a father or two sons in the coils of snakes sent by Apollo to destroy them. The artists have seized the dramatic and intense moment and executed the piece with wonderful skill. The result is a great masterpiece at which Michael Angelo gazed in wonder and which gave it's name to the greatest critical book of modern times - Lessing's Laocoon. Another gem is the famous Apollo Belvedere - and there were many others of inferior but still great merit which it would be tedious to describe. In the afternoon I went into St. Peter's - a great church indeed. It is a cross with a dome over the cross. The proportions are splendid and the mere size and vastness appalling. The nave itself is 90 feet wide not counting the broad side - aisles, and the total length is about 200 yards. There are many statues of popes all over and in the Confessio under the high altar a sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Peter. The internal decorations are not very striking and perhaps a bit overcrowded, but the great features of the church are the vast scale on which it is built and the beautiful harmony and proportion which nevertheless characterizes it.

On Thursday morning we went down to the Villa Borghese - a big park just

outside the city walls. Here is a gallery which has some fine paintings - the best probably being Titian's Earthly and Heavenly Love. Madonnas abounded - in one room I counted 18 - and it really is surprising how large a part of Renaissance art the painting of Madonnas was - almost every painter has done at least one, most of them several. In the afternoon the large and exquisite church of San Paulo - with long nave and double aisles separated by eighty five granite columns. The church was simple but beautiful - and the cloisters opening from it were interesting, though it is a pity they were not Gothic.

Here I must stop from lack of time. Much love to all. I shall answer the other letters from Oxford.

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#91

Merton College
Oxford
April 9, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I am glad to hear the social to the boys went off well; and indeed the games must have been amusing enough if some of the answers I read in Kunju's letters are authentic. I wonder what the answer would be of some of them to the question: What is a boy's idea of enjoyment - but as the correct answer is a slang word I suppose they'll all fail.

It is very kind of Mrs. Innes to inquire after me - and if ever I happen to be in that particular part of Dorsetshire I shall certainly call on her - but the chances are apparently rather remote. About the Singer I shall make what inquiries I can but it is difficult to promise anything, partly because I shall be in London only a few hours this vacation and partly because of my profound ignorance of such implements of women's warfare as sewing - machines. Mrs. Homre may be able to help one.

Another thing I had better say here is that the other £10 came last week - I got it the day I arrived in Florence: apparently it had been sent later from India than

I imagined or was led to think from one of the homeletters. Many thanks for the money.

And now let me give you another instalment of my Italian diary. I have to begin, with Friday, April 3rd.

The first thing we did on Friday was to visit the Vatican art gallery - not a numerous but a choice one. There are many Madonnas in it - an inevitable thing in any collection of the art of the early and in a less degree of the High Renaissance many of them good, but of course Raphael's Madonna of Foligno easily took prominence. Raphael is also represented by the still more famous Transfiguration, the upper part of which alone, which shows Christ and Moses and Elijah in the clouds above the three disciples on the mount, is the real work of the master's hand; but that half reveals the touch of an artist of genius in perspective and colour.

Then to the Capitoline Museum - on the Capitoline hill overlooking the Forum Romanum and filled with marble and other finds of Roman times. It would be tedious and unnecessary to describe these in any detail and I shall only mention the few really outstanding pieces. Among these are the Dying Gladiator - a Gaul in the moment of death which he has apparently inflicted on himself, a fine face; the so-called Capitoline Venus, an admirable ideal figure like the Apollo-Belvedere. Two rooms were lined with busts of celebrated characters of antiquity and a more or less complete collection of Roman emperors, among the latter one or two boyish heads. Pathetically incongruous in their childish innocence and helplessness with the masterly and often cruel faces of the men on either side. In another room are busts of great Italians of more recent times - among them the unmistakeable head of Dante; and a small corner-room contained many relics of Garibaldi at whose name many an Italian heart would thrill and who - a leader of his people - was followed with a devotion and revered with a love such as falls to the lot of few men to inspire. There is also a small picture gallery with comparatively second rate pictures none of which want special description comment.

On Saturday we started early and caught the steam train to Tivoli and Hadrian's villa about 15 miles from Rome. On the train we met the Foxes again. We got out at the Villa after a journey through a pleasant if rather flat countryside where the growing corn in rich green blade reminded me of agricultural India. Hadrian's villa was once the country house of the emperor of that name now in ruin, which are

however extensive and magnificent enough to give the visitor some idea of the palatial splendour of the original house - so modestly called a Villa. The gardens round now uncared for and wild were crowded with olives, noble cypresses and the wonderful almond in mass of purple blossom. The villa itself had rooms of all description - basilicas, libraries, baths in profusion, diningrooms and the entire suite considered necessary to a man of degree such as the emperor was.

It is rather surprising to see how particular the ancient Romans were about baths and how elaborate their arrangements were for the process: almost every big public building has a bath - surprising because the cleanly scruple is one which obviously the modern Italian does not share. Another problem which some writer, I remember, puts is why though there is so much linen washed in Italy - as any back street evidence - there is so little clean. But these are the mysteries of that convenient and indefinable expression: a national characteristic.

From Hadrian's Villa we went to Tivoli - a favourite country resort of the ancient Romans, a fine hill in the Campagna plain, now a little town. The winding road took us through groves of olive-trees, most of them so gnarled with age and rotten to the core that it was a marvel to see the hoary leaves crowning the top. The principal sight in Tivoli itself is the waterfalls of the Anis. The little stream splits into two or three and falls down in grand cascades down the steep hillside. One of the waterfalls was broken the water first streamed down into a great cavern through which in some dark passage it flowed out only to fall again over the sheer and precipitous rock-running like Alph, the sacred river through caverns measureless to man. Another floated down in one sweep casting clouds of spray which dripped from the slippery moss - grown rock on either side. It was a magnificent sight - the approximate height is about 350 feet.

Sunday we spent quietly and early on Monday morning we left Rome for Florence. The distance is nearly 200 miles but for once the express was both speedy and punctual and early in the afternoon we steamed into Florence. The way was charming - few towns, but those, like Orvieto, perched upon the mountain top, infinitely picturesque. The railroad follows on the whole the valley of two rivers, one a tributary of the Tiber and then the Tuscan Arms, the lake of Trasymene dividing the two. On either hand the mountains rose and the broad plain between - well-watered - was rich and green though hardly so fertile as Lombardy. Trasymene is memorable as the place where Hannibal defeated the Romans with great slaughter. As I said the

hills run close to the lake: and the Carthaginian posted his troops on the hillsides. In a thick fog Flaminius followed carefully and entered the death trap. Result - thousands of dead Romans and a panic in the Senate. The Val d'Arno is specially beautiful and we followed the river along its rocky bed till we caught sight of Fiesole - where Galileo looked at the moon "to descry" says Milton, "new lands, rivers of mountains" in her spotty globe' - and a few minutes later into the land of promise, Florence - the city of flowers.

There was a time enough for a cursory visit to the Piazza del Duomo, the centre of Florence. The outside of the Cathedral is inexpressibly beautiful, cased as it is all over with coloured marble in striking patterns. On front of it the old Baptistery - according to Ruskin, the last product of Greek art, the great bronze gates of which are relieved with numerous scenes by the art of Ghiberti in a fashion such as must delight and surprise every beholder. To the right of the Cathedral as one looks at it is the farfamed Campanile of Giotto, again to quote Ruskin the most perfect product of Christian art. Joe went up it and it really is a marvellous feat of architecture. It too is covered with marble - white and red and green - and round the first three storeys are the series of reliefs by Giotto - wonderfully conceived of skilfully executed. The next three storeys have Gothic windows, enriched with tracery such as has never been paralleled since. It is not the size of the building that makes it unique - it is only 276 feet high - but its exquisite proportions. In mere harmony of design it far surpasses Magdalen tower and of course in the matter of detail and ornamentation there is simply no comparison. We had only had time to have a glimpse of the inside of the Cathedral which is disappointing and bare and then we came home.

The first visit in Tuesday was the great Uffizi gallery - one of the finest and largest picture galleries in the world. It is near the large Piazza del Signoria where near a large fountain is the spot where Savonarola was burnt. This piazza was the very centre of medieval and early modern Florentine life and it faces the Palazzo Vecchio or public buildings. We had only time and patience to see half the Uffizi in one morning and even that was only accomplished by leaving out many less important pictures. There were some excellent Titians, Raphaels, Andrea del Sarto's etc. but I should like particularly to mention the Botticelli room. Sandro Botticelli is one of the most individualistic painters of the Renaissance and his work is notable not only for a fine and characteristic rendering of the human figure and of landscape but alas for the sense of motion he gives and above all for a certain wistful spiritual beauty he

imparts to many of his best creations.

After lunch we went to the Convent of San Marco, now a government museum, while the old buildings are scrupulously preserved. It was notable to me chiefly because of the glorious frescoes Fra Angelico painted in the cloister, chapel-house and cells and for it's connexions with Savronala who was Prior in the last years of the 15th century. Of the Fra Angelico's and especially of the exquisite Crucifixion I cannot speak in too high terms - the beautiful and intense spirituality of his creations, their tenderness, their carefulness of colouring, all these are special characteristics. Of Savronala the main memorial now is the three tiny rooms he occupied at one end of the passage. Here are his chair, his hair shirt wherewith he vexed the frail flesh, his books and missals, and even a charred bit of wood from the fire which burnt him. One recalled again all those memorable scenes - the long supremacy he held over the Florentine mind by the pure ardour of his passion for goodness and the fervour of his eager reforming spirit - until the reaction. Then that long day when the crowd waited in the piazza to see the ordeal to which the Franciscans had challenged the rival Dominicans of San Marco - to walk through fire - the crowd which sought for a sign and no sign was given it - and which when disappointed of the spectacle besieged San Marco which the peaceful friars, now called to the services of war, defended with unavailing courage - and the last scenes of Savronala's imprisonment, torture and also ordeal of martyrdom. In later years, moved by some tardy spirit of useless recompense, the Florentines heap with flowers the spot of his death on the day of his burning - a prophet unhonoured in his own day.

On Wednesday in the morning we went to the far-famed Pitti palace, another fine picture - gallery. Here there were many masterpieces, among them two noble and celebrated Madonnas by Raphael, and a group of beautiful paintings by Andrea del Sarto - not to mention countless others. In the afternoon we went to Santa Maria Novella - the Dominican Church - and it's cloisters in the chapel of which, the so-called Spanish chapel, are a group of splendid frescoes splendidly rendered with great spirit and important in the history of art. This morning we visited the Franciscan church of Santa Croce where again two small chapels covered with Giotto's frescoes are praised by Ruskin in almost hyperbolic terms. Yesterday I went alone to the Medici palace near San Marco where lived the first great heads of that celebrated if rather cruel and wicked house - Cosinus, Pers, Giuliano and Lorenzo. This after all is the charm of Florence, such as few other cities can give. In these very streets - narrow, lined with tall palaces that lift their proud heads to the skies and suffer little

of the bright warm sunlight to struggle through - here and on these stones, inside these walls was worked out that whole drama of Florentine history, so intense, so crowded with incident and with interest. In a crowded street yesterday opposite the big place where lived the historian Guidicciardini we looked at the modest front of the house where Machiavelli lived and today we entered the tiny home where Dante grew up with his widowed mother not far from the street where Beatrice Partinari lived in her father's home, in a window of which the dreamy boy first saw her whom he saw in Heaven brighter than the angels - What flood of light all this throws on the history one so often reads without an imaginative comprehension.

But I must now cease this broken description. On Monday next probably we go on to Venice and the Monday after I hope to be in Oxford. Much love to all at home. I am quite well but rather tired in the evenings.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Venice

#92

As from

Merton College

Oxford

April

16, 1914

My dear Apachen,

I have not had the home letter this week, because being uncertain of my address and intending to return to Oxford soon I asked my letters to be kept there against my return. Hence I have to fall back upon my own resources to fill this letter, but luckily those are for the present ample for the purpose.

I have to begin with last Friday, Good Friday. In the morning I went to an English church but in the afternoon we all went out to Fiesole, a hill near Florence from which we had the loveliest view imaginable. On Saturday we had, however a busier day. In the morning we visited the ancient church of San Lorenzo, near the Medici palace and once the cathedral of Florence. It is now chiefly attractive because of the new Sacristy which contains the tombs of several of the early Medici. Their

monuments Michael Angelo was commissioned to execute and though he never finished the plan, yet there are four pieces by him in the room, representations of Morning, Evening, Day and Night - all marked with his unfailing strength and with not a little of the sweetness and beauty that he reached at his highest. In that room are the bodies of Cosinus, Peter Patraie, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, his son, of Lorenzo's two nephews and of his grandson, the infamous Alessandro - I hope I am not mixing up the relationships - who was murdered by Lorenzino the tyrannicide.

Well after San Lorenzo, we went to the old and interesting church of San Michele, which is really the ground floor of a great square building the two upper floors of which were and perhaps still are used as granaries. The exterior is relieved by charming statues by Donatello and others, but the inside is better still. There is no regular nave but a single row of columns runs through the middle, while the sunlight streams in checked and chastened by beautiful stained glass. The pride of the church is, however, the great shrine which some Florentine sculptor erected to hold a miraculous picture of the Virgin, a wonderful canopy of carved marble inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli.

But perhaps the most interesting event of the whole day was the "Explosion of the Car" in the Piazza del Duomo. Time out of mind this has been done every Easter Eve. A large car is erected in the square and filled with fireworks and crackers. A long wire connects it with a pillar in the cathedral in front of the choir. On this wire is a pigeon of gunpowder, which is lighted inside the building and runs along the thread to the car which thereupon explodes. If the dove runs straight and true it is supposed to be a good omen for the harvest and the piazza is accordingly crowded with thousands of anxious farmers and curious tourists. The fire which lights the dove is sacred, being made by two flints brought by an old Florentine from the Holy Land and which the Archbishop, canons and choir go out in procession with candles and chants to get from the Baptistry. The whole ceremony takes place upon the stroke of twelve at noon and as all the bells suddenly ring out and the crackers burst too there is an awful clatter for a minute. The crowd was interesting and so was the long and stately procession, singing it's dolorous chant and walking sedately down the aisle and up again on the way to and from the Baptistry, the archbishop with mitre on head and episcopal staff borne in front of him, the canons in red and the others according to their degree. This year the dove behaved satisfactorily - as of course it almost always does.

In the afternoon we went to one of the choicest of Venetian galleries - the so-called Belle Arti. In the long hall is a collection of copies of Michael Angelo's works and one original, the famous and immense statue of David - a noble piece of work challenging comparison with Donatello's David and Andrea Verrochios'. The picture gallery proper contains a fine collection of the earlier Tuscan masters and among others has several most beautiful Fra Angelicos. But the rooms I liked best were the ones that contained the Botticellis, the Fra Lippo, Lippi's and the Peruginos'. The first had a most exquisite painting to his credit, the celebrated Spring, in which while none of the individual figures have any great beauty, yet the whole conception is one of the utmost charm and attractiveness and a certain elusive beauty which is hard to define but inescapable.

After tea two of us wandered out along the streets, through the fine Via Tornabuoni, over the bridge, out along the rather narrow and dirty streets on the other side of the river. We saw once more the house of Machiavelli and the first time the house of Galileo, now a mean lodging. Lastly we went up the Piazza Michael Angelo and from the height had a wonderful view of Florence stretched beneath us in the setting sun. Back to the pension. Sunday, church and a walk in the park. A stifling hot day which made me feel as languorous as India. On Monday morning we went once more to the Uffizi and "finished" it after a fashion. Then train to Venice.

The first half of the journey of nearly 200 miles - say, up to Bologna, is right through the Appenines and rather slow. For the most part we ran on the summits and had the most wonderful views of the narrow valleys falling away on our left. After Bologna, the evening came on apace and we ran faster, through such historic towns as Rovigo, Ferrara and Padua - ones the broad Po, which however is hardly broader than the Kallai river where the railway crosses it - and then along a long bridge over the intervening lagoon came to Venice about halfpast nine at night. Of course a gondola to our pension.

It was a most thrilling incident. All one had ever read or heard of the mysterious charm of Venice came back to one's mind. A starry night - the three of us in a little black boat with a raised and curving stern and prow. A ruffianly-looking gondolier wielding his lazy oar behind us - as we glided down first the Grand Canal and then into one of the narrow side canals, sometimes dark and dangerous between tall backs of houses, sometimes with a little road running alongside then and spanned by arching bridges. Before he turned the sharp corners our gondolier uttered a hoarse

shrill cry of warning - to any other boat that might be coming by. Sometimes he took us into murderous looking corners where one almost grew frightened but it was Venice: and thus at last we reached our pension. It was too late for anything but a long sleep after the hot and crowded day in the train.

On Tuesday - however, we ventured out. First of course to the Piazza of San Marco, which is very near us. We crossed the Grand Canal by the steamboat ferry and walking along little side - streets flanked by gay shops came to the Piazza. It is one of the most magnificent sights I have ever seen. Imagine a great rectangular space, about 200 yards - long and a hundred wide, flat, paved with marble and granite. Imagine the far side of it closed by the facade of a church, its front gay with paintings and gilding and over the roof the splendour of many domes in the Byzantine style - this is San Marco. The other three sides are surrounded by official buildings, which have all a long arcade next the piazza, with a long column of pillars, the whole front of white marble. In a corner near the Cathedral a tall Campanile, rather simple and severe in style but very effective. The description is very inadequate and the first sight of the piazza is a great moment it is so vast yet so beautiful, so gloriously impressive.

In the piazza were crowds of people, tourists mostly - also crowds of pigeons which live here a sleek and well-fed life fed by the visitors. After looking about us we went in to Saint Mark's. The interior is at first very small and disappointing but then the marvellous richness of it grows upon you. There is hardly a stone there which is not marble - The floor is marble mosaic in many colours and curious patterns; the walls are marble, exquisitely veined; while the upper half of the side - walls and the entire vaulting - a space of about 50,000 square feet is covered with mosaic pictures on a gold ground - a lavish extravagance. The church is however splendid and worthy of the Venice that once held the gorgeous East in fee and had more palaces than any other city in the world - She is now fallen very low indeed and a fourth of the population are now paupers in a town where five hundred years ago almost as large a proportion were princes.

In the afternoon we ^{hired} ~~lived~~ a gondola and went up the Grand Canal. It is quite broad and lived on either side with noble palaces - Gothic and Renaissance styles - whose neglected marble showed at once the grandeur that once had been and the decay of the present. There is no other street in the world just like this and we passed the so-called "Desdemona's palace" where she sat and listened to Othello's moving

adventures by flood and field - passed the houses where Browning died and Byron lived - till we came to the bridge of the Rialto - which everyone will remember from the Merchant of Venice, a great marble arch, which has double line of shops like the Ponte Vecchio. Then we returned - a great day.

I must stop now. We leave very early tomorrow morning for Milan whence we go in the evening to Arona on Lake Maggiore. Saturday on the Lake. Then Oxford, I have a lot of packing to do, so reluctantly stop, though there is lots more to write of Venice which I shall keep till any next letter.

Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

Merton College

#93

Oxford

April

23, 1914

My dear Amachi,

I had both Apachen's and your letter when I returned to Oxford on Monday afternoon. Many thanks for both.

I have a few things more to write of Italy - was it Venice I left off at last week. We had a most enjoyable time there - the Piazza of St. Mark's is the noblest square we saw, of vast dimensions and surrounded by fine building. A little Piazzetta leads from it to the Grand Canal, and is flanked by the Doge's Palace. The Palace is a very large Gothic (?) building with an arcade on the first and second floor and a rather massive looking wall above it pierced and relieved only by large windows. Inside there are many objects of interest - eg. the various halls where the numerous Venetian Councils used to meet, decorated by the art of such Venetian painters as Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. Outside one room - I think the Chamber of the dreaded Ten - is the celebrated Lion's mouth into which denunciations of citizens were thrown. One of the most popular objects is the Prison - a series of chambers, hardly as formidable as I thought, but certainly dark, heavy and solid with a solidity that must have shut out all hope. Here were incarcerated - I'm not sure, though - the

Carrara lords of Padua, Carmagnola the famous leader of mercenaries and Martin Fabien, the doge who was beheaded. Not to be uselessly extravagant with historical associations, the keeper, evidently a man of some humour, assigned each of these great criminals to a different room: and thus we had to pour sentiment out by instalments - though their dates are so different that they may all very well have been in the same dungeon. Among the pillars that support the second arcade on the side of the Piazzetta are two red columns, noticeable among the row of otherwise unbroken white. Between these were the political death sentences executed. We also passed under the famous Bridge of sighs - which Byron made famous - but which really is no more than a "pathetic swindle" in Howell's phrase, as none but ordinary criminals have ever walked over it.

It would be rather a waste of time to describe at any length the other places are visited in Venice - and as a matter of fact there were comparatively few of them - Venice being remarkable not so much for any one achievement in art or architecture as for the pervasive spirit that fills the whole city and cannot be particularly attached to any one thing in it. The Picture Gallery was disappointing except for Titan's Great Assumption and a few noble Tintoretto's and Paul Veronesis and Bellinis'. The churches do not deserve much particular notice, though the SS. Giovanni e Paolo is a beautiful one. On the other hand I should like to say a word about the gondola ride we had along with the canals and the walk in the streets. One afternoon we met four other Rhodes scholars, and the seven of us hired a gondola which took us the Grand Canal - now, they say, only a skeleton of it's former glory but still splendid in decay, and then turned into little side canals, passing rapidly from one to the other, passing under innumerable little bridges, passing other Gondolas similarly crowded with sightseers, proceeding impatiently behind a ponderous barge that once blocked up our way. The uniqueness of it grows upon one as one does this. Hardly less charming and certainly far more adventurous was the long walk we had one night along the streets: we took every little byway that came and were often led to a blank wall or an unbridged canal and were forced to go back. We passed through bare piazzas, along dark and dangerous-looking alleys, not always sweetly scented or scrupulously clean. But it was most adventurous. It is difficult to get one's direction right in this tangle of little crowd, any one like all the others. Going by a map from S. Mark's to S. Giovanni we arrived far to the left. Returning we burst upon the Grand Canal, to our intense surprise, far to the right of S. Marco: while all the time we had believed ourselves on the left of the Cathedral.

One afternoon we went to the Lido, one of the several long islands that bar the Adriatic at the mouth of the lagoons. It was cold and windy.

It was a fine morning when we left Venice and had a thoroughly enjoyable tour to Milan - about five hours or rather less. On the way we passed Lake Garda on the right - a fine sight. We had only four or five hours to spend in Milan and so had to restrict our places of visit. First we went to the largest picture gallery - the Brera - which had Raphael's Nuptials of the Virgin and some other good ones. Then we went to the old refectory of the convent of S. Marina della Grazie, in which Leonardo da Vinci painted his great picture of the Last Supper. It has been hardly used - the Colours have themselves peeled off largely, and what the ravages of time failed to complete the vandalism of man accomplished. The monks themselves cut a door through the lower part of it and Napoleon's soldiers threw brickbats at the Apostles heads. The picture is therefore at present in a lamentable state - but it is most arresting. One can scarcely study the individual faces but the attitudes are all equally varied and masterly. The face of the Saviour is of course an acknowledged marvel and is certainly full of feeling. The whole thing is intensely dramatic, critical, and intense and worked out with a patient art that we could well wish better preserved.

Lastly to the Duomo. It was a change after the best of Renaissance architecture in Rome to see a real Gothic cathedral built in the most splendid day of the Gothic tradition - and I must say I liked the Gothic letter. There is a certain soaring dignity in the high oervaulted arches, a certain deep twilighty effect produced by the strong sunlight streaming in coloured and chastened by the stained glass of the windows that somehow made one feel a more spiritual atmosphere in the Gothic. The Milan Cathedral is of course a most favourable example. The choir windows are the largest I have ever seen and extremely beautiful - the height and size of the interior are laid out to full advantage. On the exterior every lovely detail of Gothic architecture is employed to produce an almost bewildering beauty. The flying buttresses are so elaborate and every pinnacle and arch so carved, bestattued and traceried that the eye almost fails to grasp the whole wonderful white beauty of it. From the topmost spire we had a fine view of the town.

We went on the same evening to Stresa, a town on the southern side of the Lake Maggiore. After the strenuous sightseeing of the previous weeks it was a happy idea to spend a day in quiet in the beautiful scenery of the Italian lakes. We arrived late and the next morning started out on a steam-boat which touched at different points

on either shore and went up to Locarno in the very north. The scenery was mainly of two kinds - in the southern half it is all green hills, with most luxuriant vegetation, contrasting beautifully with the deep blue of the lake beneath and the sky overhead. Here and there little islands arose with a few houses on it, a garden or two, most delightful. In the northern half, however, the scenery took a grander aspect - the hills changed to mountains and while the green and colour still remained on the lower shapes, the summits were crowned with white snow. As evening came on they all took glorious shades of purple, violet, brown. We got to Locarno about noon, had lunch in ideal surroundings, high up on the hillside overlooking the lake, amid flowers and trees in bursting green, and then started back. Altogether a most enjoyable day and a great change from walking one's feet off in a crowded city seeing "sights." It rested us no end.

We started the next morning on our long journey to Oxford. The train was not very crowded, and after passing through the Simplon we ran for several hours amid some of the most wonderful scenery I have ever seen. From Brigue and Lausanne we sped between the Alp, faraway to the right the Bernese Alps and to the left the Southern Alps. All the top was decked with snow, which in the brilliant sun was indistinguishable from the fleecy clouds that lay above - one dazzling glory. When after some time we burst upon the lake of Geneva, the effect was even more striking. I saw once more my old view of the Dent du Midi and the lake - which I saw last summer from Mount Pelevin. I've arrived in Paris at 11 at night and left at 12:30; Calais in the early morning, London at 10:15 and Oxford at 1:40 in the afternoon.

I was glad to be back. It is always a relief to return to Oxford, to the old college and the old rooms. Only a few of the rowing men were up when I arrived and none that I knew well, but Johnston came soon after and we had coffee together at night. Victor Murray was in Oxford too and so my first two days passed quite nicely.

Yesterday afternoon I came up here - to Boar's Hill three odd miles from Oxford for the Christian Union Exec. Retreat. The Old and new Execs. are both present, I of course a member of the old Exec. we have several meetings and conferences a day and go down to Oxford again on Friday morning. The new Exec. is quite distinguished - the President has just got a first in Hon. Mods, Mann of Balliol and others have had firsts before.

~~This week's mail is a heavy one for me, because I must answer some of the~~

This week's mail is a heavy one for me, because I must answer some of the letters neglected in Italy. We are having the most perfect weather just now, much to good to last. Spring this year is at least a fortnight earlier than last year and the flowers and trees are coming on apace. It is also very warm and I wear a cotton shirt for comfort - of course with woolen vests.

~~Friday~~

I wanted to write both to Georgekutty wishing good luck in the exams and to Kunju, Kunjunju, Ammu, Sarah and Sosah thanking them for their letters - but it is near mail time and I must put them off till next week and the week after. I am really very sorry for the delay.

I am back in Oxford. Few men have come of yet - they usually pour in in the evening. The weather seems already to be changing for the worse - hard luck!

Merton College
Oxford
30, 1914

#94

April

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the houseletter, which was full of interesting news. I am afraid mine will be very much the reverse as Italy is now done with and there is only the regular and uneventful life of term to chronicle. The term however has started most auspiciously - such an unbroken succession of fine days inspires one with some respect for the fickle English weather. After Easter today is perhaps the first clouded day - yesterday was not only bright but even almost unpleasantly hot. The result is that the last week has been most enjoyable. The trees are once more covered with tender green, the lilac just bursting into purple blossom, the May buds winking before they open out into fragrant white and rose, the cherry in all its fleeting glory. The garden is pleasant to lie in and read though many of the flowers - even the meadow flowers - have yet to appear. The river is delightful to punt in and one hardly felt the change of weather even returning from the sunny South - Italy.

Such unusual and splendid chances could not be wasted, of course, and

therefore I have been playing tennis and punting most energetically. As I wrote before I am part owner of a punt - rather hirer - with some freshers - Mark Jones and Philip Johnston. Adams, another freshman since joined in. It was quite amusing to punt at first - the course of the boat being most erratic: but I have improved through still very far from being a careless expert. The river is crowded and the steering often a matter of some difficulty. The field presents a pleasant sight any afternoon - crowds of men "flannels," ie. white flannels, playing tennis or cricket.

Everyone is back. The Hoares I have not met yet - though I had a glimpse of Mr. Hoare in the street: I left Kunju's letter in their digs. The Moffats I called on last Sunday - the children all sunburnt and flourishing after spending the vacation on a farm in the country in Gloucestershire. I took Eric out on the punt one day and he plays tennis at Mansfield often and occasionally strays on into our courts across the road though he cannot play there. Nat is back but I've only had glimpses of him. I had a letter from Mr. Hogg saying that they were too tired to visit Oxford on the way to Glasgow and so I shan't see them till much later. This is sickening, since Oxford is very pleasant just now and they would have enjoyed coming. I have only met Subbarayan once - in the street. Of course all Merton is back - Gray and Crawford, Burnett-Hall, etc.

My work for the term is all arranged - nine lectures a week. Two by Price of Oriel on Present Economic and Social Questions in the light of history - very slow, portentous and dull; two by Davis of Balliol, a highly reputed lecturer crowded and interesting; two by Figgis of Cambridge on Bossuet - not begun yet: two by Armstrong of Queen's on French History; and one by Professor Firth on Macaulay's History of England which he is just now editing in a sumptuous edition with illustrations. One essay a week on my Foreign History. Altogether I propose to do from six to seven hours of work a day and have good hopes of succeeding.

Eights begin on May 21st - we have fair hopes of going up, though it is by no means easy, all the boats in front being exceptionally good and 6th being a high place for a small college like Merton. The crew probably will be Raikes, (stroke), Nurse, Hunt, Solomon, Hayes, Davison, Means, Johnston (bow). The order is not quite correct. Training begins next week.

May

1st

There is a very little more to write. I called on the Hoares yesterday evening and they are both well. Mr. H. gave me a letter to send to Kunju, though he did not seem awfully pleased at her disturbing him when on furlough - but still I do not think he minds. Mrs. H. said she'd be glad to take any small thing for home but laid so much emphasis on the 'small' that I am afraid a sewing machine is out of the question. Besides, as they leave before the end of term, I have hardly an opportunity for getting one in London: the only possible place to get one at. This morning the children were singing in the streets and of course there was the usual early morning singing on the top of Magdalen Tower, which happens every May first.

I am feeling dreadfully ashamed of not writing to all the kind people at home who write to me - it is the result, of beginning the homeletter as late in the week. Next week I shall begin earlier and see what I can do.

I am at an absolute loss what more to write - and as this letter must be posted this morning and as there is a lecture presently I must once again disappoint you with an inadequate letter. With much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#95

Oxford

May 7, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter; which came only on Saturday night. The mail has again begun to arrive late.

Now for news. Mr. Hogg had written to me from London that it was impossible for them to visit Oxford and so I had given up hope; but on Friday morning I had a wire, incidentally my first telegram in England, saying that after all he could come for the afternoon. Mrs. Hogg, who was not in good health after the voyage, went straight to Glasgow while Mr. Hogg came to Oxford about twelve and left about seven-thirty. But it was pleasant and cheering to have him if only for seven hours. First he had lunch in my room and then we walked out - through New College

where we did not find Raju in - on to Mansfield where we met Nat and Allan Gaunt - and back through the Parks. For tea I had Victor Murray and Nat in and Raju dropped in later. Hogg was also introduced to Dicky Brook our Chaplain and Neville Talbot, both of whom knew his book well. We had long talks about all my old friends in Madras and I think he was pleased with what he saw of my life in Oxford. Altogether a delightful afternoon.

Saturday was uneventful. In the afternoon I played tennis with some other fellows.

Sunday was quiet too. Communion Service in chapel in the morning and then little before evening chapel. Most of the day Johnston and I spent in each other's rooms. I enclose a photo I took in my old chair - always used for taking photos and christened by Johnston, Jemima - Monk-Jones on the arm of the chair and Johnston in it. As you they are both Dulwich men, Monk-Jones plays rugger and is a great friend of Dicky's - I mean the chaplain's, he is inexhaustibly vivacious and has an endless flow of conversation or chatter, whatever you call it - an amusing person on the whole and very delightful. Johnston is cast in a more reserved mould and harder to know: but we are great friends now and I always call him "Phil". So henceforth "Phil" stands for Mr. P.R. Johnston. He rows bow in the boat and consequently is now in training, Training means gorging yourself at brekker and dinner but eating a very spare lunch and tea - the latter indeed cruelly limited to one cup of tea and a single biscuit. Now wonder he looked hungrily just now when I dangled a chocolate biscuit before his eyes - it is a forbidden "fruit."

Monday evening I dined at Mansfield on Victor Murray's invitation and met Nat and others. Tuesday nothing of importance happened, nor on Wednesday. No, yesterday afternoon I went out punting with the Foxes. The last time I met them was at Hadrian's villa near Tivoli in Italy. There was a Christchurch man also in the party. We came down - the Cher from Magdalen bridge, went down the Isis a little way and watched the eights practising, and then had tea under some overhanging trees in a shady corner, enticing but midge-ridden. A pleasant afternoon. Today I had tea with a Narayana Menon, a Cochinite - vile weather, rainy and dull: hence no tennis.

I have been to one lecture each by Figgis of Cambridge and by the Regius Prof. Firth. Figgis talks on Bossuet in an interesting manner, with occasional flashes of humour and many striking phases. The audience was typical of all Varsity lectures

- about 50 or 60 women, halfadozen stray dons, a score of undergrads. at most. Firth on Macaulay was interesting, but he has not warmed to the subject yet. I do not suppose this was altogether due to the severe cold he was suffering from. Pun!

Eights begin today fortnight. Even while you read this letter will either have gone down or gone up with desperate effort. The former alternative seems at present the likelier as Balliol (with two blues) are reported to be good and we have not yet come into regular shape. In any case it is a comfort to think that the chances of a bump supper is extremely remote. Monk-Jones people are coming down for Eights's week - Johnston's family are moving, so they cannot come down. He has asked me to go and stay at his home sometime - which is extremely kind. I do not know whether I shall or whether I can.

These weeks are so uneventful that it is difficult to know what to write and how to fill up the homeletter. This and not any slackness is the cause of these blank pages for which I sincerely crave pardon.

I know I have many letters from Kunju and the others to answer - and as they cannot all well be answered the same week I shall begin with Kunju this week and work down to Sosah, the "kid." Talking of kids reminds me of two charming little books I read last week - by Kenneth Grahame called *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days*, stories of children. As I am trying to do seven hours a day there is not much time to write letters except by staying in in the afternoons instead of tennising. I'm sure, however, I have much to be forgiven. With love,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
May 15, 1914

#96

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. This week again I am afraid I shall have to crave your indulgence for another short letter. Part of the reason is that yesterday afternoon I played too much tennis and as the day was boiling hot it tired me out - so

that I was not feeling fit enough to write letters later in the day. But of course the chief reason is again the lack of any news, of anything exciting to write about. The few things that I have to mention I shall put down as they come without regard to chronological order.

Several days ago I met Mr. Macphail in Oxford. All of them - including their son and daughter - were spending the weekend in Oxford and he left a card on me. So I called the next morning and found them all in. I believe he is shortly returning to India and looked very well after a year in Scotland. The son is a stout fellow, probably at school. The daughter is that Molly Macphail of whose behaviour in church one had amusing but disadvantageous tales in the old days when she was a child in Madras.

I also met Mr. Bevan yesterday for a few minutes. On Wednesday evening I was invited to a meeting of the American Club at which President Hadley, the head of the great university of Yale, spoke. He is an oldish, not very striking-looking person, with small thin face of white beard. He spoke well and laughed heartily at his own jokes. After the meeting I was introduced to him. Georgekutty will remember that next the Christian College tennis courts stands a monumental spire over the grave of Yale's young son who died when he was Governor of Madras a century ago.

That finishes my little stock of news proper and how can the bankrupt meet the gaping liability of blank pages! The weather last week was bad, often raining and sometimes very cold. Yesterday, however, it seems to have changed again and today is bright and full of promise. In consequence I did not have much tennis last week not much punting. One day, however, Phil and Monkers, Dodd (New College) and I went out together on the river. Dodd punted too close to the bank and his face coming through the thick hawthorn bushes that overhang the riverside was a sight so comic that it sent the rest of us into convulsions of laughter.

Hardly a week more for Eights. The Merton boat has not come on as it should though I am told we are now improving. Hence we are by no means sure we shall go up and perhaps may go down. It seems Trinity, Oriel and Worcester are all likely to make bumps though it is too early as yet to predict with any certainty. In any case the races have an unfortunate aptitude for falsifying the careful and confident prognostications of the varsity papers. New College is more than likely to keep the headship and Magdalen will probably remain second and the House third.

I have challenged the Chaplain to play a set of tennis with a handicap of fifteen on me! He will come off shortly.

Meanwhile the lectures go on and the essays. Figgis talked the other day of a Victorian bishop who indecently exposed his brains; and remarked that reading was a decadent amusement! Armstrong is good and fast - so fast that I have twenty pages of notes to show for three lectures not counting those aching hands. Davis is good and dull. Firth is mildly interesting. Price is so incredibly bad that I have forsaken him - and with a good conscience.

Dead stop. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
May 21, 1914

#97

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the home-letter. I am very glad to hear all the news - Kunjunju will be a big swell as secretary of the camp committee; and the others will have had the excitement of the wedding. Georgekutty will, I trust, be a real doctor with a real degree of four letters, no less; and Apachen have been to Coonoor.

At last Oxford is just entering upon an exciting period. Eights Week begins today, and the first races start in two hours. But before I get on to the subject of races let me talk of the other two events of the week - events indeed of the mildest and most commonplace characters. The weather has again changed for the better and today is a perfect day - if anything a trifle too hot. Result is I played tennis most days this week: twice in Mansfield in Nat's invitation. The Mansfield courts are opposite the Merton grounds and so it is easy to cross the road and get tea at our pavilion after a game. Merton played John's in the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament and I'm afraid lost, largely because one of our "blues" - The Captain of the Varsity Tennis Team,

in fact and was off his game and played badly. But we won some other matches, both tennis and cricket and lost others.

Also some work: though towards the end of last week, the days were so warm that I felt in anything but a walking mood - a curious thing considering the heat to which I was accustomed in India. But here, I find it quite hard to work on a warm day - especially a warm evening. My essays at present chiefly are in European History and I am reading widely about the Renaissance, a most interesting time. For instance, the Autobiography of that famous artist in metals, Bevenuto Cellini, which I am immersed in just now, is a characteristic book. Not only is the actual narrative fascinating, but every now and then the puzzling problem arises like a ghost that will not be laid what manner of man this was who prayed and murdered his enemy with equal earnestness of sincerity, who calmly sets down the beatific visions he claims to have seen side by side with sentiments which no man of honesty and religion would think, much less express in public. It throws a lurid light on the ecclesiastical and secular society of the time.

I've had a few meals out and a few guest in - but nothing noteworthy. Just now Powicke - whom I met at Swanwick last August and who is a Fellow of Merton through Professor of History at Belfast - is here and is staying on all through Eights' Week. He said he'd look me up.

I have been down to the river and saw all the Three Divisions row. In the third there were only two bumps, St. Catherines' who were bottom of the five getting Univ II and sohin II bumping Oriel II. The second division, however, made amends and there were five bumps, only one boat Pembroke rowing over. Oriel got Corpus, Magdalen II bumped House II, Worcester bumped Wadham, then came Pemmy, Queens' bumped Keble, and Exeter bumped Trinity II. Queens's and Exeter have each a blue.

The first division is exciting. Of course I ran with Merton. As expected Oriel got Lincoln. B.N.C. who were ninth rowed over. The order above at the start was, from the bottom, Trinity, Balliol, Merton, St. John's, Univ, House, Magdalen, New Coll. It was expected that Trinity would get Balliol easily, but everything else was uncertain; though we were certain we were going to get St. John's. The actual story is very different. We went up on John's right from the start at a pace which even the most sanguine of us had not expected - so that about a third of the way out

instead of the original 40 yds. there was scarce a yard between the two boats and we all made sure of bumping John's. The chances were 88 to 1. Just then the unexpected happened. We had left Balliol far behind and Trinity were not pressing Balliol very hard. But suddenly one of our men caught a crab i.e. his oar did not strike the water - with the result that we stopped and Balliol got us. We are all most awfully sick - though we are certain - bar disaster like this - to get Balliol tomorrow and John's on Saturday. Trinity do not look like bothering us much and we were rowing really splendidly. Above us, John's rowed over after their miraculous escape; but Univ. bumped the House. House was hustling Magdalen and New Coll. was easily head of the river.

There was the usual crowd and gaiety, though the world looked very black just after the races. The worst of it was having victory snatched away when so nearly within our grasp. Ten strokes more and we should easily have bumped, while Balliol had not a chance. However we trust tomorrow will make things right again. There were scores of punts and scores of ladies in them and on the barges. Many mushroom magazines were sold; dirty children paddled on the river banks; eightsmen strutted up and down in all the glory of coloured blazers; the man who caught the crab, however, refused to be comforted and wept like Rachel.

Next week I hope to have happier news. Hope all at home are well. With much love,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
27, 1914

#98

May

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. Last week of course was Eights Week and I cannot very help beginning with it. The weather was fair on the whole, wet on Saturday and rather cold the last three days but tolerable. The crowds were as large and gay as usual, the river swarmed as ever with punts and the towpath with

spectators and a struggling mass of undergraduates. Several of my friends have had their relatives up. Monk-Jones' pater, mater, sister and one of her friends all were up for the weekend and of course they spent half the morning and all the afternoon on the punt, neither Phil nor I wanting it. It was a lucky thing we had a punt as they cost an incredible amount to hire for Eights Week. Phil's people could not come up as they were changing houses. Gray had a cousin up today and most of the freshers had their relatives in Oxford for at least a day or two of the fashionable week.

The actual rowing was quite as exciting as usual. To begin with, Univ. went steadily up and on Saturday bumped New Coll. (which had four blues) for the headship of the river, which they regained after twelve years. Of course they have a bumper for it and as I write the rockets and Roman candles are shooting and shining above and beyond the warden's house, while I can distinctly hear the men making a great noise in the quad. Tomorrow morning Univ. will be very nearly a wreck, I'm afraid.

New Coll. are pretty bad. Ch. Ch. were bumped by Univ. the first day but after close races on Saturday and Monday got Magdalen yesterday and so finished where they started, Third. Magdalen fell to Univ. on Friday and to the House on Tuesday, ending fourth - they are very bad and our one great regret is that we did not get a chance of bumping them. Merton, as you know, fell to Balliol the first day owing to an unfortunate crab. The second day we began between Balliol and Trinity. By the Gut we were pressing Balliol hard and expecting to get them in half a minute more when Phil. caught a crab and Trinity who were a good deal behind came up and caught us. You may imagine our disgust and disappointment - of course Phil. was awfully cast down. The next day, however our fortunes changed. We bumped Trinity after a hard race with Oriel. Oriel who are the fastest crew on the river for the first minute or two came up with a rush and were only a couple of yards away at the Gut. But Raikes put up a tremendous spurt and we got away safely bumping Trinity. On Monday we hoped to bump Balliol, and we did get to within a yard of them - but we were rowing badly and never got any further. It was a great disappointment, especially as the next day we would have Oriel behind us. Tuesday's race was very exciting. We went for Balliol as fast as we could, but Oriel came up too with a rush. By the Gut we bumped Balliol - a second later Oriel crashed into us and broke up our bow like matchwood. They claimed to have bumped us first, and thereupon Balliol got away, but Trinity had come up meanwhile and bumped Balliol, thus claiming an overbump and going up three places. The question was decided after

a long meeting and much evidence, photographic and otherwise, in our favour this morning - i.e. we bumped Balliol & Oriel and Trinity were to start in their former places. Today we bumped John's easily and thus went up fifth, which is farther than we have been for many years. John's, by sheer good luck, are sixth - they are very bad. The only good man in the Balliol boat is Fletcher, the Blue. Trinity are good but had bad luck on the whole. Worcester are fair, Lincoln and B.N.C. very bad, Queen's and Exeter just decent, while the Non-Coll, or Cat's boat is one of the best in the third division. Univ. II is the last boat on the river as Univ. I. is top.

On Saturday and today Eric ran with me; on Tuesday all the others except Mr. Moffat, who is in Scotland, came. The Pragger Waggoner ran every day, I think, for Magdalen I nearly touched him the other day while a man who was with me pushed him aside not recognizing him!

That exhausts the rowing news and I must have recourse to other sources to fill up my blank pages. The trouble is there is so little else doing in Eights Week, even lectures are thinly attended. I went to Mansfield on Sunday; the church was crowded and Dr. Orchard - a very young man - preached with extraordinary vigour and earnestness. Streeter has published a new book on "Restatement and Reunion"; by the way I've just been asked to lunch with them on Monday next: they're having Miss Bretherton staying up with them.

Thursday

The afternoon was drizzly - we played tennis till about tea time when it began to rain steadily to our deep disgust; and of course tennis had to stop. The college group photo was taken today at about one o'clock. The usual arrangements is curious: all the photographers are informed that a college photo is to be taken - and they all duly appear armed with the proper appurtenances; and exposed simultaneously. The proofs are ready in a day or two and the men order copies where, they like. In some cases they proceed with extraordinary rapidity. A photo Gillman took of the double bump on Tuesday at 6:10 in the afternoon was developed, printed and circulated in hall at 7:45 the same evening; and was put in as evidence for us the next morning.

My vacation plans are not quite settled yet: it is likely that Krishnamachari and I will go to Switzerland or France as soon as term ends, and in any case I'll be back for the second Swanwick the last week of July. The Boy's Camp I think I had

better drop - Swanwick will be a time of absolute freedom from work; but all the other weeks I shall have to "swot" steadily; there is a good deal to finish. After Swanwick I shall stay somewhere in England, where exactly the gods know. Probably, I shall spend a few days with Phil at his home in the suburbs of London.

Looking at your letter I see that you suggest Germany for the Long Vacation. I do not feel much attracted to Germany and in any case I have no time at all to waste sightseeing. Going to Switzerland is merely to learn a little more French and I shall settle down in some one place instead of touring round.

Many thanks to Kunjunju for his long and very interesting letter about the camp. I cannot say how sorry I am that Georgekuttu has had such bad luck. One could say many things but the thing is already old to you and there is no need to revive unpleasant memories. But it was surprise and a genuine grief to hear of the misfortune.

I'm afraid I should stop now. With love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

Merton College
Oxford
May 29, 1914

#99

My dear Sarah,

It is your turn this week, I believe. Let me thank you for all the kind of interesting letters you have sent me to make any excuses for not answering them oftener. Last week was very exciting with the boat races, but this week I must work harder to make up for the dissipation. I am very glad to hear of all your successes but hope they will not make anything different from the modest and unselfish girl you are meant to be. One may be as clever as the Sphinx but if one has no love, as St. Paul says, it profiteth one nothing.

I shall write to Sosah next week. On Tuesday Margaret and Charlie came down to see the races and, I believe, enjoyed themselves. How are all at Unniachan's?

Is the peon still limping on one foot, and does Miss Metzger's hand still curve like a bow when she shakes hands? If I continue these reminscent questions you'll get angry. So I had better stop,

With love,

Yours affectionately,

K. Zachariah

Merton College

#100

Oxford

June 5, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for your letter. Here am I again beginning the home letter at the last moment - a practice which I must give up. Worse still, today, I feel particularly unenergetic due to reading about the meteoric emperor Maximilian, I suppose! Hence this letter is bound to be both dull and uninteresting.

As usual in summer term few engagements. On Monday I had lunch at the Streeter's and met Miss Bretherton who told me she had had a letter from Kunju. She is going to Sweden, I believe, to attend a Conference there. Streeter has just published a new book - Restatement and Reunion - which is extraordinarily suggestive. The first essay - on the Simplicity of Christianity - is inspiring even in a practical way: The others are more definitely theological. Nor is he without occasional flashes of dry humour. In discussing clergymen who frankly reason about the dogmas of Christianity he says - "When men like the Bishop of Oxford and many others whose character and ability they revere, tell them their place is outside (the Church), they may hesitate for a moment; but they take courage from the reflection that precisely the same thing has been said by wise and good men to everyone of the Prophets that have arisen in the Church of England, from the author of 'tract XC' to the Editor of 'Lux Mundi'." The point of the passage is that the Bishop, of Oxford was himself the Editor of 'Lux Mundi'.

On Thursday I had tea in Bray's rooms in New College - On Wednesday Phil

came to breakfast: these I am afraid make up the sum of my engagements.

Schools have begun - at least some of them - and men in dark suits and white ties are becoming common phenomena in Oxford Streets - We have halfadozen in for Greats and hope for a first or two; our History men are less promising, the best of them probably being Reid, Hunt and Swabty who should each be good for a second. Bajpai is also taking his schools this year, but as he has been working all the year at his Civil it is very doubtful whether he'll get anything better than a second.

Our boat is going to Henley - for the third year in succession, rather a strain on a small college, as we have to subscribe heavily for the well-enough useless attempt.

Rather windy today and a bit cold - Or the whole the weather is quite good, and I play a lot of tennis and do some punting. Rooms are being allotted in college and I think both Norman and Phil are changing though where I am not sure. I shall stay on in the old place to which I have grown quite accustomed.

A number of people one knows will leave Oxford at the end of this term - Nat is leaving and he is a great loss, both to the C.U. and to myself personally. Naish is doubtful - if he gets into the Civil he'll have another year.

I hope you've had a splendid time at Coonoor. Mrs. Moffat writes the weather was bad at Kodai, I hope fortune was kinder to you.

I cannot think of anything else to write. Work goes on in the old way - essays and lectures, some of the latter being out regularly. I am very sorry to make this letter so dull and short - but I really am unequal just now to anything better. Ever with love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
June 9, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the home letter. I am glad you had such an enjoyable time at Coonoor - from the account it must have been vastly interesting; and in many respects. I fancy, not unlike Kodaikanal.

My doings have been rather more exciting than usual. Saturday was a full day, I had breakfast at Nat's. For lunch I had Naish who is now in the thick of his "Greats" papers. In the afternoon I had a tea party. The chief guest was a Dr. Hart, who is head of the great Anglo Chinese College in Tientsin and knows all the big folk of the land, had been tutor to Yuan Shi-Kar's sons and is a charming man. It was difficult to get men to meet him as most people were away playing tennis. But I secured two valuable prizes - one, J.D. Hayes whose father is out in China and who is himself going out as a missionary to that country, the other our Chinamen Wan Yu. The three talked "Chinese" shop of course and I usually played the part of an interested listener: giving ear to tales of old and new Chinese punctuated with names that reminded me of the name of a variety of figs I've seen - "Yum-Yum brand - a name, obviously a clever Western imitation.

After half a sudden impulse came to me and I acted the King who had a marriage ceremony. I went into men's rooms and asked a large and miscellaneous lot to coffee. There were eight of us inasmuch that I was reduced to "sitting" on a cushion on the floor: but the conversation did not flag though the company would have been considered ill-assorted - most of them were freshers.

On Sunday morning I breakfasted out. Gray's mater was in Oxford for two days and asked me out to breakfast. One is thankful for an invitation for Sunday morning as in college only cold breakfasts are obtainable. I had a nice time. I was out to lunch too, at Nat's, to meet a Mr. Moore of Eltham School who is to be Commandant of Mattock Ordinary Camp this summer. He seemed to be a man of wide travelling and much information, has been in Spain with the bible like Borrow, knows the inside of a Spanish prison, and of course has been in Germany and France.

Monday was very quiet and uneventful chiefly because Phil spent the day in bed. He had a cold and a headache at a most opportune time as he escaped two papers by being ill! Garrod, it appears, smiled a sardonic smile when he heard of his absence. However, I had to cheer Phil up as best as I could and spent most of the afternoon

reading to him. He improved rapidly and was able to get up by the evening. Bray came in to lunch with me.

Tuesday - today - I had lunch with Whitfield of Mansfield and afterwards played at tennis at Mansfield. Weather not very pleasant, cloudy and with bursts of rains. Tea with Phil.

Wednesday

Not much to record today. There was a celebration of the 750th anniversary of Roger Bacon and a big lunch in Merton to which all the great swells of the Varsity came. It was a pretty sight to see the grey-bearded doctors walking in the garden in scarlet robes looking for all the world like gigantic poppies. The colour and variety of the gowns and hoods baffle description.

In the afternoon tennis. To my surprise when I was sitting in the pavilion Coxon - our hockey blue - came and asked me to play with him. He is rather good and beat me. I was tired after four singles; but we had a strenuous game. He is one of the most charming men in college, not clever but with a wonderfully frank, boyish and attractive face, absolutely unassuming and brilliant at hockey. Later, an essay with the Johnner. Greats ended today - history etc. begin tomorrow.

Thursday

I have seen both the English political history papers. The first, up to 1455, was fair, the second quite hard, most of the questions being detailed and intricate. Other subjects are on too now. Weather bright in the morning but wet as Pleiades after tea. However, I got some tennis in between lunch and tea.

Mr. Hoare left today and I am sending a little doll for Sosah through him. Mrs. H. is staying on for a few weeks more. Subbarayan is also going home, I believe, for the Long Vacation.

Just now I am reading a little book - the Autobiography of Mark Rutherford - in some ways, a most illuminating "thing", though he hardly solved all the problems he was brought face to face with.

As steward of the middle table I have been rather active of late, and most halls there have been 'sconces'. If men arrive late or spill things or generally break table etiquette I 'sconce' them - that is, a mug of beer is brought at their expense and passed down the table!

I haven't seen the Moffatts for a long time but am going there next Sunday.

Alas! the end. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

Oxford

June 18, 1914

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter: many thanks. I am glad you all had such a delightful holiday at Coonoor: it must have had, besides its intrinsic enjoyableness, all the attraction of novelty.

Last week was fairly busy for me. Saturday afternoon Gray and Phil to tea. On Sunday Mansfield in the morning where Prof. Patterson from Edinburgh sermonised. His tone was so unexciting and his accent so palpable that I soon gave up the effort to follow what was apparently not a very suggestive sermon. Afternoon called on the Moffatts' where all the children are flourishing. They are going away for the vacation to the same Gloucestershire farm where they spent Easter. Evening college chapel, then hall, followed by J.C.R. meeting for election of officers. Pollard was President and Hayes Steward last year: for this year or rather the next. Coxon is President and "Soapy" Wallace Steward. Coxon is a very nice fellow and hockey blue but not of sufficient strength of character or brilliance of intellect to make a very good President. Fact is, there'll be few outstanding men left next year: the chief are Mure, Captain of the Boats and First in Hon. Mods. and Hawkes, Captain of Rugger and another First: but they are both unpopular. "Soapy" is the most tolerable of a bad second year - does Honour Schools and plays Rugger, Hockey and Cricket with some credit. As a whole the second year is very disappointing - few really good scholars, few really good sportsmen and few even attractive men. The first year is much superior in all these ways, though they have some "rotters" too.

Our boat is after all not going to Henley - because Hayes

cannot go and they could not get an efficient substitute. I cannot say I am very sorry: it was a waste of money such as Merton can hardly afford.

Monday, I had tea with a Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie (Wilson College, Bombay) who happens to be here now and to whom Mr. Farquhar introduced me. Nice people.

Tuesday, Nat came to brekker. Practically the last time I shall see him in Oxford: we hope to meet at Second Swanwick. He'll be greatly missed next year. Lunch in Mansfield Senior Common Room with Dr. & Mrs. Moffatt and two friends of theirs. Afterwards I punted Mrs. Moffat and the two others, a Mr. & Mrs. Duncan, up the Cher to the Rollers and back on the river. Rather tired coming back, but awfully enjoyable and met lots of people we knew.

Nothing yesterday or today. Now for the vacation. As I wrote last week, I shall spend the first month near Neuchatel; and come back for Second Swanwick: July 23-30. From Swanwick I shall probably go straight on to Mattock Camp, August 1-10. All this fortnight I shall do no work but before and after I hope to work fairly hard. In Switzerland I shall not travel about much, but shall probably see the Schaettis and the Hopfs at Zimmerwald from whom I had a letter yesterday containing an invitation and some Swiss stamps which Kunjunju may like, as they are rather rare. After August 1st plans unsettled - possibly a few days at Northridge but they may not be at home. Term begins on Oct. 8th, with collections on the 9th and 10th: of course I am not eligible for the Commoner's Exhibiton.

Friday

Yesterday was a hot day til about four o'clock - indeed tropically hot. At four, however, quiet suddenly begun a thunderstorm which lasted an hour - heavy rain with some bright flashes of lightning one of which struck the ground near the bowling green where a quarter of an hour ago the men were playing cricket: also hail, some of which was quite large and looking like frozen raindrops. Even when the worst of the storm cleared I had to leave my bicycle behind at the pavilion and run.

Today the Johnner has a garden party for his men - but the prospects of good weather are alright. He gives a dinner for the History men who are leaving.

I shall be frightfully busy today, getting a hundred things settled preparatory to going down - many men to call on, the trunks to pack, books to collect, and all the other minutiae of the year's ending to attend to.

Subbarayan is coming to Madras this long vacation too. I shall ask him to send you his address - and I shall be obliged if you could send a few books through him. Their names later.

Nothing else now. Love to all, yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Will Sarah forgive me - I shall write to her next week. I am incapable just now.

Les Fougeres
Cortailod
Neuchatel, Suisse

As from Merton College
Oxford
June 25, 1914

My dear Apachen,

I received the homeletter the very afternoon I came here. Of course you'll already have heard that I was coming here for the first month. For the rest of the vacation my plans are still vague 'in parts:' I hope to be back in England on July 22nd. Swanwick from the 23rd to the 30th; and I go on from there to Mattock Boy's Camp, Aug 1-10th. I am to be assistant 'subby', That is, my duties will probably be to run errands, cut bread into huge chunks, polish plates (not plate) etc: and probably I shall have a bed to sleep in the "adjy's" tent. As George Timpson is "Adjy" I hope to have a good time. (Note Adjy = Adjutant, who looks after all the business arrangements of the camp: Subby = Sub-Adjutant, his lieutenant.) After August 10th several alternatives present themselves - first, some time in Oxford working in the libraries; second, a stay in some quiet part of England, perhaps Devon; third, perhaps a few days at Northridge - which however is very doubtful as they are travelling a lot in the vacation and I shall not have much time to spare from any work. It is very uncertain whether I shall stay with Phil as his movements are also problematic.

However. Let me take things in chronological order. On Friday I went to the Johnner's garden party - composed of his pupils at Merton and University. Very dull, Mrs. J. whom I met for the first time, being unwell and aged, Johnner being old and full of gardening 'shop'. They have a lovely lawn and garden touching the Merton grounds on one side - and I went in flannels to the party, playing tennis both before and after.

Saturday, end of term - very dismal, not even a 'don-rag' to relieve the limp, straggling wretchedness of seeing your friends go down one after another. Summer Term especially sickening in this way because of the final year men who go down for good and because of the intolerable length of the vac, a third of a year. I stayed up till the afternoon and saw some sets of the Inter-varsity tennis match; we were getting badly beaten. Got to London about 7.30 and went to the hostel in Hamstead where I met both K.C. Chacko and P. Krishnamachari.

Sunday - opened black and rainy. Church in the morning to hear Dr. Horton - good. A kind lady opened the hymn book at the proper place for me. I was obviously incapable of such an effort! Afternoon I had an invitation to have tea at Monker's home, knew, he lived in London and thought it easy to find him. As a matter of fact had to start at 2:45 for tea. Tube to Charing Cross; change to underground there and so to Victoria; change to S.E. and C. railway which took one to the Crystal Palace ten miles away; ten minutes walk from the station to the house, where I arrived at about 4:30, hot and tired. Found them all on the lawn; but his pater and frater had to leave soon. Was overpersuaded to stay and suffer - so went to church with them and then had supper. Nice if not very large house - all of them very kind and Monkers at his irrepressible best. His elder brother had appeared for Greats, elder sister and younger at home: younger brother at Dulwich - got back rather late.

Monday - found I had nothing to do in the afternoon, so called on Phil who also lives quite a long way off, though nearer than Monkers. Only his sister and he at home just then, pater and mater being away for the weekend. Was overpersuaded again and stayed to lunch.

After dinner P.K. and I left Hampstead for Victoria and got an empty carriage in the train to Newhaven. Before train left Burnett-Hall came, his home is quite near there, and sent us off. Pleasant journey to Newhaven, good crossing at dead of night

when we slept a little and so to Dieppe about four in the morning. This crossing is longer than the Calais-Dover but cheaper. Coffee at Dieppe and then to Paris about six. Left Paris at halfpast eight and a fairly comfortable journey again as far as Dijon through country I had passed only two months ago. Dijon to Pontabier and then to Les Verrieres where was the customs inspection. They took our word for it and did not indulge any inconvenient curiosity. Neuchatel at a quarter to six in the afternoon where Mrs. Dumont and Francis were waiting for us. Without any trouble to Cortaillod.

Only one other guest in the house - she is not taking any this year and took us as a special favour, which is very nice, as the place is ideal for work. Yesterday I was busy unpacking etc. and I did only three hours, but today should easily do seven. I hope to keep up an average of seven and eight. Good weather - country as delightful as ever, lake pleasant to bathe in. In the afternoon P.K. and I went to Neuchatel and bought a few necessary things, he also hired a piano to practise on - he is going to take music lessons, does not know anything now - I can hear him this minute playing intolerable stuff!

Congratulations to Ammu and Sarah on brilliant success. I hope Sarah will be pleased with the little doll I have sent through Mr. Hoare.

Nothin more to write. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#104

Oxford

1

July, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter; and for all the news, notes and suggestions it contains. A crab usually means a single failure to dip the oar but is also usually fatal, as the errant oar flies forward and collides with some of the others; while in any case the boat loses its rhythmic stroke which is hard immediately to recover.

Living a quiet life as I do I have little to write this week. The only excitement was on Sunday when there was the consecration in Cortaillod church of a new B.G. missionary coming out to Chombala. Afterwards there was a Garden Party of sorts in the grounds of Mr. Dumont, when many speeches were delivered. Mr. Schaetti who was present overpersuaded me and I consented to say a few words which I did in English about nothing in particular. He translated it afterwards and in any case there were few who could understand, which was a comfort. However, in consequence of such a public appearance and my very peculiar national characteristics I am a marked man in the country - a prominence I am by no means anxious for!

Almost the only other thing I need mention is I have been invited to spend a few days at Zimmerwald with the Hopfs; and am leaving tomorrow afternoon. Exigencies of work will, however, make any stay a short one and I shall probably be back on Saturday or at latest on Monday next.

The weather here is outrageous - sultry and in the clothes we have to wear almost intolerably hot. I lie out in the garden as long as I can, but in the afternoon the mosquitoes - which are very bold and very numerous - are a nuisance which often drives me reluctantly indoors. The afternoons are too warm for much work and one feels drowsy and utterly unenergetic. Since we came there has been only a passing shower - it looks, however, like rain tonight, a change we will gladly welcome. The heat is almost tropical, though the thermometer - never a reliable guide to feelings - only registers 70 degrees or so.

As I indicated I met Mr. Schaetti last Sunday; Mrs. S. is not at all well and he has to be at home every night. I shall call on them sometime. I expect to leave Switzerland on the night of the 20th. London on the afternoon of the 21st, Oxford the same night. During the 22nd I shall make what preparations are needed to go to Swanwick and Mattock on the 23rd am off on my real holiday. After August 10 I do not yet know what I shall do. Probably a few days in October at Streatham (South London) in Phil's home, but this is uncertain. Work is going satisfactorily at present - though of course one never finishes what one aims at. French progresses rather less happily but I believe I am getting on slowly. I wish I had more time here; but that is impossible.

Thursday

I am on the point of leaving for Zimmerwald, but unfortunately the weather

has changed and rain is threatening. Perhaps, however, it will not be raining as far away as Berne.

There is very little room to write - one at all, as a matter of fact. It would be superfluous to describe Cortaillod itself - it is just the same as it was last year: a village like this is not easily swept away or even altered by the ever-rolling stream.

Much love to all. Thanks to Kunju for her letter. How are Baba and Kunjamakutty - Sosah wil find their company a pleasant distraction.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#105

Oxford

9July, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter; and all the news it contains. It is lucky there is a medical exam in October and of course Georgekutty is sure to get through, this time: it must be hard work since it comes so soon.

I have, unfortunately, not much to write this week either - as a result of an uneventful life. The only diversion was the visit to Zimmerwald - I got there on Thursday afternoon; it was raining hard when I left Neuchatel but providentially cleared up in the evening. We had a wonderful view of the Alps in consequence. A few clouds still hung in the sky and a rainbow curved over the long ranges of peaks. The sun was just setting and it's last crimson glow was reflected, touching the mountain tops with rose. It was clear and gloriously coloured and perfect while it lasted. Lucky that I was as fortunate, for most of the next day it rained and Saturday was almost no continuous deluge. I left on Saturday as I could not spare more time from my work. Little was done at Zimmerwald - there was one delightful and solitary ramble in the pine forest at the top of the hill where I came upon orchises - for the rest I had to keep at home. They are all well and the little girls are flourishing. Sosah will already have received a postcard Margret (Margritte in German) sent her - of

course, she will send one in return.

After that I have absolutely nothing to record: the intolerable heat of the last week - which seems to have been general - has given place to rain and general cloudiness: so that even long walks are out of the question. Most of the morning and part of the afternoon I work conscientiously, and thus the dull days go on. The other day I heard a few of the Schools results - only Mathematics, English and Science. Our two men in Maths. got a first and a second: the sole representative in Eng. did no better than a third or a fourth. History and Greats take much longer as there are far more people to viva - in History we should have many seconds, probably no firsts: in Greats perhaps one or two firsts and certainly many seconds again.

I had a card from Monkers - he has been in a cycling tour with Dicky Brook through Brittany and Normandy - the hot days rather incommoded them: I wonder how many times the Chaplain fell off: he is not exactly a scorcher on a cycle. Phil is in London but is going to France for three weeks during the second half of the month. I have not heard from anyone else yet. I am leaving Neuchatel on Monday night, the 20th - Paris the next morning and London in the afternoon: probably Oxford late in the evening. A long and lonely journey!

We are almost entirely out of touch with the wide world here - as the local newspapers are as far as I can judge on a par with the Calicut rags in the total futility of their news. But it is a situation I do not altogether dislike for occasional quiet intervals. A dull life surely - no games, no theatres, not even a two penny cinema within five miles; nor anyone you can talk intelligently with on topics other than stamping a letter or buying chocolate - but such isolation is the best atmosphere I have found for work. It is not absolute: for Krishnamachari is here and the people in the house are talkable - absolute isolation would drive me to despair!

Apparently there is nothing else to write. I wonder whether when this letter comes Kunju will be in Madras or Kunjunju at Ernakalam - perhaps it will be better for the latter to go if he can get admission: the B.G.M. seems pretty awful - in any case, he will see I hope the absolute necessity for steady work. After all, the student does far more for himself than the teacher can.

Let me alone now. I hope everyone is well - always with much love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
15, 1914

#106

July

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter which came this morning; it is the last I shall have here. As for Germany I am afraid I shall not see it. The fact is, I have no time to learn German, nor do I feel keenly interested in the country. Besides there is no time. This vacation it was necessary to come here to learn some more French though I'm afraid I have done little. I hope to spend a fortnight during the X-mas vacation in France - simply sightseeing. There are very cheap tickets, I shall need the rest, and the having to travel about for oneself will improve my French: while I am very anxious to see some of the more historic towns of la Belle France, and first of course Paris which I have passed through several times but never really investigated. However that is a long way ahead.

I am returning to England on the 20th: probably leaving here on Monday night, Paris Tuesday morning, London at six the same afternoon and Oxford in the evening. I shall stay here till the 23rd, when I go to Swanwick.

Some more results: Jurisprudence this time and Theology. We had several men in for the former, but only one was supposed to have chances for a first: he has, however, only a second - Muller. So have two others - Collymore, a cricketer, and Eddison who offered to sell me his motorbike some time ago! Two others have thirds - Troup, a rugger player and Jack. Our only representative in the Theology schools was Aitken, the tennis blue, and a son of Canon Hap Aitken - he gets a second. Did you see we have beaten Cambridge roundly in the cricket match! I had a long account of it from Burnett-Hall who was at Lord's all the three days and he was enthusiastic on the superiority of the Oxford batting and bowling.

It is very hot here and the weather makes one feel utterly bored with work. We had some ideas on going to Grindelwald at the very foot of the Bernese Alps - you'll find it near Interlaken on the map - but I'm afraid I shan't go after all: partly

because I have as little time to spare and partly because I foolishly left behind my pair of nailed boots with which to scale the dizzy heights! That is only a piece of rhetoric - in any case we should not have climbed difficult peaks. But I am feeling thoroughly done up - hot weather I find I am very sensitive to, curiously enough - and shall be glad to get back to England and have my time of rest at Swanwick and Mattock. One part relief will be the complete change of costume - instead of civilized dress one turns into shirt and shorts. I hope also to take some snapshots with my camera, which has been idle for a long time.

This letter is probably a more or less exact repetition of the two or three proceeding it: but we have as many events to write of here as Robinson Crusoe in a desert island - what an unhappy comparison - much less I mean.

Thursday

Today, K and I went for a walk in the Gorge of the Areuse, coming back by train. We missed the road once and asked a traveller who shrugged his shoulders and said "Je ne sais pas" (I do not know), but a postman who appeared most anxious to oblige set us right. The walk was pleasant, the gorge cool and beautiful: but the tea we had at a restaurant at the end was much the reverse. The hot water that did duty did indeed have some traces of tealeaf in it, but the cakes! But the cakes they had been three months on the most favourable view, probably more - and showed unmistakable signs of senile decay when we attempted to eat them. Tea is a strange meal all over the continent. However, we swallowed the antediluvian confectionary and took the train back with admirable energy I have managed to fill a sheet with nothing - rivalling the French cook who can create ten dishes out of nettle top! But there is a limit to human imagination and my Pegasus refuses to fly. It is not accustomed to beat aerial records.

What a pity Kunjunju did not get admission at Ernakulam - all the more reason for steady work and determined effort. After all the intermediate is not an insuperable obstacle. Kunju, I suppose, is in Madras, amid strange faces and new surroundings.

I hope everyone is well. With much love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#107

Oxford

July

23, 1914

My dear Apachen,

I got my mail when I returned to Oxford late on Monday night - so late and so tired that I had to leave part of it over to Tuesday morning. Thanks very much for the letters.

I had a fairly decent journey from Neuchatel. But before that, Sunday I went to see the Schaetti's, the father was at Neuveville for the day, he lives at Berne. Mrs. S. has been very bad all this last winter and even now is very weak. They were all very kind and Mr. S. sends his remembrances and regards to all at home. I returned to Cortaillod in the afternoon. S. told me Mueller is coming home in Sept. and Hauer is coming out to take his place - probably a change for the better. I shall see Hauer at the camp and ask him to call on you.

Well, I left Cortaillod at about ten on Monday night and Neuchatel about half past eleven. Train was not very crowded after Pontarbir and I slept well till Paris, which we reached about six thirty in the morning. A long pause there and a slow changing of stations. From Paris to Dieppe (10 -12:40) there was quite a crowd, and the boat was worse still. It was also very dull, because I had finished my book and there was nothing to do except to stare at the people or the sea. The sea was as calm as a millpond and there was not even the distant prospect of a storm, and as for the people they stared far more at me than I at them. However, even that ended and by 4:30 I was in the train for London from Newhaven. London at about 6:10: where Phil was waiting in the station for me. We went off first to Paddington Station, deposited my luggage in the cloakroom and then walked off to discover a restaurant, for I had had nothing since breakfast at ten. After dinner we walked to Kensington Gardens, talked till it was time for the last train to Oxford, when we returned and I set off for the last stop of the journey. It was jolly to meet someone at the end of the tedious travel from Neuchatel to London and especially Phil. Monk-Jones was not in town and Burnett-Hall, who had half promised to turn up if he was in town was not visible. Johnston complained of all his plans for the vacation going awry - he has missed Henley, Swanwick, France, Beccles and will have only a fortnight of Wales. But we

are trying to see whether he can't come and stay with me for a week or so after camp. Nothing arranged yet.

I arrived in Oxford, very sleepy and very tired, just before twelve - it did not matter as it is vacation and there is a night watchman in college. To bed about one after a thorough wash.

Woke up late on Tuesday morning and had a whirlwind day - unpacking and repacking, buying a few things and arranging a hundred matters. I have achieved quite a masterpiece of packing in getting all the needful things for over two weeks of camp into one little handbag: but I had to sit on the handbag to shut it, I confess! In the evening a long talk with the chaplain, who happens to be in college just now. He is leaving today by the same train as I do. As for Garrod, he stays in college all the vacation and every vacation practically - how he does it or why I am entirely unable to fathom. For me, a week of the isolation would drive me crazy. Fyfe is in Oxford too for the moment. The Chaplain talked a lot about his cycling tour in France with Monkers, and of all the occasions they quarrelled! Once Monk-Jones hit him on the head with a bicycle pump and another time the Chaplain threw some keys to the other end of the room! About eleven we walked around the Meadows, the Chaplain having a private key - as all dons have. Then bed.

This morning I have a rushing time. In another hour or so I have to be off and there are a lot of things to do yet. So this letter may be rather dull. After Mattock I believe I shall go either to Studland - a small place in the Dorsetshire Coast near Swanage or to Oddington, a tiny village on the Cotswolds near Burford. Fyfe has been to both of them and tells me they are very pretty and quiet.

The Greats and History vivas are still going on. I met Naish yesterday after his viva and he thinks he has a chance of a first. Brabant, it appears, is sure of one. I see that in theology Hopkins of Exeter (last year's Exec. and a well-known Evangelical character) has a first. Hopkins is of the Keswick type and is keen on open-air services so that the technical expression for going to them is "Hopping." "Do you hop today?" is a not unheard of question! Cadoux of Mansfield has also a first. Timpson has a second in German and was near a first.

I am afraid I should stop now. Many thanks for all the letters, I wish I could answer them more particularly this week, but this is impossible. Georgekutty's and

Kunju's I must reply to next week more adequately. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

Merton College

#108

Oxford

July

30, 1914

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter; and many thanks for all the news. I am afraid I shall not be able to write a decent letter this time, not for want of news but for want of time. There is Swanwick, to describe, but we left Swanwick this morning and I am now at Matlock Boy's Camp: with a tired feeling, partly due to a reaction after Swanwick and partly to getting up early; and also find myself with very little time indeed to write a long letter and with not sufficient energy to make it interesting.

On Thursday morning, I left Oxford - Dicky Brook was in the same compartment and we travelled together up to Leicester. After many changes and writings I arrived at Derby and there "boarded" the special to Buttlerley which was crowded with conference men and women. When I actually arrived at the camp, Victor Murray and Whitley were waiting, while Monkers and Lacey (Balliol) who had biked up from London in three days came soon after.

So many persons come to Swanwick, that they have three Conferences now - the first General, the Officers and the Second General. The women are all packed away in the House and the Hostel, while the men live in rows of tents on the grounds. Oxford had three marquees, Cambridge, three, while places like Edinburgh, Durham, Dublin, Glasgow, University College, London, Welsh, etc., etc. had their own marquees or bell-tents. There were, besides, a great meeting tent, literature tent, a large mess tent, straw tent, canteen, blanket tent, manager's tent, tea tent, smaller meeting tents and others all over the place. The men and women as a rule met only during meets and on Sports Day. Of course each tent had its turn at orderlying, which was quite strenuous work. The Oxford tents were not very crowded, as we had

plenty of sleeping room. I was in the same marquee with Whitley, Monkers, Lacey, Bulmer and two or three others.

The reveille was at 6.30 and 7.30 - 8 was a quiet time. Breakfast at 8. First meeting at 9.30 - 10.15, and then on most days meetings of some sort or other till about one, an intercession service from 10.20 to 10.45 and others. Dinner at one. Tea at five. Meeting from 6.45 - 8, supper at 8.15, company prayers from 9.45 - 10, quiet time from 10 - 10.30. Such was the general programme, everyone was expected to attend the evening meeting, but some of the morning meetings one often cut to have a talk or just for rest.

Nat was chairman and had a bell tent to himself. Among visitors there were Hogg, Fraser of Kandy, Glover of Cambridge, Selbie, Cairns of Edinburgh, Mackintosh of Edinburgh, Mr. Wilder, Miss Ruth Rouse, and many others.

On Friday, Saturday and Monday there were three or four alternative Bible Readings - I went to Hogg's and he was awfully good: pointing out the supernatural demands and the supernatural resources of the Christian life. The other morning meeting's were of, various kinds. Tatlow spoke at some; but the evening meetings were the chief thing. The first night Mackintosh spoke on God, His Holiness, transcendence, love; the second night Glover in a very characteristic and brilliant address on The Fact of Christ spoke of the eternal and unique revelation of God in Christ and it's characteristics. E.K. Talbot, Neville's brother, the fourth night, talked of the Cross of Christ; on Tuesday, G.C. Woods spoke of the Fellowship with Christ and Wilder had a glorious address the closing night on the Grace of God. On Sunday morning there were communion services both for Churchmen and Dissenters, and on Sunday evening Fullerton spoke on The Need of the World and Fraser on India.

Neville had been chairman of the first conference - his last public appearance in connexion with the student movement in England - for a long time at least - a movement in which he had taken such a prominent part of many years. Every one has a badge with name and college on - in Nats' tent I found Neville's old badge, with the touching inscription, Sic transit.

There are a hundred other things to write of Swanwick, but I am afraid I shall have to keep them till next week. Very sorry. Love to all,

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila

Merton College
Oxford
August, 1914

#109

6

My dear Apachen,

I do not know when or whether this letter will come to India - but write on mailday from force of habit which not even war can conquer. Of course the war is the one great topic here - and I have little heart to write even of camp, enjoyable though it is. We had hardly a single paper in camp five days ago, but now more than twenty newspapers are taken in every day. The demand for them throughout the country is enormous. In Mattock, a fairish town, the other day, I sought in vain at every bookshop for a single London paper - ditto in Crowford: they had all been sold out by eleven o'clock in the morning.

The great body of Liberal opinion is that the war is a necessary but very painful evil. And I am pretty inclined to think that is true. No-one can believe in war for war's sake - especially in such a war as this with the whole of Europe engaged. Not merely the waste of men and resources but even dearer things and higher purposes are impeded. Even to the most individualistic the facts come home in a hundred ways - the uncertainty of travel, all the trains having been taken over by the Government; the increasing prices of commodities, the blow dealt to credit, and in ways even more personal. For instance, Krishnamachari wrote to me the other day from Honfleur in France asking for money. I had to send a money order and not banknotes as they are now not exchangeable for gold in France - I do hope he has crossed already - communication with the Continent has been much curtailed. Again, Frank Brabant (Balliol), last year's president of the Christian Union, is spending the vac. in Russia, somewhere in the wild country, tutoring some Russian children. It will be extremely difficult, if at all possible, for him to come back before the war ends. He gets a first in Greats - as does Hauer; poor Hauer was to have been at this camp, and to have come out to India in September or so, but he had to rush away after his viva to fight for the Vaterland. He has so many friends here that his letters

to them are pathetic, and the B.G.M. College will have to wait long for him. Yet another illustration or two. Whitley had to have this morning, as his father wants him to help in the relief work at Halifax and Phil's father is on the Stock Exchange - which is now closed sine die. Of course it is bound soon to reopen, but for the present they are in considerable anxiety.

Then about the actual war. As far as one can judge from hearing only one side of the question Germany has been largely the aggressor. In any case her treatment of Belgium cuts at the roots of all international connexion and indeed of civilization. It is a denial of the validity of any treaties in event of war - which clearly makes all international law impossible. Especially disgraceful as France had undertaken to respect Belgian neutrality.

The war has not advanced far enough to make any predictions either safe or justifiable. But one's sympathies are of course all with England. Germany is devoured with the war mania, but it is difficult to see how she can very well hold her own against her combined enemies. Once Russia is fully mobilized, Serbia and she will easily hold Austria in play and have a good many troops to spare for an eastern attack on Germany. On the western frontier Germany has France, Belgium and Britain to face. The English navy should easily bottle up the Germans in the Baltic and in that case there is only the land attack on France to fear. The French army is a great deal better-equipped and organized than in 1870 and the fight will not by any means be so easy as it was then. However, if England keeps the seas she can get all her supplies from Canada and America, so that there should not be a great rise of prices. Lloyd-George has a scheme of insurance, that seems to promise well, for maintaining trade and commerce. Already £1 and £10 notes are ordered to be issued - to prevent the hoarding of gold - and postal orders are to be legal tender. If the navy holds, England should come through without much dislocation of her economic structure. Morally, I think the case is clear that she only entered upon war on extreme provocation and need not fear the inevitable democratization that must follow an unjust war.

The subject is of such pressing and intimate interest that I have little inclination to write of other things. A word about the History and Greats Results. In History we have one first, Mardelbrote, the South African (a surprise) and several seconds - Bajpai, Reid, etc. - quite good. Other firsts are A.H. Dodd (New Coll.) who is now in camp. Fergusson of Magdalen, Browning of Balliol (Stanhope

Prizeman) and others. In Greats we have fared very badly - there is only one second, Rischbrith, and all the expected seconds or firsts got only thirds - Barnes, Ackerly, Hayes, etc. Poor Naish too, to my surprise, has only a third. R. Monk-Jones (B.N.C.) has a second, so has Tanner of Hertford. Haldane (New College) Lord H's nephew has a first.

About camp itself I am in no fit mood to write - perhaps next week. The weather has not been particularly good. But the excursion to Wingfield Manor followed by a cricket match, tea and singing in the square at Creich went off very well. This morning we had the watersports in the Derwent - and inter-tent puddox matches are going on. My tent - tweenies and visitors - has so far survived. The singsongs every evening are delightful and the meals, if rather plain, are full of noise and songs and stories. There are boys of all ages from 14 - 19, most of the officers are Oxford men, Victor Murray, Whitfield (Wadham), Bryan (Jesus), Dodd (New Coll.), Cadoun (Mansfield) and others. George Timpson is Adjutant and Nat is here too. I am supposed to be 'Subby's Boy' but have little or no work to do.

Many thanks for all the letters and news. Hope Kunyu is getting on well - Love to all. Of course I am quite safe here,

Y o u r s

affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton College

#110

Oxford

August 13, 1914

My dear Amachi,

This is the first letter home that I write before having received this week's mail - the war has seen to that. But since things are cooling down in the Meditteranean I may hope to get my mail in a few days.

One must talk of the war. Outwardly things in England are extraordinarily ordinary; business wears its usual face; and civil life goes on more or less

uninterrupted. And yet it is uppermost in everyone's thoughts. Enlistment is proceeding apace; so great is the enthusiasm that the offices opened are unable to cope with the numbers offering themselves. The papers talk of the war and little else. The tailoring shops display models of uniforms, the bookshop fronts contain volumes like *German Militarism*, the *Naval Situation*. In Oxford the preoccupation is easily apparent. The magnificent 'Schools' has been turned into a military hospital, to furnish which some colleges, Merton among them, offered their beds. So I am in 'digs'. A third of the men are waiting for commissions, and for these if the war continues long there will be no October term. A dreadful rumour whispered indeed that there was to be no term at all, but this I have reason to think unlikely, though I cannot deny it certainly. I am glad to think few of my friends are in the O.T.C. (Officers' Training Corps).

It is impossible to predict the course of events - besides any prediction will be utterly out of date by the time this letter gets home, if it ever does. The moral aspect of the whole problem interests me more. I am convinced that the war is a tremendous blunder and a colossal crime - and all my soul sickens when I try to imagine actual scenes of it such as the press loves to describe. The more I try in my own mind to settle the end, the more hopelessly I fail - if Germany loses she'll have doubtless to restore part or all of Alsace; a concession which is bound to gall the German spirit to its depths. Now that the whole delicate balance has been so rudely upset who shall dare to conceive the conditions in which another purpose may be achieved? The whole vexed question of the Balkans threatens to be resurrected from its unquiet grave - unclean spirit that finds no rest.

But I cannot end this letter on this discordant note. Let me talk of camp: it was simply glorious, every bit of it. I shall never forget the boys coming in on the first Friday evening - new faces all of them, yet how soon one began to know most of them in an easy way and a few with a deeper meaning. I was a 'tweenie' - this is really one between an officer and a boy. Consequence was I had all the privileges and none of the responsibilities of an officer, and none of the liabilities of the mere boy. The tweenies tent was never inspected nor did we get up for morning parade! On the other hand, we attended officers' conference and played for the officers in puddox matches.

The first thing in the morning in camp is reveille, bugle for waking up. Nat was bugler for most of camp and when he left Whitfield took it on - Whitfield's

earlier efforts were pitiable and rarely wakened anyone. After tent prayers we all lined up for bathing parade, were given biscuits and then went for a cool bathe in the river. Soon after breakfast. Each tent had to orderly in turn and the shouts and yells for 'orderly', 'butter', 'squish' or 'slime' were of the most deafening character. One had to be thoroughly a boy to tolerate it at all. Meanwhile notices and letters were given out, while those so gifted told stories. Victor Murray particularly distinguished himself by his fund of stories and repartee - he was a sort of licensed jester and invariably provoked thunders of laughter. This sort of thing went on at all meals. One day in particular Victor and the Commandant (Sidney Moore, a master at Eltham School, S.S.M. a school for the sons of missionaries) stood up in turn and exchanged countless repartee. Victor had said before that S.S.M. meant Society for the Stultification of Mentality, and the Com. replied by a story. Victor answered, 'Whenever the Com. stands up to speak his brain ceases to work. In fact, he is like the ship on the Clyde which had a four inch boiler and a nine inch whistle. Consequence was whenever the whistle blew the steamer stopped. Macalpine thereupon suggested that S.S.M. should mean Society for the Suppression of Murray. Loud cheers. Some answer was necessary, otherwise he might have been 'rivered': so Victor promptly replied that in any case he hoped S.S.M. would not mean Society for the Support of Macalpine, and then confided to us that it really means School of Sidney Moore. This is a sample of the sort of conversation at mealtime all through camp.

After breakfast morning chapel, when the Chaplain usually spoke, immediately followed by Officers' Conference which discussed all questions of policy and detail. Then came tent inspection by Commandant and Chaplain (an old Mertonian and a China Missionary, McFarlane) who awarded marks for cleanliness and taste. These were loudly demanded at dinner, (l.30) and often in many languages at once - in Greek and Latin, French, German, Dutch and English. After a proper uproar had been made the Com. would give them out, to cries of 'shame' or 'Hurrah' from the various tents. Before dinner there was usually puddox, and after dinner puddox again unless on Sundays - excursion or sports days. On Sundays we walked out - there were two excursions, one to a neighbouring park where a cricket match was played, the other to Wingfield in fancy dress. The most fantastic costumes resulted - people wore things one would never dream of donning anywhere else but in camp. Whitley, for instance, had a pair of striped bathing drawers over his pyjamas, his face all painted red and yellow, Nat had many ribbons and a turban I improvised out of a New Coll. muffler, and so on. The effect was pleasing and

picturesque. Returning, we had a noisy tea at Crich and afterwards a singsong in Crich market-place. All the village turned out, while the Chaplain in Chinese dress and the Doctor (Dr. Thompson of the Telugu Country) in Indian dress sang ridiculous songs. Nat is going in the autumn to a church in Bristol - he said he wondered what one of his elders would have felt if he had seen him singing Jinny McNeil! Imagine if you can the Principals of the Zamorins and B.G.M. Colls. with the Civil Surgeon and Mr. Jones the Chaplain in their pyjamas and say South sea dress or undress singing comic songs in the Maidan surrounded by a crowd of howling lunatic boys in similar adornment and you may gain some conception of the excursion! It was a memorable day.

Two afternoons were given up to sports - water sports one day and ordinary sports the other. I 'subbd' for a lot of tents which had not boys enough and also for the tweenies in the elephant race which we won in great style. Prize-giving was a tremendous rag - Dodd of New. Coll. came in dressed as a curate and Victor as his large and manly-voiced wife and give away the prizes. Another afternoon we played a scouting game. A dozen men were sent away and the others were divided into companies and posted at all likely places to keep them from getting back into camp unchallenged or unperceived. Three did get in, one of them, Bryan, in strange guise. He went to the station, persuaded the stationmaster to lend him his uniform and the stationmaster's wife and children to accompany him back to camp. So he came in, no-one thinking of questioning him! The Adjutant, Timpson, in workman's clothes, all but got in.

After games came sing-song Choruses, individual songs, recitations, all came in here; and we edited also a magazine contributed to by officers and boys which was read out every night - often very droll and clever. Singsong was very enjoyable. Then cocoa. I forgot tea before sing-song. After cocoa, Chapel - then bugles for tent prayers and lights out.

This is such an inadequate description of camp - so lifeless and jejune compared to the actuality, vivid, pulsing with exuberance of spirits, joyous and yet not selfish or unthinking. Its spirit is indescribable, incommunicable in mere words. Yet who that has lived it can forget it? One made friends in a few days, reserve there was little. How can one forget the crowded events of each day, the lingering at the canteen, the glorious noise of meals, the irresponsible gaiety of the excursion, the fun and frolic of singsong, or the sober appeal of evening chapel - hushing in the silence

all the throbbing pulses of the day, drawing it all into the sanctifying presence of Him Who, we were told the first night, camped among men.

Another camp is to begin at Mattock tomorrow; and hearing that there might be no October term I very nearly stayed on - but the news being unconfirmed I felt I might come up to Oxford and do some work. So here I am till the 20th when I hope to cycle on to Oddington, a little village in the Cotswolds, with Johnston. We hope to spend there a few weeks, working.

Krishnamachari is back, had he says an exciting time returning to England. Hauer, you'll know got a first in Greats - he is still here and hopes to come out to India soon. Merton did badly, one second (Rischbieth) and several thirds, instead of a first and several seconds as we hoped. Poor Naish, only got a third, but Brabant got a first. Ken Monk-Jones has a second.

This letter is already so long that I must keep other things till next week. I hope you'll get this fairly soon. Love ever. Hoping you are well, in Madras and at home,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#111

Merton College

Oxford

18

August, 1914

My dear Apachen,

I find suddenly in The Times that the mail leaves today, Tuesday, three days sooner than I anticipated. As I have to be content with this scrawl as there is no time to write more. The Indian mail came in last week on Friday, after I had posted my letters - this week's has not arrived yet.

On Thursday I leave Oxford for Oddington. Phil is also coming. My own camp photos were mostly failures - I only took a few; but were of

the boys sent me a lot, most of which are quite good and of course awfully interesting to a camper.

I heard a few days ago from Mrs. Whitehead who appears to have been rather unwell of late. There is to be an October term, says the Vice Chancellor, unless something unexpected and serious happens before - But for the 1,000 or so men who are in the Territorials etc. special provision will be made, allowing them to complete when they have finished their military service.

Hope everyone is well. Love from

Kuruvila

#112

Merton College

Oxford

26 August, 1914

My dear Apachen,

The last letter I have had from home was dated 26 July, but of course one cannot expect any regularity now that the war is fairly on.

As far as I can see, there is not much in the homeletters that needs an answer. So perhaps I had best begin the tale of my own travels and leave any other matter till the end. I left Oxford on Thursday afternoon, after an amicable expostulation with my dear landlady who on the obviously false plea that she gave me the best of everything charged me an unconscionable sum for lodgings. I cycled down Woodstock Road hill I got to the ancient township of Woodstock, the limit of my previous excursions on that side of Oxford. Through the town, past Blenheim Palace, and through miles of fields and little villages to Chipping Norton, where the Cotswolds may be said to begin. Then up hill and down to Adlestrop and Oddington. Phil who was to have arrived the same day could not, but came on Friday instead. Oddington is a little village or rather a double one, Upper O. on the hill and lower O. down. Lower O. is the centre of the life of the place, containing the churches, the post office and the shop or two. There are two churches, the new one by the roadside

and the old one farther in. There was service in the old church on Sunday morning. Part of it belongs to the earliest days of Gothic architecture, and there is a very pretty pulpit. The little tower is interesting, and there was - what one would least expect - a small choir. The Rector called on us another afternoon when we were out of left his card, which means a return call some time.

Our usual plan for the day is work till lunch time. From lunch till tea, cycling out to the villages and little towns all round, nestling in the Cotswolds. Then some work again till about 9:30 or 10.

The surrounding country is extraordinarily charming. The Cotswolds are low hills, rarely mounting upwards of 900 feet., usually much less. The roads are good, and to the cycle rides are very delightful. Every now and then one passes through a village of a single street or two, perhaps a tiny stream in which the children paddle flowing through, curbed by many bridges. Many of the houses are delightfully old-world, thatched, gabled, ancient-looking with the snapdragon and sweet peas trailing down to the road-side. Each has a church and often an old cross. The churches are almost invariably centuries old, dating back to the 12th or 13th century though frequently restored since and most violently in the second half of the 19th century. The result is that many styles mingle picturesquely and you get a dim chancel lifted by some early English lancet windows, then some large Decorated or Perpendicular windows to the aisle, with perhaps a transept marked off by Norman arches, and a Perpendicular tower. We always inspect the churches -in the last three or four days we saw at least a dozen. The names of the villages are sometimes very quaint, often rolling and long. There is Stow-on-the-Wold, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Bourton-on-the-Hill and Bourton-on-the-Water, and best of all Stretton-on-the-Floss. On the other hand, there exist we must confess such vulgar and repulsive names as Lower and Upper Swell, Lower and Upper Slaughter. We had to ask "the way to Slaughter" yesterday, but not with martyr's interest! We mean to visit some place every afternoon if the weather holds.

I do not know how long I shall stay here - probably till about the middle of September. After that I have two invitations for a day or two each, but am not sure whether I shall avail myself of them. One is from Mrs. Whitehead who is now at Marlborough; they are taking a house at Corsham near Bath in September and would be glad if I could stay there for a day or two. The main objection is that it is rather far off to go for such a short time, and Mrs. W. would probably argue and talk on serious political or social matters the whole time. She is a formidable person in that way, and would adorn any Opposition in the House if women had votes! The other is from the Bryans. Frank Bryan is a Jesus Coll. Oxford man and was an officer

at the Boys Camp; his brother Keith was a boy, a capital little fellow, now at Christ's Hospital school. They are at Ampthill, near Bedford, where I believe the ex-governor of Madras lives. I may go there for a day or two; but of course nothing is at all decided.

There is to be an October term, I believe; but it will be a sorry affair - at least a third of the men have gone into the army or territorials or Reserve as officers, and probably a great many more will if the war continues. But in any case it will be a great relief if there is to be a term at all. So many things depend on the war.

I find I have not said a word about the house we are staying in. It is small but quiet and has a little garden where we sit out reading; the food is good and the charge low - in every way most suitable. Many Merton men have been here before us and as a matter of fact - it was Fyfe who recommended it for me.

There is little else to write. Pity Kunju did not get a scholarship, but if she enjoys her work she'll get on famously. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#113

Merton College

Oxford

2 n d

September, 1914

My dear Amachi,

The last letter I have had from home is dated August 5th; many thanks for it, also to Kunju for hers. I am sorry to hear of the troubles of the German missionaries in India. When the war broke out all the Germans in England had to register themselves and they cannot go out of the Kingdom. So Hauer is here, it is doubtful whether he'll even be allowed to come out to India - it is hard luck on them but then war is such a dreadful thing that a little hardship like this passes almost unnoticed. It's wide-reaching effects are felt every day - the able-bodied men of the country are being drafted off as recruits, not to anything like the same degree as in

France or Germany but still very appreciably. Every village has its representatives in the army - and enlistment goes on at a great pace, about 4000 a day in London alone. The universities will be two thirds emptied by the time term begins, and all this is bound to ensure in a certain amount of disorganization, though thanks to the fleet and the absence of compulsory military service England is affected far less than continental countries. The prices of things have moved comparatively little, for the seas are free; and aid, both military and financial is pouring into the country from the colonies. In America too the trend of popular opinion is decidedly in favour of England and her Allies. The Indian troops will soon be in the field - they were brought to Egypt, I hear, a fortnight back. The conflict both on the French frontier and on the East German is terrific - on a scale that far surpasses all previous wars, and what the end of these things will be who can say?

I enclose a few cuttings from the Times for various days of last week - the poetry is invariably execrable, as poetry must be which is made to order and under the influence of angry passion. William Watson's is almost grotesque and Kiplings' for which he apparently received £50 not much better. The prose passage is from an account of the last moments of the Pope, whom doubtless the news of the war helped to drive to his death - and no wonder. There is surely no more forcible condemnation of a civilization that is without God; but in some way, inevitable and ineluctable as fate, the wrath of God will make the nations, victorious and defeated, tremble. One reads the old minor prophets who preached to the people the uselessness of armour and weapon and trust in the Lord of Battles, and word for word some of their utterances might be applied to the present situation. Of one thing we may be sure as they, "Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say to the work of our hands, Ye are our Gods." There does not seem to be much bitterness in England against Germany, a great deal more in Germany against England; but every now and then one reads a letter like the one I enclose from a man who ought to know better; which even if it has some provocation in the burning of Louvain is surely unseemly and one-sided. People even lose the wish to see the other side in a time like this.

Yet, I hardly know how to blame England - she seems to have acted with patience in the face of considerable provocation, but even England has much, very much, to learn in the way of Christianity in the way of international politics.

The war is certainly no congenial subject to write about; and I gladly

leave it. Our old manner of life here continues - work in the morning and evening, rides in the afternoon; the weather holds. The chief expedition was one to Northleach which has a very beautiful church in the Perpendicular style with a fine porch. On Monday afternoon I had to go to Oxford and called on the Moffatts, who had only returned a few days ago from a place not twelve miles from here where they had been spending their holidays. If only we had known it we might have cycled over. They all looked tanned and well, Archie in particular being quite brown. Mrs. M. was almost violent against the Germans but I discreetly avoided a discussion. It was pleasant to meet them after two months. Eric was away for the afternoon, so I missed him - I want him to go to the Boy's Camp next year - if there are to be any. As for my photos, I think I wrote that most of them were failures, but some of the boys sent me copies of theirs: some of which I shall try and send later.

There is very little else to write. I am glad Sosah is pleased with the doll. The "hopefuls", for we may now regard the word specialized to mean Unniachan's boys, must be a trying lot to Chedutty. It is amusing to hear how ill school made No. 2 - he is following the genuine traditions of all decent boys. Who ever yielded to the book or the teacher without a desperate struggle in which fancied maladies were called in as allies? Hope all at home are well. I am writing to Ammu by this mail,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#114

Merton College
Oxford
September, 1914

1 0

My dear Apachen,

The last homeletter I have had is dated August 11th. many thanks for

it; the news of how the war is affecting India was peculiarly interesting.

I cannot, unfortunately, write much new stuff about the situation in England; because there is so little change in general conditions. Enlisting goes on at a pace both fast and furious; about 30,000 men are recruited every day and at this rate in a fortnight more Kitchener will have the 500,000 men for whom he asked. All the young men are being drained away into the army, a fact which will have disastrous results if the war continues long. Of course, on the Continent, the consequent disorganization is far more general just because enlistment is so much more universal. Another fact which enthusiasts tend to forget is that money - so essential to modern warfare - can only continue to pour into the coffers of the state if the industrial and commercial property of the country equally continue. Even loans are not an unlimited and unfathomable resource. The pressure of the financial strain will soon make itself felt.

The cuttings from the Times of Sept. 7, 8 and 9 which I enclose may be interesting, especially to the children, as probably genuine stories of heroism - though I for one am not prepared to believe implicitly all the stories one hears of German barbarism. Enough, however, seems to be proved to stamp the nation or at any rate the army with ineffable disgrace. A constant stream of fugitives flow to London every day from the few parts on the French Coast which are still open.

All this time Phil and I have been at Oddington; he will either join the Public School Corps in a few days or come up to Oxford and join the O.T.C. Norman will probably take the latter course. Victor Murray has already joined the O.T.C.; and Mann, the President of the C.U. has a commission. On the other hand, Whitley has decided not to enlist and Nat is against considering enlistment an obligatory duty. I am inclined to agree with him though the situation is full of difficulties which rise up from ambush against anyone who attempts to think it out.

Last week was exceptionally quiet for us - even our afternoon excursions were few. The only one worthy of notice was a long ride to and from Chadworth. The roads were very bad and it took us over two hours to get to the Roman villa near Chadworth village. The villa stands in a wood and as we cycled down the road the moor which fringed it suddenly became alive with rabbits and crows. The harsh croak of the ravens and the unusual, almost insolent nonchalance of the rabbits made the place seem weird and ghostly. The villa itself, only the ground

plan and a few mosaics of which exist, is one of the largest excavated in England - though poor compared to the antique remains in Rome, for instance. The dining room mosaic floor is nearly intact, but of the other rooms only a few hypocausts remain. From the villa we struggled up a steep and very scrappy road to the village and had tea at an inn. We were both very tired and the tea in the garden was delicious.

One or two incidents remain. On Sunday we went to matins at halfpast ten and going into the Church found to our surprise the vicar ringing the bell and one boy serving the congregation. Despite the bells, no one else appeared on the scene and as the boy was incapable, we had to make all the responses in as loud voices as we could muster. It is very trying when you know that the whole service depends on your making the responses and never missing a line of the Psalms. About halfway through, a crowd of Sunday school children came in with much noise, and took about five minutes to settle down - they, however, hardly improved matters. Fortunately the sermon was reserved for the communion service which followed and which was largely attended. The whole proceedings of matins was curiously suggestive of the refreshing lack of ordered gravity so characteristic of a Syrian service.

Later in the day the Vicar's son came to invite us to tennis on Monday. We went in such odd clothes as we could raise and borrowed tennis shoes at the vicarage. Mine were a trifle too small and after two sets began to give me excruciating pain, while Phil's were too large for him and threatened to drop off at every step. Under these difficult conditions, we had however a fine evening. Good lawn and balls, weather if anything too warm. The Vicar's son and daughter played and a visitor Mrs. Lee, the mother of the little girl who is at Cotswold House and of whom more anon; they were all quite fair, Mrs. Lee perhaps the best of us all. Mrs. Hudson was kind but of a size which does not allow tennis, the Vicar perhaps getting too old. A nice afternoon on the whole.

Miss Lee and her nurse are the other guests at Cotswold House; her grandfather is Provost of Worcester College. For a long time we made vain efforts to attract her; the first time I smiled she went indoors and was heard to declare, "I don't like that man" in very decisive tones. She is three and a half by the way. My heart sank and I nearly gave up all hopes. In a few days, however, the situation improved - the change was sudden and striking - and now we are great friends. She visits our room and though she rather distracts our attention that is a small price to pay for the pleasure of knowing her. Her father, poor girl, is a captain in the Army.

There is little more to say. I hope all at home are well. I do not quite know yet what I shall do when Phil leaves - perhaps stay on here. I can't go to Ampthill this time and so may go to the Whiteheads. I am cleaning off a considerable arrears of correspondence by heroic efforts. The war is very distracting - it prevents one from concentrating on work and makes the future so unsettled. Love ever,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

P.S. I think I have enough money for my needs for some months, unless something serious happens. I shall write later if I want any fairly soon.

#115

Merton College
Oxford
September, 1914

1 3

My dear Amachi,

The mail today a week late. I was glad to get it especially because since Phil left it has been rather dull here. He deserted me on Friday in answer to a summons from home, and may join the Public School Corps; or may come up to Oxford and join the Officers' Training Corps. Monkers will probably do the latter. In any case, since Friday I have had a rather thin time.

It has been better actually than it might have been. On Saturday afternoon I had tea with the little girl - her mother, a Mrs. Johnson, the nurse and I being her guests. Mrs. Johnson then asked me to tea for this afternoon at her home. There were several ladies and one gentleman, her brother, who was out in Assam four years; all very nice. Her youngest brother, only sixteen, is a midshipman on the Carnarvon and wrote to say the ship had touched three continents since the war began. It belongs to one of the cruiser squadrons which patrols the seas and keep them clear for the merchant shipping. The few German cruisers out in the Atlantic are having

a bad time, badgered about from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. The British navy is admirable in this respect. Ships coming up say through the Mediterranean are passed on from one cruiser to another till they reach England. The Germans, however, very occasionally get out, witness the submarines that sank the Pathfinder. But I am straying. Again this evening after church I walked back through the fields with the Provost of Worcester, his granddaughter forming a point of approach. He is an old man and had trouble to get over the stiles; talks slowly and unexcitingly, is rather deaf, has a long grey beard, but is quite pleasant. I shall probably meet him in Oxford again. Of course one topic was the Indian troops - which inevitably appears whenever anyone talks to me. He said when he went to present an address to Queen Victoria years ago the long gallery at Windsor was lined with Indian troops. The Johnsons were wondering how the Indians would stand the winter - I reassured them on that point. But this winter promises, I think, to be quite cold. The Provost is the seventh "Head" I have talked to.

Alone, Cotswold House is dull; and so I am leaving it on Tuesday next for Beaconsfield where I know the management at least. Besides it will be more lively.

Monday the 14th

What a day! Since yesterday - from Friday on - a westerly wind has been blowing which today assumed the proportions almost of a gale. Nor for an instant did it quite cease and occasionally was quite violent. All day long the tress have been moaning and whistling in the most dolorous manner imaginable and at night the effect is eerie. Alone in the house, this incessant wind is rather monotonous, rather depressing than companionable. It cannot however continue like this for very long.

A letter from Johnson tells me he'll be up next term and join the O.T.C. at Oxford. I am very glad. At this time when half - my friends will be away his defection would have been keenly felt - and I am sure it is the best for him too. But I should not wonder now if most of the men I know best come up next term. Victor and Norman are pursuing the same plan as Johnson, Naish and Gray are friends and won't fight, while Whitley is not joining the Army though he is doubtful whether he'll actually come up. He has a hard time as his father holds other opinions and speaks at big recruiting - meetings. However, he feels sure he should not fight and I must confess I thoroughly sympathize with him. It is improbable that Bray will

enlist and the same is true of Burnett-Hall. The most considerable change will be in Merton itself where three fourths of the men will be away.

The wind prevented my cycling out today and so for exercise I had to walk up the hill and back again. The blackberries are ripening fast into deep purple, while the tulips and haws lend colour to the hedges. The Cotswolds are a fine country, fertile I believe, excellent for cattle and sheep raising, full of ever varied but always beautiful scenery. I have had a delightful holiday, though some of the work I proposed to do remains undone. Till now I have found I have worked just over eight weeks at an average of a little over 4 and a half hours a day - certainly not excessive, but considering the tremendous distraction this war has been not altogether bad. I wonder whether you can quite realize what a preoccupation the war is. It is the one absorbing topic. You talk it in the street, you talk it in the drawing room. The newspapers have only one subject to dilate upon - the war. Every public address in the country is on the war. The schools and varsities are depleted. Almost one's first waking thought is the war - and even in sleep one may chance to see strange dreams of sledded Polacks on the ice" twisting the tails of Indian bullocks! In such a state it is a necessity to devote an hour each morning to an exhaustive perusal of the paper - and even after, the war is a constant refrain to all one's thoughts and studies. Perhaps Englishmen feel like this even more than I do.

Wednesday

Yesterday I left Oddington and after an hour. Old Jordans or two in Oxford on the way came on here - the same place I was in last December. There a dozen people in the Hostel, mostly ladies but it is quite easy to find quiet places for work. In the field adjoining, however, is a big Friends' Camp. Their principles for bid them to fight, as they are training as Red Cross Corps to act either abroad or at home. They trouble us but little. For exercise I have my bicycle and badminton - though in these last days of summer one longs for tennis, but longs unavailingly.

Congratulations to Ammu and Sarah on their brilliant results in class. I am sorry I did not know Vava's birthday came on in August. Thanks awfully to Kunjammakutty for her letter which I shall answer as soon as I can - also to Ammu and Sarah for theirs.

Very concerned to hear of the reasons for Apachen's "excursion" to Travancore -

hope it turned out better than it promised.

There is little more I can think of. But I shall keep the letter open and see whether anything happens tomorrow worthy of note.

Thursday

I discovered yesterday that Donald Gray is in the Red Cross Camp next door - which means he won't be up next term. Nothing more. Hope all at home are well, Ever with love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#116

Merton College

Oxford

September, 1914

2 3

My dear Apachen,

The mail only came yesterday, and many thanks for the homeletter and one from Georgekuty. As you wish to know my plans, I had better state them as far as I know now. I shall be here - the Friend's Hostel I stayed in last December - till about the 3rd of October; when I hope to get leave to go up to Oxford and stay in college. Term begins on the 8th and the first few days we have collections again - I am not very well prepared, esp. as there is no chance of getting the Commoner's Exhibition for which they ruled me ineligible. I have been working on rather different lines in the vac. Term of course extends over eight weeks, but I have no plans as yet for the Christmas vacations. The first idea - before the war - was to visit France for a fortnight: but that is out of the question utterly. It is possible that Nat may ask me to stay with him in Bristol for some time - he is taking charge early next month of a church there as assistant minister. Nat away, it is not likely that I should be asked to Northridge nor would I very much care to go.

This is all I can say and probably you knew most of it already. There is little to write otherwise. As ever in a place like this, miles from anywhere, there are not "events" to record - and the sole excitement of the week was a cycle ride to Boxmoor. Nat had asked me to call some day, and suddenly on Saturday at about eleven, being then in a desultory and unworking mood, it struck me that it would not be a bad idea to go immediately. I tried to telephone from Chalfont St. Giles, but it could not spare the time for a trunk call. It was rather a race against time as I wanted to be at Northridge before lunch. I did it with about a quarter of an hour to spare though the roads were stony in parts and the wind occasionally dead in my face. I rang and no one stirred - and a dreadful thought flitted through my mind - what if they are all out! But I rang again, the maid opened the door and Romilly was surprised to see the unexpected visitor. So was Nat but of course it did not matter. I had a jolly afternoon, Hauer is staying with them for the time, and we played croquet on the lawn. Hauer asked me for news of the missionaries in Malabar but I could not tell him much. His friends have taken every trouble to make his lot as easy as possible, but the Secretary of State could not be persuaded to let him go to India. He was evidently enjoying Northridge; though we all ragged him he took it in good part. I stayed to tea but had to leave at 5:30. It was a delightful interlude in the monotony of Jordan's but all too brief. The place looked very familiar and the were all of course awfully nice.

This is as I said the sole event. There is really nothing else to write about. The Red Cross Camp in the orchard is still going on merrily. They go long marches now and gradually are inuring themselves to hardships. Monk-Jones and Johnston may cycle over here some day but it is not fixed definitely. Krishnamachari also may possibly come sometime.

The war drags on - I do not want to write much about it- the one conviction that grows upon me is that we want peace. To-day came the news of the three cruisers sunk by torpedoes from submarines - and as the bare tale of gains and losses is written every day, till it becomes difficult to apprehend the ghastly realities behind. Robertson Nicoll of the British Weekly strongly advocated the war, whereupon five young Nonconformists - all of whom I have met - wrote a letter protesting that they were of those who could not reconcile the imitation of Christ with war, but the British Weekly ignored it though the Christian World put it in. The five were G.H.C. Angus, Ronald Rees, Bill Paton, McEwan Lawson and Nat. They have all been or are still on the executive and staff of the Student Movemt. In the almost

universal approval by the Church in this country of the war it is good to find men who have the courage and conviction that the Kingdom to which they belong is not of this world and therefore cannot tolerate fighting.

24

September

This evening's papers tell of the shelling of Madras by the Emden. It sounded too ridiculous to hear it, and it is funny to think that Georgekutty has been nearer actual warfare than I or anyone in England. I suppose this will bring home to Indians the very present dreadfulness of war. In one of three cruisers sunk by torpedos was a Gowan Mauleverer, a younger brother of the Gowan of New College of whom I have written before - he was a middy and I am glad he was saved. But several of these boys were drowned - awful to contemplate. There is nothing else to write. Love to all. I am very well and flourishing,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

#117

Merton College
Oxford
October, 1914

1

My dear Amachi,

The mail came unexpectedly early last week - on Friday. Many thanks for the letter.

Let me talk of the war first - though on this quiet Sunday evening in this sleepiest of places there is no hint of anything unusual or awry. The sun sank to rest behind a curtain of soft colour, which lingered in the west while I watched from the hilltop above the beech wood. There was no sound or voice abroad - except for the train which whistled by; and even in the house, now, all is deep peace, only in the

other room someone was playing the hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save." But two hundred miles from us they are fighting day and night, weekday and Sunday alike, on earth and sea and in the air.

And yet it is useless to give any "news" - the best I can do is to collect incidents and stories - some perhaps apocryphal - that the newspapers retail each day. Here is one of a middy. "The best thing I saw" writes a survivor of the naval disaster, was the coolness of a little cadet. Not more than fourteen he looked. He drifted near me, he and a seaman clinging with their hands and elbows on the same bit of wood. I never see anything so calm as that lad. He was talking to the seaman with him. "Well" he says, "we have got to carry on like this, and if we die we shall die game." And with that he begins to talk about everyday things on the sunken ship. "Whats the new chief engineer like?" he says and chats about little incidents in the Mess. Only fourteen, a little light-haired boy. I think I told you that one of the Middies saved was a M.G. Mauleverer, probably a younger brother of the Gowan Mauleverer (New College) whom I know well. Battle stories there are scores of - the only difficulty is to pick and choose. But I dare say the papers over there give you a great many of them. Looking through the paper now I cannot find any particularly striking: but if I discover some during the course of the week I shall put them in.

Tuesday

Today's Times reports the death from wounds of Lieutenant Johnson, who is I find a son of the Mrs. Johnson I had tea with at Oddington a few weeks ago. She has a younger son in the navy - how near the horrors of this war come!

I had a letter this morning from Frank Bryan suggesting that I should share "digs" with him and Hauer next term. I am afraid it is too late to change now, though I should like to. They would not care to have more college rooms vacant than they can help, for fear of the "scouts" having no work.

The papers a few days ago mentioned the Indian Students Ambulance Corps which is now being trained near London. The War Office has allowed the Corps, if they can get enough men, to accompany the Indian troops on ambulances and red cross work. I believe they are getting enough men. Very few details on the idea have come to me.

Tomorrow I am travelling up to town to see Krishnamachari, K.C. Chacko and others before term begins - of course I shall visit Phil and Monkers if there is a chance.

Thursday

I was in town all yesterday and only got back this morning. From Paddington I took the tube to Victoria Station, and Burnett Hall being nearby I rang the bell, and was told he was not down yet. So I left word I would call again in the afternoon and took train to Streatham. But I found out I was in the wrong train about two or three miles out and after some waitings and changes arrived at Streatham about three quarters of an hour later than I expected. Bus to Ambleside Avenue, where the Johnner lives. We wandered about in Tooting Common till lunch time and after lunch and some chess mounted a bus which took us to Norwood in time for tea at the Monk Jones'. Then I took train back to Victoria and found Burnett-Hall in. I did not spend much time at Grosvenor Gardens because I had still to "do" Hampstead. I had dinner at Holford Road where I met both Krishnamachari and K.C. Chacko and after dinner I decided to stay the night in town as K.C.C. told me M.M. Abraham wanted very much to meet me before he left England. At night we paid a surprise visit to the Lawsons near by. Both Mac. and his wife are awfully nice - her I met for the first time.

This morning after breakfast I called first on Nat who happened to be in town for the Student Movement Exec. and then on Abraham in Bayswater Y.M.C.A. He looked very well and is leaving tomorrow, I believe. He seems to have had a good time in Canada and has been in England some time now. It was pleasant to meet someone so soon to be in India.

I hear that the rumour about the Russians being brought through England to Belgium and France is true: it is very persistent but was officially denied. The denial I am told was due to the fact that they were then in Southampton, delayed because their guns and ammunition had been wrecked in the Oceanic to the north of Scotland. I remember that very little was said at the time of the loss of the Oceanic! In military circles, it appears, the report is correct that Lord Kitchener declared that the war would be over by March.

A letter from Gowan. His brother, who is only 15, was quarter of an hour in the water - they are glad to have him at home for a fortnight. Fyfe has let me

return to college soon.

Here is a good story about the war. Some German troops, clad in the uniforms of dead men of the Wiltshire Regiment advanced towards, some English troops. The commander of the English gave the order to fire when the Germans yelled out, "Nein, nein, we are not de Shermans, we are de Vilts!" Result may be imagined.

Well, there is very little more to write. I suppose the battle of the Aisne will soon be over. I hope all at hom are well,

Love from
Kuruvila

#118

Merton College
Oxford
8th, 1914

Other

My dear Amachi,

I hope this will come in time to bring you my decent wishes for a very happy birthday and many returns of it. How well one remembers the old November 5th's though during the last six years I have never been fortunate enough to spend the day at home. But, far or near, you know that all over thoughts turn to home and thoughts of love and thankfulness. I do hope this coming year of your life will be the happiest of all and if the love of your children can make it so, can you doubt that you have it? We have not always been good, but home has been as good to us, that everywhere our minds look back on it with a glow of joy. In very truth, one would wish to be there rather than anywhere else - and passing years make little difference.

I am afraid I am writing this in rather a hurry. Collections - for which

I am in a frightful state of unpreparedness - begin tomorrow - and today I shall have little time, partly because of the men coming up and partly because of the Christian Union preterminal conference. I have hardly a moment to call my own. But I hope to satisfy the Johnner somehow and some of the C.U. meetings I must perforce "cut." It is ten in the morning now - a thin cold mist outside, but a cheerful fire blazing in the corner. And as I look up I see the old postcards of Madras and all my thoughts are of home and India.

I am sending a little book which I do not think you have read - it is utterly delightful and to my mind shows that Christianity in the highest meaning of the work is possible - for I cannot reject all the miracles the book records. What would one not give for a man of the type of St. Francis today?

Well, good-bye, mater. This term is going to be very dull - no games etc. Three fourths of the men of will be drilling every afternoon in the O.T.C. and perhaps next term there will be only a dozen men up. But it was good to be in the C.U. meeting room yesterday evening - there were only a dozen or so there, but choice spirits all - and to feel that after all there is a reality in the fellowship of the saints and that one is never left alone to fight this battle of life. All dear and happy wishes,

Love

from

Amiankunya

P.S. This will have do for a homeletter this week. I am excited to hear that Georgekutty may come over to France. Neville Talbot is a chaplain at Rouen. Hundreds of others have left I had a long argument with our chaplain yesterday - he is rather more warlike than I am. Could I have £250 or so in February?

#119

Merton College

Oxford

October 12, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Last week I was dreadfully busy and so could not send a proper letter. Today is indeed the first afternoon I feel free. We had collections all Friday and Saturday and this morning, it was a great relief when they were over, though I am afraid I have very badly. I expect 2 Γ 's, 2 $\blacksquare$'s and an α . The Johnner, I trust, won't expect very much because of the war!

There are nearly 50 men up at Merton, including 6 Americans, 4 Indians and 2 Canadians. The Indians are Bajpai and I, and two freshers - one this year's Govt. Scholar from Madras, a Suryanarayan Doing Research Work in Philosophy, the other a certain Misra. Ss' name is a stumbling block to everyone here, and his English is typically Indian - so that he is not always understood. Still he seems a decent fellow. He got a first class in M.A. there, but Blanshard who read his thesis tells me Joachim won't let such essays pass muster here! Thoroughness is the keynote here and Joachim is an exacting, and excellent tutor. Some of the American freshman are queer specimens but decent. Of the others, about half have joined the O.T.C. in view of commissions later on. They have to drill pretty hard during the week.

So there will be little indeed in the way of games etc. I shall have to take up my sculling again. Bray is up at New College and Whitley and Romilly Micklem and Chaplain. Brabant has got back from Russia through Finland and Norway. He says in Moscow every house was full of soldiers, his charges he said were difficult to manage, particularly as they did not know any English and he knew little Russian! Timpson is up and Victor and K.D. Murray. So are most of the Mansfield men.

Well I came up on Friday and had a rather dull week before term began - only one or two other men up. However on Sunday I called on the Fyfes', on Monday I had lunch with Wan Yu and in the afternoon we walked down to New College Gardens which are a military hospital now. It is the fashionable thing to stroll down there and offer cigarettes or chocolates to the soldiers lying about and talk to them of war and warfare. We talked to two artillerymen who had been wounded at Mons - they did not tell us any stories however!

Term began on Thursday. On Wednesday evening and Thursday we

had the Preterminal C.U. Conference - only a few were up but it was nevertheless very helpful. Streeter, Burroughs, and Rawlinson were present among dons. Phil came up on Thursday morning to attend it. Friday and Saturday Collections. On Saturday I went to tea in Blanshard's rooms and met an American Lytle. On Sunday lunch in Whitley's "digs"; later we cycled over to call on the Moffats. They were all very well, though the children had only just recovered from some illness. Then an attenuated chapel with a scarcely audible choir. Today tea in Blanshard's rooms again; then coffee here - a fresher, Lynch Staunton, who seems quite nice - guest. I asked another, Lewis: he muttered something and then walked away meditatively without saying another word! We do not know what to make of him. Burnett-Hall who saw the scene suggested he was mad, but probably he is only most abnormally shy!

Thursday,
the 11th

The mail came only today, exactly four weeks after being posted in Madras. Thanks very much for the letter. There is little other news to write. On Tuesday tea with Bray. Yesterday, I coxed two Mansfield "fours" on the Upper River. Most of the Mansfield men being up they row twice a week and play soccer twice a week. It is possible that my services - such as they are - may be wanted regularly. In any case I am asked to go down again on Friday to cox. Bryan (Capt. of Jesus boat last year) coaches them. Of course they are very much in the rough as a crew. Tea in Phil's rooms. I should mention that I just met Mrs. Bryan in his "digs" yesterday. I could not stay to talk but she said she hoped I'd go and stay with them sometime yet. You see her younger son, Keith who is at school is a friend of mine. Hauer digs with Bryan.

Yesterday afternoon after tea to the Johnner to get back my papers. He was most extraordinarily lenient and gave me 3 α 's; the other ten papers were simply marked good which means α 's practically. It was a good surprise to me though by no means an unwelcome one, for I was expecting a hot time - the answers were really disgraceful. He said - wonder of wonders - he had reported so favourably that the college, since I was not eligible for the consumer's exhibition, had decided to give me a book prize - perhaps £3 or £5 worth. This is very jolly! I shall get them all stamped with the college arms though it is expensive. Then the Johnner discussed last year's results. He was rather surprised at Mandelbrotes' first, thought Bajpai should have had a first etc. The examiners told him, it seems, that the Merton men were the best tutored in the varsity; which, he added, ministered to my self-conceit! and

apologetically - "One wants a little encouragement now and then you know."

Today is Phil's birthday. Fyfe asked me to take the college secretaryship of the Christian Social Union - which he say means next to no work this term, and I could "chuck" it if it interfered with work. As they have only one meeting this term he is probably right. There is no sub. But I am not quite sure yet.

I asked Miss Joanna Lee - namely our "baby" of Oddington - to tea today; but her mother writes she has a cold and would love to come another time. Also an invitation to call at the Provost's lodgings in Worcester!

The weather has changed - The long sunny spell has given place at last to typical Oxford weather - dull skies, drizzling rain, muddy streets and general dampness. With October term comes Oxford weather.

Later

This afternoon, Blanshard, Phil and Victor Murray to tea - a sort of Merton College C.U. tea. My scout tells me that all the large street lights are out: for fear of aeroplanes and zeppelins, the terror that flieth by night. The C.U. are having a series of discussions on the war each Saturday night - Streeter is opening next Saturday. On later weeks, Bevan, Miss Royden, Bill Paton and Dr. Carrins are to speak. Streeter's subject is "The War and the Sermon on the Mount." Miss Royden is a strong pacifist, I should like to hear her.

Well, there is little more to write. Now that I am here in College. I shall begin to answer the other letters - Georgekutty etc. - for all which sincere thanks.

I have got a number of lovely American phrases - "He is a live wire"; He has bats in his belfry (same as bees in one's bonnet). That man is no sardine, he has roots! what can you make of the last?

Much love to all,

Kuruvila

Merton College

Oxford

Other

23 Oct. 1914

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletters. With them also came Subbarayan and his wife - some reports add the baby but "the Press Bureau have no confirmation of the statement." They are together in "digs", in Wellington Square, 35. Hauer and Bryan are in 36, Whitley in 41, Khosla in 46 and other men of my acquaintance in other numbers. So that a visit to Wellington Square is apt to be long!

On Friday afternoon soccer at Mansfield. On Saturday evening we had a C.U. meeting at Queens - one of a series on problems connected with the war. Streeter opened the discussion in a very inadequate speech - The War and the Sermon on the Mount. He was partly "squashed" by Dicky Brook, who, however, was inconsistent with himself. Morison was good, but Romilly Micklem was perhaps the best. After the meeting, Norman and I continued the discussion in Dicky Brook's rooms and fairly cornered him in some points at least.

On Sunday, morning chapel. The Warden of Keble at the C.U. In the afternoon called at the Provosts, Worcester, to see my little girl. Several Wiggins men there, Mrs. P. quite nice, and Baby in capital form. She is coming to tea here tomorrow. Then to the Master of Balliol's, where Dr. and Mrs. Whitehead were staying. Some talk with the bishop and Mrs. W. on Oxford and Indians and home etc. then left. They were in Oxford only for a day or two; and are leaving England in November. The Johnner who met them tells me they are very optimistic about India - just like, he added, his uncle Bp. Johnson of Calcutta, sometime Metropolitan. This was news to me. In the High were some Belgian soldiers nearly smothered by an admiring crowd - several Belgians wounded are in the hospital and refugees in many houses. A successful day - two teas, two heads and a live bishop! When I told Whitley of this prospect he said he was calling on the President of St. John's (old Headmaster of Rugby) to meet the present Headmaster, David, who preached at St.

Mary's as well as the Warden of New College. However he did not meet David at John's nor did he call on "Spoo." It is rather fun going to tea-fights on Sundays, but it is not often one gets the chance of two a day. After hall, three freshers to coffee - Riley (Halifax), Dunlop(Rugby), Woolnough (Highgate): not bad - the last perhaps rather bumptious.

On Monday, lunch at Bryan's. Met an Indian Civil Service cadet Newsum (Jesus) - seems a decent sort. Called on the Subbarayans. A Korean, Lee - the first and only in Oxford - and Wan Yu to tea. Lee was at First Swanwick and is a fresher. Liked him very much. He is in digs and is a Non-Coll. Complaints of the dullness and loneliness of this term - a common complaint of hapless freshman.

On Tuesday afternoon, to the Upper River to cox a Mansfield four. Victor dubbed it The Aquitania, and ragged them unmercifully! Tea with Phil in Monker's rooms. Exec. and secretaries' meetings in Brab's rooms later.

On Wednesday, that is today, breakfast at Mansfield with Bradley, one of their new tutors. Also Cadoux, Symonds and another. Bradley showed us a lot of fine photos of Italian pictures - most of which I had seen. He is the brother of the Bradley's in camp and is an extraordinarily attractive man. Cadoux is also a tutor now.

This brings events up to date. I have not heard anything since last week about the book-prize: let us hope the College has not repented it of its generosity.

Fifty

I had tea on Wednesday in New College. Bray had a number of freshman in, but I had to rush away prematurely to read an essay to the Johnner, who, when I had finished, told me he had given me the wrong subject! After hall, the Freshers' Meeting of the C.U. at Merton - only a few freshers were present - why, I do not know. Burroughs now Junior Proctor spoke well, and Brabant followed him. Monkers is now college secretary.

Thursday - lunch in Whitfields' digs. Four Mansfield men. After lunch I took out two Mansfield fours and then went sculling on any account in a whiff - felt rather queer as I had not sculled for a long time before. However the boat did not swamp! "Baby" could not come to tea - as it was a rainy day - tremendous

disappointment. After all I read an essay to Price of Oriel who thought it tolerable. He was very decent.

The weather is very changeable now - rains and shines alternately. Just now it is beautiful but there are threatening clouds on the horizon. One cannot expect decent weather in October term.

I have very little news besides. Poor old Hauer (called Plato or even Pluto when we want to be irreverent) has again been arrested and will probably be put in a concentration camp now. They are interning all Germans of military age (17-38, I think)

(The remainder of this letter is missing)

#121

Merton College

Oxford

3 November, 1914

3 3

My dear Apachen,

The mail on Monday: many thanks for the letters. I am very sorry to hear of Valliamachi's illness, but hope she is quite well now.

The last few days were busy if not exciting. On Friday afternoon I had tea in Whitley's rooms - a mixed company. On Saturday Bateson (Magd.) came to breakfast, we waited for Romilly Micklem till nine but as he did not appear there was nothing for it but to go on. As a matter of fact I discovered later Ron had forgotten all about it. It was a pity, because I had ordered breakfast for three and part of it was wasted; at tea such a defection is much less felt. In the afternoon Chacko came from London to see Oxford for the first time. I took him up the Radcliffe and showed him all the colleges and the glory of them. We had tea at Monker's rooms but I had to

rush off to my tutor at 5 and, after he had "slanged" me to his satisfaction, to the Exec. Chacko dined in Hall and had a room in college for the night. After hall, we went to Hertford to hear Barker on "The German Point of View" - one of the C.U. War Series. He was lucid and explicit as ever. Moberly (Lincoln) opened the discussion and was followed by a Queen's fresher. He spoke at Streeter's meeting too at great length but to small purpose, and when I saw him covering sheets of notes I knew what was in store. All who knew the man were in convulsions of laughter; and those who did not soon discovered him to their cost. After a time Barker's face slid between his hands. Dicky Brook however who could not suffer him gladly was almost as funny a sight. He looked at his watch a dozen times and put it back each time with gestures of despair. He clinked money in his hands. He made dreadful contortions with his face - and Monkers and I nearly killed ourselves with laughter looking at him. At last however our fresher sat down. Lord Hugh Cecil, who is a fellow of Hertford as well as Senior Burgess of the Varsity was present and spoke. His main thesis was the dangerous one that the Germans combined great efficiency in arrangement with incredible political stupidity. A fine delicate face, rather bald forehead sloping back to meet hair just turning to gray, a clear but nervous voice - a rather high-strung man altogether, his character betraying itself in odd little gestures and sweeps of the hand. He criticized Barker and B. returned the compliment.

Sunday was almost equally crowded. Breakfast at Whitley's. I had to leave Chacko there and come back in a hurry for the Circle. Then Mansfield, and the C.U. meeting, where I met Lusk, sometime Professor of History in the Christian College. He now has Matheson's Place as Presbyterian Minister in Oxford; and looks very nice. Then walk with Chacko through Hinksey and across the fields to the tow path, across at the Free Ferry, into Magdalen, through the Parks and so back through St. Catherine's Street. Tea in Phil's room. Chapel. Then I saw Chacko off: and so ended the day.

Yesterday Bray and Phil to tea, and today tea with Lee, the Korean.

The Warden wrote to me at last that they were going to give me a £3 prize in books asking me to choose them and send the list to him for approval. Here is the list. Most of the books are in lovely editions, some leather.

Poems of Keats, Matthew Arnold, Blake, 2 volumes of Francis Thompson's factory, Dante's Inferno and Purgatorio, W. Morris' Jason. Newman's

Apologia, Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey, Virginibus and kidnapped; Meredith's Egoist and Shaving of Shagpat; Mackail's Greek Epigrams, Pickwick Papers - 16 volumes in all, making exactly £3. I shall have some of them stamped with the College Arms. Here one stops for the time being.

afternoon

Thursday

But little happened on Wednesday. Sculling in the afternoon. Coming back through the meadows I passed a crowd of convalescent soldiers, battered and bandaged, a pitiful throng, all the worse for war. Someone told me that there is hardly one among the wounded men who wishes to go back. Would any Eurydice go back to the realm of Pluto except by force? I also heard a good story of the Indian troops, certainly apocryphal but more the less "good." A wounder Ghurka in a Paris hospital - so circumstantial is the tale was describing to his nurse how and when he was wounded. They were charging the German trenches with the bayonet and when they came near, the enemy threw off their arms and threw up their hands, which, he added, made it all the more easy! Can you imagine being instructed in cold blood on the theory of a bayonet charge: "A slight turn to the left and the wound is rendered incurable." Comment is superfluous.

In the afternoon I had tea in Rom's rooms - Bateson also there. Today ran round the meadows with Burnett Hall for exercise as I could not spare the time for sculling. Shahani is coming to tea, and in the evening I take an essay to Price. Such is the calendar of events.

Winter is coming on apace. Still trills a rare bird in the afternoon, and the last leaves of autumn still twirl on the topmost boughs in the November gale. The sky is lead. It rains often and rains hard. The cold is still not intolerable. But all things forebode a typical nasty damp cold winter.

Dr. Mott is spending the weekend in Oxford and speaking in Balliol Hall on Sunday night. Last week he was in Germany and this week in Paris trying to keep the Federation together, the international links of which are strained almost but not quite to breaking point. I shall meet him for the first time when he comes, he was in India the November after I left.

Friday

morning

The mail has just come. Many thanks for Sarah's. Sarah's and Kunyu's letters, all of which I hope shortly to answer. Glad to hear Valliamachi is better. Nothing fresh here to report. There is scarcely time to write any more. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#122

Merton College
Oxford
November 12, 1914

My dear Amachi,

The mail came particularly early last week and many thanks for the home letters, some of which I try to answer this week. I am feeling particularly virtuous about this as this week has been busier than ever! Friday evening I dined at New College and went to Allen Gaunt's for coffee. He has married a wife and taken a house and is at home on Friday evenings. I did not stay long, Mrs. G. was quite pleasant though with a little of that feeling, common to young wives. That they must talk and make things pleasant! Saturday apparently was uneventful; but Sunday was crowded enough to more than compensate. The executive met at half past nine and listened for an hour and a half to Mott when he told us news of the C.U. in seventeen lands - especially of the Student Movement in Germany and France which he had recently visited. The Federation is the one link that has not snapped between the warring nations - and the German National Council that met Mott in Berlin prayed for France and Britain, as the few members of the French Committee did for Germany. He said of the German members one-thirtieth had already been killed.

I lunched at my tutor's for the first time. Two other Merton men, a Univ.

man, the Johnner and his wife made up the party. Nice house. I did not talk much but the Johnner was full of conversation, mainly on the war. His son is in the army.

Tea in G.K.A. Bell's rooms at the House. College secretaries and Executives met Mott who talked again for about an hour in great style. He had also spoken at the C.U. Meeting at I.O., which I missed. Back to chapel and hall, then a big meeting in Balliol Hall which was crowded. An hour and a quarter's address. He mentioned Chacko incidentally referring to him as one of the most Christlike men he had ever met, a friend of whose he had met in one of the Colleges. That was me! He remembered Georgekutti and asked me to remember him. A marvellous command, masterly yet sincere and simple personality; a striking face; a beautiful voice - but I need not describe Mott at this hour of the day. We are all much impressed by him; and the most ardent admirers are said to be "Hypmottised". Someone began collecting "John R. Mottos" for every day of the year. They only got as far as Jan. 1st, the motto for which was "our best days are before us". Victor mimicks his manner to perfection.

I wonder whether I told this story last week. The Prince of Wales is reported to be changing his motto "Ich Dien" to "Joffre!" Apropos of St. Petersburg being "translaved" into Petrograd, Punch came out with the brilliant suggestion that Petermaritzburg should in future be "Petrobothagrad."

There is a Belgian refugee staying in one of the rooms in the College. He was Librarian of History Seminary at Louvain and saw the town burnt. Twice he with others were made to kneel in a row and told they would be shot and the Germans showed them the cartridges they would use etc. and then after this brutal torture released. He seems a very nice man and as all Frenchmen embarassingly polite. He talks little English and but little French so we have amusing conversations.

Well, to go on with the chronicle. Monday may be passed over. On Tuesday tea at Mansfield and then the the J.C.R. debate at which a vote of censure on the President was averted by a single vote, but conscription was condemned by a substantial majority! On Wednesday brekker with five others in the Old Common Room as P.S. Allen's guests. He usually has the most ill assorted parties, but this one was tolerable and I did more than my fair share of talking. In the afternoon Santhee (St.John's) to tea. In the evening Hogg came from town. He had some business in Oxon. So I got him a room in College. Today he lunched in my rooms

with Phil and Whitley. In the afternoon we are having a College C.U. tea with Hogg and Dicky Brook as guests. Hogg leaves tomorrow morning.

Later

We've had the C.U. tea - 11 people - a great success, as it will probably be continued once a fortnight.

There is very little other news. I have got all my books now and six of them with the college arms on look very pretty. I have pasted in all my camp photos in a little album and they make a fine collection. I had a letter from Nat today, the first since he went to Bristol. He is very busy but happy in his work and repeats an old invitation to visit him some time. But my vacation plans are still to make. Numbers of Oxford men are being killed - especially rowing men. I have heard of Gillespie (New College Eight), Fletcher (Ball. and Last year's Varsity Eight), Titherington (another of last year's boat - Queens'), all killed. One is almost afraid of looking at the Killed in Action column for fear of finding some acquaintance in the dreadful list.

Let me stop now. Glad to hear Valliamachi is better. Hope all at Unnichian's are flourishing. I believe Chedathy's birthday is sometime in December. All good wishes. Love to all.

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#123

Merton College
Oxford
November 19, 1914

My dear Apachen,

The home letter and many thanks for it. There is very little in it that wants a direct answer. So I proceed to the usual calendar of events.

Friday afternoon I had the Belgian in to tea. His English is of the slightest and my French not much better. But luckily Bray could talk more fluently and so conversation did not flag irretrievably. On Saturday evening Cairns spoke on The World after the War. Whitley's pater was present and spoke; Whitley followed him and said he differed from the previous speaker on certain points! Cairns was good as always - in his own style. He spoke at Mansfield on Sunday, but I had heard Dicky Brook earlier in St. Mary's and was too sleepy to give Cairns much attention. It was the first time I had ever been to a morning service in St. Mary's - there was little more than the sermon. Oh, yes, I must not forget the procession of doctors and proctors before the service began - doctors resplendent in red, the proctors in fur trimmed hoods. Each has his appointed place - vice-chancellors, doctors, proctors - the masters fill the central pews, while the poor undergrads of whom there were scarcely a score were sent to the gallery. It is rather a distinction to preach the University Sermon. Once a term they have a Latin sermon. Dicky Brook was quite good - on the Conflict of Faith and the Experience of Evil.

In the afternoon to the Moffats and found them all well. Enjoyed myself hugely. There were no other callers except two Somerville students, one of them Dr. Helman's daughter. Archie was allowed to stay down till I left!

Monday I had two Mansfield men in to tea - Whitfield and Freddie Smith. After ball went to a camp meeting in Mansfield: after business it grew more rowdy than amusing and I had to leave early to finish an essay. They are planning four camps next summer - but of course everything has an element of uncertainty now.

On Tuesday afternoon coxed a Mansfield four; and so today. On Wednesday had tea with Phil. This brings me up to date.

A word about the weather which has changed considerably. Not that it is wetter than before but far colder. Every morning the meadows are white with hoarfrost; and on the upper river I have seen puddles and pools freezing. One has to cover over the fire to feel warm at all; and a minute of outer air disperses the painfully accumulated heat. I am reduced to gloves, a luxury which I had disdained so far. It looks like a very cold winter. In the midlands it has snowed already.

I am busy these days. Work at last has become a pressing necessity no longer

to be put off with comfortable impunity - and work absorbs most of my all too short day. Several committees, secretaryships, etc. which I could not avoid take in the aggregate a considerable portion of the rest - and what with social engagements and occasional meetings of one sort and another and what with the mails - next week is the long dreaded Christmas mail - I am thoroughly full up. Work is not getting on half as well as I could wish but I daresay I shall be able to do a fair amount in the vacation.

Vacation plans are yet to make.

Later

I haven't the least idea yet what I shall do. I would like to see Rugby but that looks doubtful at the moment. There is also some chance of visiting Nat in Bristol. Where I shall spend Christmas I do not know. I don't suppose Phil can have me and I can hardly go to Northridge now Nat is away. So here I am in a nice fix. But let us hope something will turn up. I do not want to stay with friends more than Xmas week: all the rest of the time - work!

Tea this afternoon with Robinson, one of the Serampore College men now here - quite young and extraordinarily nice as far as I could judge from a single evening. After half an essay for Price of Oriel, who is one of the few dons in Oxford who knows anything about economics. He is very helpful.

College is not unpleasant but the days are fearfully crowded. I had a list of half a dozen letters to write this mail but have only succeeded in two. That has been pretty much the case all this term. Next week will be the most horrible of all. What with vacation plans and my Christmas mail, as well as the usual pressure that comes at the end of term. College closes on December 5th and term begins again on the 15th January if the Germans have not by that time invaded England. Weird but untrue wartime reports of a foiled attempt at invasion are spread abroad. Rumour is a jade that lies more than ever and most unconscionably now.

Half the college are at the theatre, for Gilbert and Sullivan are here.

Well, I am at the end of my news. Much love to all. Hope Christmas will be as wonderful and joyous as ever.

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

Oxford

November 19th

My dear Georgekutty,

I am so sorry I did not write earlier and cannot write a longer letter now. I hope you have sailed through the exam. This time and foiled the bloodthirsty dragons that guard the path to a degree. It is alas a pity that they did not select you for the hospital ship, but perhaps you'd have had to stay on in it till the war ended, and that may be years. Opinion here seems to put not earlier than next summer and that is a sanguine view. It would be glorious however if peace could be made by Xmas. Humanly speaking, not the pale ghost of a chance.

I had tea this afternoon with one of the Serampore professors, Robinson, who lectures on Syria. I wonder whether you remember meeting him when you went up North. Nat Micklem as you know is in Bristol now as an assistant minister. I may visit him in the vacation but it is very doubtful whether I shall go to Northridge again this Christmas. Where I shall be I have no idea.

Mr. Hogg told me Ittycheria was selected for the Hospital ship. It is bound to be a fearful fag and the winter I'm afraid is going to be bitterly cold. Though strictly it is hardly winter yet it is almost freezing; and I am hoping for a real, snowy old-fashioned Christmas. Perhaps I may at last have a chance of breaking my head in skating - a chance for which I have long yearned.

I am afraid I should stop now. I suppose you'll have the old Xmas customs again. Love.

from

Kuruvila

#124

Merton College

Oxford

November, 1914

2 7

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the letter. I am very glad to hear Georgekutty has an L.M.S. at least. I suppose the midwifery paper let him down. Still it is something to go upon.

This is Christmas mail and I am fearfully busy; hence this letter may not be as long as it should. This year I got all my cards printed, which was no more expensive than buying them and saved an awful lot of trouble selecting appropriate greetings for different people. I enclose several for folk I do not know the address of: perhaps you'll take the trouble to send them on.

The war drags on until it has become almost a normal feature of life here. One scans the paper hastily, now, no longer with the loving attention to detail that marked August. And in the changed conditions life has become tolerably even again.

The week has only been moderately interesting. Tea on Friday with Bulmer as guest, on Saturday at Mansfield in Cadoux's rooms. Cadoux is a vegetarian and asks people to tea instead of to brekker as his predecessor did. He offered us bananasat tea - surely rather curious! Then the Exec. On Monday we had a C.U. tea with Victor as guest. It was quite delightful, and afterwards Victor dined with me in hall. After hall we had a meeting of the College Debating Society - The subject, This House abhors the threatened Americanisation of Oxford. Of course it was a "rag" debate and most of the Americans spoke for and others against, so that there was not the least chance of ill-feeling. The President - Coxon - spoke first. Victor spoke third and imitated the American twang. The chaplain followed and nearly killed the debate by a deliberately serious speech. He said he was "profoundly depressed" when he saw the college gradually decreasing in numbers and trembled for the traditions of Oxford - which was quite true but hardly in place or time. As Coxon said later we all felt rather guilty when we listened to him and I thought the debate couldn't possibly go on after this cold shower: but Blanshard who followed, after a few words of acknowledgement to Dicky Brook, reverted to the "rag." He retaliated on Victor by speaking in the typical style of the Union speaker; he was priceless funny. I spoke among others for the Americans, ragging most of them incidentally. A very good meeting altogether. I should add that for next term I am President and Blanshard secretary - a result of the absence of many decent senior men. One amusing picture of the debate was the duel between the two Indian freshers. Suryanarayan, who is a typical helpless wiggly-waggly Indian 'student' talked nonsense about the dullness of

Oxford and English students - he is usually unnecessarily and perhaps unconsciously aggressive and rude in these debates; which is rather cheeky for a fresher. Whereupon Misra who is a very decent fellow stood up and poured out the vials of his wrath on Suryanarayan's bobbing head. Everyone roared with laughter. S's. name, by the way is a great stumbling block to English undergrads. He is often known as Sarah or something like it!

Tuesday the Subbarayans came to tea - both look very well but Mrs. S. feels rather dull I believe - there are so few games going this term - and Mrs. S. feels rather cold. Wednesday tea with Bray in new College. Thursday tea with Misra. Also the first heat of the Mansfield fours on the upper river. They have three boats and two rowed side by side with the third a bye. I coxed one, young Selbie another and a Mansfield man a third. When I got to the upper river and found all Mansfield there - not only the men but the profs. and wives, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat with Archie, the Grays etc.; while a report ran that Selbie and Bartlett were coming in shorts! So it was a lively scene. My boat was stroked by Cadoux, Selbies' by Haydock with Bryan (the only real rowing man among the whole lot) at three. So I did not expect a win at all. However we won the toss which was an advantage as there was stiffish breeze and a sharp corner. We started off together and held fairly close till the bend where I gained a third of a length. We increased the distance by good rowing to half a length when my bow stiffed his oar for the second time. The other boat came on but he soon rectified the mistake and, as they had not much of a finish left, we ran home victors by a quarter length. The finals came on today. It was a most amusing race. Braddle, strokes the third four.

Hauer is out now but keeps fairly quiet. There are two battalions of the New Army in Oxford now and a score of transport motors are lined up in St. Giles'. They are giving commissions rapidly as there is a great mortality of army officers. If however the Russians have won, as is reported, a decisive victory in Poland the war may end soon. The air raid to Frederichshafen was a most daring feat and apparently very successful though the German papers hush the damage up.

My vacation is not farther arranged yet. Rugby the first weekend and I have invitations to spend a few days in Cambridge, and in Bristol with Nat but I do not want to be travelling all about the time. Phil can't have me as they have no room in the house now. I daresay I shall find some decent place - it would be alright if someone would ask me for Christmas. But the war spoils all.

A happy Christmas to everyone. I suppose a new tree will be sacrificed this year bedecked with candles and garlanded. It is not so cold now as last week. Love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#125

Merton College

Oxford

December 3, 1914

Thanks awfully for the home letter. I was interested to hear all about the state of feeling among different sections of the Indian people with reference to the all-engrossing war. It is certainly strange that the Mahomedans and Cherumas should be pro-German but it may only be an unconsidered and impulsive effect of natural reaction from the opinions of the other classes. If the English papers can be believed there has been the slightest disturbance among Indian Mahomedans. I hope it is true.

Last week has been fearfully busy. The Mansfield finals were rowed on Friday afternoon and were a tame affair, for the boat I coxed won by several lengths and there was never any doubt of the result. In the afternoon tea with Brabant (Balliol) in his digs. We were alone and had a pleasant tete-a-tete. He is full of Russia where he was during the vacation and thinks Moscow one of the most attractive cities in the world. Later dinner in Bray's rooms in New College.

On Saturday breakfast with C.K. Hughes of Queen's. Another Queen's man present besides Higham of Oriel. In the afternoon Phil and Timpson to tea. Sunday was uneventful - Selbie preached a capital sermon at Mansfield in his best and most scathing style. In the afternoon I took Monkers up to call on the Moffatts. Eric was slightly unwell and in bed, but bursting with importance as he was going to play for Lynam's 3rd XV at Clifton on Wednesday. All the others well. Mrs. Moffatt invited me kindly to spend Christmas with them if I happen to be in Oxford then. Did my

last chapel this term.

On Monday lunch at Shahani. I arrived at a quarter past one but actually got lunch a quarter past two. Shahani was trying to make some vegetables boil and as a matter of fact the peas even when served up might have been used by the German Army which is short of ammunition! Still, a good time - if I may be nasty, in spite of two other Indians! Returning I was caught in heavy rain and had to change. Brabant came to tea - he is a very nice man and exceedingly clever. On Tuesday Khosla came to tea and on Wednesday I went to tea with Gidrani. Nothing exciting today. So there is the diary.

The vacation - unpleasant necessity as one is inclined to think it - is slowly getting filled up. I have a pleasant programme arranged for Rugby of which more next week. Immediately after a week at a little place called Tetsworth (near Thame) twelve miles from Oxford with Victor Murray who is arranging it. After that, the dark! as yet. Something not doubt will turn up. I shall certainly spend a week or two in Mansfield House Settlement sometime. One can do some work there besides studying the intensely interesting methods of social work in East London. As for work I hope to attack my special subject this vacation - it will either be the French Revolution of 1848 or the English Revolution of 1688 or India 1773-1805; probably the first. I have a dozen books to read more or less - about 3000 pages in all, original authorities.

There have been more changes on my exchequer than I anticipated, as I shall be glad to have the money in February if possible.

One thing I forgot to put in its proper order. Saturday evening there was one of the C.U. Conferences. Miss Maud Royden spoke on "Christianity and the War" taking the Pacifist side. it was a sheer pleasure to hear her. She spoke so lucidly and convincingly. A good discussion followed and lasted till past eleven during which Streeter floundered as usual and I tried to squash Moberly (Lincoln)! Miss Royden who is Editor of the Common Cause asked me whether I knew of anyone who could write an article for her on the Women's Student Movement in India. I gave her mother's address and that will account for a letter mother will soon get more precisely defining the nature of the paper required. I shall be awfully pleased if mother can find time to do it.

There is very little else to write I am sorry to say. Hope all are well. A happy New Year. Love from,

Kuruville

#126

Merton College
Oxford
December 10, 1914

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the letter; but I am simply bursting with news this week and before answering it. I must talk about Rugby. I have a full account of all I saw and heard in my diary from which I shall largely quote for this letter. I stayed at the George Hotel in the High Street at Rugby. The school is very near - the School House Gate is at one end of the street. I arrived about 12 and walked down to the School to ask when they had lunch - for I was to lunch with the headmaster at the 'High Table' in the School House. The 'Marshal' was enlightening me when up came Dr. David himself, to my surprise an apparently youthful person. He looks 35 but is really about 45. There was an hour to waste, so I walked down a hill passing several school buildings. The 600 boys are in about nine 'houses', each ruled by a master - of these the oldest and largest and much the most famous is the "School House" where Tom Brown was and of which the Head Master is the ruler. The other houses are scattered all round - some a good five minutes' walk from the School House. In the School House the Sixth have large authority in maintaining tradition and order; in the others not so much. The other houses are called after The Masters.

Well, returning from my walk I encountered crowds of boys pouring out of the classes with caps and straw hats - which they wear all the year round - with ribbons of every conceivable colour. The regulation dress is black, black ties and sober socks - the only chance of gaiety is in hatbands. The different houses cherish their own private and particular colours, the effect was bewilderingly picturesque. I walked up

to the H.M.'s house and then we went to hall. A smallish panelled room hung with a number of pictures and prints and decorated with the various school cups. The boys sat at a long table and a short transverse one just below the High Table, which is nothing more than a narrow raised form where some of the Sixth, Dr. David and I sat. The boys read books and papers at lunch as they liked but there was no unseemly noise. When lunch was ended Dr. David gave thanks and asked me to lead the way. I had a fearful second marching in front of a long row of fellows! Then one of the Sixth kindly offered to show me round the School House. We went into the small library where there was an old man showing "bounds" - a restriction I was told now practically obsolete; a large dormitory; several studies beginning with the tiny den two small boys share to the comparatively decent-sized rooms of the Sixth. In the little corridors I saw the fireplaces where Tom Brown and his chums used to sit and fight their fights.

Later in the afternoon I coldly watched a rugger game in 'The Close' - the large playground behind the School House at one corner of which is the so-called 'Island' now no more than a clump of trees. At five the two Batesons - whom I had met at Lochend, Easter 1913, and whose brother is up at Magdalen - came to take me out to tea. We had a good tea at a restaurant. They were very patient with my enquiries. When I apologised for the multitude of my questions they said they were pleased to find anyone who was keen on knowing school lore. For themselves, they were rather bored after two years of school, and one of them told me in a gloomy tone that he had seen a funeral almost every day in Rugby, a wedding only once! My green enthusiasm amused them. They both played rugger for their house, Wilson's, where they promised to take me on Sunday afternoon.

Sunday morning I had breakfast with one of Whitley's tutors, Evers, an Oxford man. He was very nice and said he would try and find a lesson I could attend. Morning chapel was at 10.30. The chapel had an unpleasing exterior, red and white brick. Better interior; very large, side aisles falling about halfway to form clerestories. Stained glass not bad. I had a seat under the clerestory. Presently the boys began to pour in, swinging straw hats in their hands, and fell beautifully into their appointed places. Masters sat among them. I believe they were arranged by houses. There were two Tibetans. It was a marvellous sight to watch the sea of heads. The Choir was fair but the full Communion Service was tiringly long.

The Batesons came for me at 2.30 and we walked down to their house - built

round a small quad as they told me which all the houses were. The hall was fairly large and there were 'dens'. They shared one which revealed their hobby in prints of birds and books on 'English Birds in Colour' etc. They were proud of their fireplace, most other houses having hot pipes. Then they took me to the Library and Museum, in front of which is a statue of Judge Hughes - Tom Brown. The library looked jolly and was full of boys - the Museum was well patronised too. Then we proposed a walk down the hill but a drizzle turned us back and so they showed me the classrooms - those of the Sixth, the 'Twenty', the Fifth, the 'Shell', the Army Classes. The Twenty comes below the Sixth, the Shell lowest. By this time I had to go to evening chapel - sermon of which I heard little except two lines quoted from Matthew Arnold's wonderful poem, Rugby Chapel. After chapel to tea in the Head Master's house, the only other guest was an old Admiral, and did not stay long.

On Monday at eleven Mr. Evers took me to a "Shell" class in English. I sat down on a form beside a boy who shared his book with me - the Life and Death of Jason, W. Morris' poem. They were all about 14 or 15, about 15 boys in all. The master made them read and then explained any difficulties elucidating them by means of questions. The boys read extraordinarily well. Their answers were generally intelligent. They seemed alert and put up their hands when they knew the answers to a question. But one boy who volunteered an answer without being asked was rebuked. They sat even when reading or answering questions; the master in cap and gown being perched on an enormously high chair behind a little desk. There was perfect comradeship and neither any harshness on the part of the teacher or any disrespect on the part of the boys - though the lesson seemed to my well-drilled mind rather informal.

Whitly came about twelve but there was not much left to see so we walked round the Close, which may be called the heart of the School. On one side the School House and Chapel, on the other the Island, Racquet and Fives Courts, the Gym and the Baths. At six I left Rugby.

For the rest then is little to tell. I was going away with Victor for a week to a little place near Oxford, but he suddenly found he couldn't come - so I had to stay on in College till I could make fresh plans. At present it looks likely that I shall either go to Mansfield House settlement in town or to Manchester to B.J. Macalpine's aunt. From the 23rd to the 30th. I am to be at the Bryan's - at Ampthill in Bedfordshire. It was good of them to ask one. After that Phil hopes to come to spend a week with

me somewhere but this is more than uncertain. Term begins on the 15th January. These days in Oxford have been tolerable because both Victor and Hauer are here. I see them almost daily. The Subbarayans' are going away somewhere shortly.

There does not seem to be much else to write. It is a pity Georgekutty could not come in the S.S. Madras - at least from one point of view. Hope Christmas was as jolly as ever love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. My handwriting is rather weak, because hurried. I am in a busy time.

#127

Merton College

Oxford

December 10, 1914

My dear Apachen,

I have a rather important matter to write about this week. A few days ago I had a letter from Mr. Hogg, from which I quote all the essential passages:

"I have been requested by the Secretary of the Governing Board (i.e. the Home Board) of the Madras Chr. College, to tell you that if you are willing to become a Prof. of History in the College (with the same status as the European Professors) it is practically certain that the position will be definitely offered you. The College Council in Madras has asked for two additional professors, and has suggested that one of them should be an Indian; and the C.M.S. representative at home has already signified willingness to regard you as a C.M.S. representative on the professional staff."

An objection may be, he adds, that "Indians would, in that intangible way which

is so hard to reduce to words, not receive good treatment from their European Colleagues. Well, I want to say that in my judgment the conditions are more promising in that respect now than I have ever known them. We can only learn to establish right relations by trying and with men like Henderson, Macartney, Templeton and Crawford among the younger generation of professors, the trial has every chance of success."

The terms suggested are

	Initial	Maximum	Increment
Unmarried	250	350	20 at the end of every 4 years
Married	280	450	30 "

Retiring Fund

"There are have been two such funds, one called the Professor's Retiring Fund and the other the Teachers' Retiring Fund. Owing to the growth in the number of European Profs. the former is already in a rather insecure position financially and would be in serious danger of bankruptcy if the numbers of contributors were still further increased. It is therefore necessary to put the Indian Professors on what used to be called the Teacher's Retiring Fund changing it's name to The Madras Christian College Provident Fund. In respect of rate of contribution and amount received both funds are practically the same and it's only technical financial difficulties that have led to the proposal to put Indian profs. on the one rather than the other."

Furlough - an option

"Either 6 months in India at two-thirds salary at the end of 6 years of service or one year at the end of 6 years if the year is spent in study in Europe on full together with Rs. 1500 to cover all travelling expenses."

"I know that in respect of salary this scheme is regarded in Madras as experimental, and if it proves to be too low I personally feel confident that it will be readjusted."

Such is the gist of the letter in Hogg's own words. I should like to add a few comments before I go further. The salary is rather less than the European profs.; the reason alleged is that for them, esp. the married men, what they got is little more than a subsistence allowance and the Indian can probably live on a little less - that is why the scale is experimental and while it won't be lower it might be higher.

Secondly, the letter came as a complete surprise to me. I had heard of the

scheme vaguely but had no idea at all that things were so far advanced or that would make an offer to me now.

Now let me put the position as it appears to me. I am sure you'll read this sympathetically as always. I have no manner of doubt that teaching in some way or other is my lifework. It is the one thing that fills me with enthusiasm and it never fails to rouse me to enthusiasm. At Rugby for instance I had a feeling that was actually real but had to put in words.

Next take the advantages and disadvantages of the positions offered;

First, it is rather remarkable that they are prepared to appoint me before schools - and honestly I am by no means sure of a first and may possibly fall to a third. More surprising things have happened.

Secondly, the furlough proposals I consider generous. There is some question about the salary. I shall have demands on me besides personal ones - demands which it always be great joy to respond to. In any case the salary proposed is not excessive, especially the married profs. And knowing so little as I do of conditions and cost of life in Madras it is difficult to say whether I could adequately discharge any other obligations. If I may enumerate them, they are about Rs. 3000 - for my Oxford course (over and above the scholarship), my sisters and Kunjunju - also the making sure that when you retire mother and you will have every comfort. Of course some of these Georgekutty will be glad to share with me - but still they constitute a considerable demand. Speaking roughly, if the scale is raised Rs. 300 -40- 500 I do not see why I should not have Rs. 1500 a year to spare after purely personal expenses. That does not seem excessive as an estimate - if as with some economy one might be able to satisfy all demands more or less. Then there is the Provident Fund.

Thirdly, as for the treatment I am inclined to agree with Hogg that there is little risk of any unfair treatment - and in any case if other things were alright I should not be deterred by any such consideration: it is worth risking.

As far as I can see there is only one other alternative - the Government Educational. Fyfe is on the Nominating Committee in Oxford and I asked him to make some enquiries whether selection is at all likely. He seemed to think it not unlikely - only they usually insist on a First. Much more embarrassing is the qualification which is regarded as desirable, some teaching experience which means

in practice a diploma in education somewhere. Now this would mean a six month's stay I believe after Schools; and whether one will be appointed must be all the time uncertain. Materially of course the prospects are far more alluring - Rs. 500-1,000 is the usual scale; and then there is the pension. Though of course one might be appointed to any part of India. These risks must be taken - and they are considerable, especially in the matter of nomination - if one prefers the Indian Educational.

It only remains to sum up. But I have said nothing about the character of the work itself. It will on the whole be pretty much the same in a Government and a Mission College, only in the latter there'll certainly be more direct, and probably more indirect opportunities of giving to others reasons for the faith that is in us. On the whole if the pecuniary proposals are considered not inadequate I think I should prefer the Christian College - where I have the chance of meeting young men of my own community and race whom I can understand better - to the Government service. Of course I have tried as far as I can see to be obedient to this to what after all is the last test, the Will of God; but I am not certain yet.

Love from,

Your affectionate son,

Kuruvila

P.S. It is just possible they might extend the scholarship for a year - in which case I might do some research with the Educational Diploma - but of course this must be uncertain till next July at least. I am writing to Hogg suggesting that the scale may not be quite sufficient and proposing 300-40-500 as an alternative. Of course you'll let me have an early answer if possible.

#128

Merton College
Oxford
17 December, 1914

My dear Apachen,

The mail came rather early last week - Thanks for all the letters. I am sorry to hear that there is to be a general internment of Germans in India: the Missionaries at least one should have thought might be left alone. They make exceptions in their favour here - Hauer for instance. He had to sign a paper saying he would not do anything tending to the injury of the Empire and to find securities, but now he is unmolested. But he is a Pacifist and thinks missions should be above politics. So do I most thoroughly. I confess I am rather at a loss to understand the biological argument in which Georgekutty insists. He would infer from the analogy of lower animals that war is a necessity - nothing could be more apt. I quite agree that when we go to war we are behaving like lower animals, submitting to the arbitration of brute force questions properly decided only by sovereign reason. Does war ever decide the actual rights and wrongs of things? What shall we have proved if we beat Germany now? That Germany was not militant enough, that she should have had more allies, even better organization, even more forces than now? You show her that after all the strongest wins - which is just what she says. Can we cast out Beelzebub by Satan? Peace does not mean non-intervention and giving up treaty obligations and dishonouring plighted faith - it means an interference on a higher plane, just as Christ's suffering evil from sinners passively, so to speak, was not an acquiescence in the existence or necessity of evil but a supreme repudiation of and victory over sin. And I am not the only man in these islands who believes this. Outside the small but influential body of Friends, to whom peace is a religious tenet there are many to whom the contradictions of war and Christianity has become intolerable and for whom peace - an active self-sacrificing peace is the only solution. It is the obvious, easy and stupid thing to do to hit back when you are attacked - it is the mysterious, difficult, wise and Christian thing to do to turn the other cheek. I quote from a circular I received only this morning, "It is becoming evident that there is, throughout the country, a large and growing body of people who are profoundly dissatisfied with the confused utterance of the Christian Church concerning the War. It appears to them that the Church has failed to grasp the authentic Word of God for this time, and that it has taken up an attitude which entails a very serious menace to the future of the Kingdom of God, in this country and in the world." But enough of controversy.

After all I did not go to Manchester. Hauer did not get an answer in time and I could not wait longer in Oxford - everyone had left by Saturday. So I sent a wire and came down here on Saturday afternoon. Canning Town is in the very far east of

London in one of the slummiest part. It takes an hour to get to Charing Cross in the heart of London from here by bus. Mansfield House is one of several University Settlements in East London. Varsity men come and stay here for long periods or short and help to run the various clubs and meetings that are arranged. The House is a large building and almost luxuriously fitted up - baths, enormous bedrooms, sitters, saloon, etc. The Club rooms are further down the street - men's and boys'. Discussions, pleasant Sunday afternoons, etc. are held. Further, the residents take part in distribution of relief funds, etc. they collect social statistics. The other day two of us walked down Rathdone Street - the market place of the district where one may buy anything from a bedstead to hot pea soup at ridiculously cheap prices - to find out the price of meat and other victuals. It was crowded with buyers and sellers. Of course there is as much time as one needs to work.

Being in town I have to see a great many people. I called on Phil Monday afternoon and met his pater and mater for a minute. Monkers was also there for a time. Bevan has asked me to tea, I shall probably call on Burnett-Hall, Dodd is coming to see me in Saturday from Westerham in Kent where his regiment - British Army Medical Corps - is stationed just now. I shan't be able to go to Hampstead at all. London looks the same as ever - only more newspapers and much less light at night - it is comparatively dark. There are as great crowds as ever in the streets sprinkled with the military, no undue excitement, prices are little if at all higher and generally one could not take it for a city at war. Yesterday I went up to Charing Cross to look at the second-hand booksellers - the trade being almost localised in Charing Cross Road - but could find none of the books I wanted. Trafalgar Square on one side and the Admiralty - now the hub of the universe - on another. Timpson is now there translating German documents. He is sworn to secrecy but apparently has already met with some startling things.

I am afraid this letter will be very dull; but I cannot think of anything more to write. A happy New Year. I hope Georgekutty will have to keep terms to appear for the M.B. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. I have forgotten to say anything about the Poor Man's Lawyer. On

Tuesday nights two or three lawyers come down here and give free advice to such poor people as like to make enquiries. It was most interesting to hear the different cases - about 50 turn up each week - most of them apparently cases of compensation for injury sustained.

#130

Merton College
Oxford
30 December, 1914

My dear Apachen,

Your letter of the 1st Dec. only came a day or two ago - thanks very much for it.

I am very sorry to hear they are locking up all Germans - men and women - there, surely a ridiculous and cruel excess of caution. Here no women are taken up at all and men only of military age. Soon some of those have been set free on the plea of being clerics or missionaries, Hauer for instance. The spy scare is one of the most undignified and oppressive results of the war - people have the most exaggerated notions about it, some have it on the brain. A soldier in the train today declared that there were still 2800 spies on the East Coast - and this after all Germans have been removed from there. Impossible! Similarly, some of the most harrowing atrocity tales have now been proved to be clever forgeries - one must give even the devil his due. It is good of Mr. Kulmer and Mr. Jaus to remember me - I am very grateful. Miss Metzger will be a most palpable loss.

As for the information Georgekutty wants I shall take early steps to secure whatever reliable answers I can get - but I know of very few Indian medical students and no I.M.S. folk - still I shall try my best and send a reply in a week or two.

Why didn't I compete for any University Prize after my first year! The only available ones are the Stanhope, the Newdigate and one or two other History prizes.

The Newdigate is for verse and I have little ability that way. The other History prizes are open to graduates with the result that you are expected to do postgraduate and research work and practically write a book. Where's the time? The Stanhope I might have competed for in my second year - but the Subject was very uncongenial and I could not summon up any enthusiasm for it. On the third year one has no time for these vanities - to write a prize essay - even a Stanhope - takes at least a good month's exclusive work. Uncertain result at the end of it. It isn't worth while.

Well. Last Wednesday I arrived here and am leaving on Friday. I have had a pleasant time. The family is composed of Mrs. Wills, two grownup daughters and Eric Wills (Mansfield). I have been looking up the pedigree. There is a considerable Wills clan in Bristol - one of the founders being H.O. Wills, a partner in the famous tobacco firm. He is Eric's grandfather. He had several sons and Eric's father (now dead) had several sons too - one of them is the Wills (L.M.G.) of Trivandrum - hence most of the family have been in India and in Travancore. All of the class seem to be well-off, some are rich. The house is not very large but large enough and comfortable - and I have a good time - the only drawback being that there are children.

Nat lives two minutes walk off facing the "downs", in "digs." I went to him for lunch on Monday and had a long talk and walk. He came in the evening to dinner, also the two Miss Walters. The elder of them used to be the Moffat children's governess and had had tea in my room. Their father is in charge of the Congregational Church the Wills attend. Imagine my surprise to meet Miss W. after church! We had a few games and songs after dinner. These have been my only social engagements. But I have been to several places of interest in Bristol - the Cathedral and the beautiful Perpendicular church of St. Mary Redcliffe - also into the picture gallery which contains a few gems - Watt's Love and Death among others. Today Eric and I went to Wells, about 20 miles off and saw the Cathedral. The Cathedral, the Palace and few other ecclesiastical buildings standing in a group in the Close. Wells is a small very old-fashioned town and the setting of the Cathedral is perfect. There is a large green in front so that you get a proper front-view and right perspective for the lovely facade - and in the late French Gothic style, twin towers flanking the front. The doors seemed too small and the nave is plain, the window traceries being monotonously the same. The choir was better, the canopies of the stalls beautifully worked, the ceiling handsome. There is an apse behind - now the Lady Chapel, with at least one lovely window. On the other hand there are some flaming modern windows, disgusting out of harmony with the Church. A side door leads up

worn steps into the octagonal (?) Chapter house, with a single pillar in the centre - quite large with a great number of seats along the side. There are five Cloisters on the other side. The Bishop's Palace is surrounded by a moat with swans and as it was not visiting time we could not go in. All around however there are delightful old houses and one lovely street called the Vicar's Close - quiet and charming, a bit of the 15th etc. for all one could see. Altogether a very jolly place.

I am going to spend a few days in Oxford in "digs" with good intentions to work hard. The last week of the vacations. Phil and I are going away together into the country - perhaps near Reading perhaps near Oxford to do another spell of hard work. It'll be the last time I shall see him alone probably - for the end of next term he'll get a commission and one never knows what may happen after that - though it's unlikely he'll go the front next year at all.

Christmas was spent quietly - Church in the morning and nothing particular (except turkey - unpatriotic stuff!) all the rest of the day. On Sunday I heard Nat preach which he did quite well. Mrs. Wills and Eric kindly gave me a couple of books on Christmas day - Phil and Krishnamachari two on my birthday. So I am four books to the good this vac!

Glad to hear Sosah is coming on so splendidly - but she must not become precocious! Christmas cards - this year the harvest was not quite so abundant as usual - but I got about 25. Not bad! Hope you all had a Happy Christmas at home - and let me wish you all a very happy New Year. There's little else to write. Ever with love,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

1915

#130

Merton College
Oxford
January 7, 1915

My dear Amachi,

The homeletter and Kunjunju's. Many thanks. Though both are full of news - cheerful and woeful - there does not seem to be anything which demands a direct answer. So I am thrown back on my own resources which this week are particularly scanty. I left Bristol on Friday morning after many farewells and thanks. It was a pouring day and when the train approached Oxford the country was like a vast lake. December 1914 was the wettest December for 50 years and the first week of January has been no better. It rains every day and nearly all day. The Broad and the High are quagmires, very sloughs of despair and full of snares for the unwary cyclist. The river is in flood. In London even the streets are in many places under water. The weather therefore is not cheerful.

As college is desolate I resolved to seek "digs" and came to Whitley's digs. Luckily the landlady could take me and I am glad I came here. Wellington Square is quiet and decent, the rooms are good and the food excellent. Quick - except when "reveille" is blown, for there is a company of the New Army which has its headquarters across the road. I have lived very quietly and done a lot of work in the Radcliffe - all in my French Special. Mighty undertaking that is - but I am nearly through Lamartine, Ducamp and Louis Napoleon, in the middle of Guizot, but with half a dozen books still to read.

Few relaxations. On Saturday Culpin (who is up too) and I went a walking, gathering Eric on the way. I had tea there later - all well. Archie who has shed a front tooth looks funny. Margaret has been distinguishing herself at school. On Sunday I went to a church never before visited - St. Mary Magdalene behind the Martyr's Memorial - small and unremarkable. So was the sermon. On Monday afternoon I played games with the landlady's little daughter! Today I called on Fyfe on business. He wasn't in then, so Mrs. Fyfe asked me to lunch and I met him there. They are

extraordinarily nice people. Fyfe is dreadfully busy now training some new officers. He says there'll be 40 men up next term.

These are practically all my gaieties. Tomorrow I am leaving Oxford for Tetsworth, little village near Thame, about 12 miles from Oxford. Phil's coming too and we are both going to work hard. The gods and us better weather! Monk-Jones is in Wales with the chaplain. Gray is at Dunkirk. The Friends' Corps have three hospitals, one at Ypres, one at Dunkirk. Fyfe had a letter from him in which several things were censored - but he said the words below could be plainly read!

I met the Warden at Clifton. So when I went to the Fyfe's I was going to say, "You'll never guess whom I met in Bristol," but before I had a chance both Mrs. and Mr. Fyfe asked me whether I had met the Warden there. This of course gave my little game sadly away. Apparently the Warden spends his vacs. with his sister in Bristol. Fyfe asked me whether I took him to the cinema!

As for the information Georgekutty wants - It was no use my going up to town, because I do not know any Indian medical students in London. But I have written to Adam about the technical questions, and also to K.C. Chacko to inquire whether he knows any Indian medicoes. I shall write again as soon as I know.

Cost of living is slowly increasing - or rather has increased a little. Eggs have gone up. So apparently has my room rent. At the same time I have a large incometax to pay on my "schol" - though as they deducted £160 first the difference though appreciable is not very much. The war will bear hardly on the middle classes. They have probably diminished incomes and the incometax will soon be 2/6 in the pound. Besides, the innumerable subscriptions in one form or another. Add to this, that there is probably an officer-son at the front - which means money. Personally, I calculate my expenses will be £3 or £4 more per term because of the war.

Well, I am afraid there's little more to write this week. Love to all. This is such an unsatisfactory letter,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

Merton College

Oxford

January 14, 1915

My dear Apachen,

The homeletters and many thanks for them. Congratulations to the Belgian fund collectors on raising such a large sum of money; to Kunjunju on passing the Selection Examination with hopes that he'll equally elude the University examiners; to Kunju on her proficiency in the difficult art of spending money; to Georgekutty on prospects (now materialised one hopes) of a demonstrationship, to Apachen on again directing the athletic propensities of the youth of Calicut; to Amachi on the new sewing machine.

The Zamorin's College will never be any good; they build on bad foundations. It was the same in my day when four Mathematics teachers essayed in two years (and successfully) to make me unlearn what little I knew of the precise sciences.

I shall have to retaliate in kind and write a scrappy letter simply for lack of news. On Friday last Phil came to Oxford and lunched at my "digs". We then "trained" here - or rather to Tiddington, the nearest station which is a dozen miles from Oxford. A trap met us and the old horse after a stiff hill and three miles of dreary road brought us to Swan House. Swan House is a wing of the Swan Hotel - a very good specimen of an old country inn. It is on one of the main roads from London to Oxford and is several hundred years old. The back view is picturesque - gable and clustered chimneys. We have two bedrooms and a very large sittingroom in which Queen Victoria once dined on her way to Oxford. The meals were good and the landlady pleasant. The village is very small but boasts - as every other village - a Church and a Chapel and a School - besides a store and a Post Office. The smithy is near the Post Office and in the evenings we hear the ring of hammer on anvil and see the merry sparks fly. We went to Church on Sunday morning and heard a sermon lasting not more than five or ten minutes at most. The Congregational minister, as it happens, is an old Camper of Mansfield, Griffiths by name. He was at Matlock senior

year before last.

That's about all there is to say. We have been working fairly hard - Phil with "Mods" at the end of next term and I with History Schools in summer. For recreation only walks and it had been raining plentifully, though the weather is mild on the whole for midwinter. No snow. Tomorrow term begins and we leave Tetsworth in the afternoon.

That's really all there is to record: and now I must fall back upon odd scraps of news. The war looks like going on for a long time, progress is so abominably slow. Greater events may be expected in spring; at present no snail could creep as slow as the allied armies. In the spring weather conditions will be more favourable and there'll be more troops sent over. I am hard at work on my Special French Republic of 1848; and can read the books with considerable facility though I could not talk French to save my life, never having learnt the grammar properly! It is interesting to read about the same event from vastly different points of view; and occasionally there is even humour. Ducamp's *Souvenirs* is the most amusing. The rabble once invaded the Assembly and the National Guard to which Ducamp belonged came to relieve the members. They got into a hall of the larger palace and then did not know their way. At length they found a small door, broke it open, passed a corridor, came to a room where they found a lot of people. The captain with bare sword yelled "Rendez-vous" (surrender). They did, laughing and then it was found the Guard were in the post office! Enormous quantities of speeches occur in the memoirs - you can never beat Frenchmen at that! Well, these are quoted from the newspapers of the day and in the speeches are embedded remarks in brackets like (Long applause, Interruptions, etc.). One of the commonest is "Sensation", "Longue Sensation"; and I found "Agitation prolongee." What exactly these meant it is difficult to imagine. But what do you say to this? A stout man was speaking. I shall quote, "If the French people found itself meeting at one point, sitting in one hall (laughter), deliberating in the same seance, voting together, one would have in this deliberation the expression of the sovereign will, well, since the people cannot do material impossibilities, it meets in a single assembly which is the same thing, only a diminution of volume (fresh laughter excited by the immense volume of the orator)." This in a serious work in four mighty tomes! So it is amusing enough. But there is such a lot!

I am absolutely at a loss now and so had better stop. Love to all,

499

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#132

Merton College
Oxford
January 21, 1915

My dear Apachen,

The mail came rather early this week. It is amusing and rather pitiful to read of the ideas of the Germans out there - about distress in England for instance. Distress there is none. True, the prices of bread, eggs, etc. have gone up and the taxes are heavier, but the latter burden falls chiefly on those well able to bear it - all incomes below £160 being exempted from income tax. On the other hand unemployment has never been less serious than now largely owing to the large numbers of men who have enlisted. Their families get ample separation allowances besides relief from the various funds. The pinch will be just after the war ends. And people are practically unanimous in favour of the war. We may have harder times to live through but not yet.

Term has begun. More or less the same aspect as last term. The weather is mild but the rains caused floods which are now slowly subsiding. The towpath is practicable and interesting, for it is like a narrow caseway is a vast lake, rather like the railway embankment in the middle of the lagoon over which one gets into Venice. Down by Iffley Mill there is a swirling fall. It is the best walk in Oxford now and I have been along it three times in the week.

February 22

This morning there was a little snowfall - not enough to stay. I am hoping it'll freeze but there does not seem much chance.

The week has been fair. On Saturday I can't remember to have done anything except Monkers and Phil to tea. On Sunday I indulged in interdenominationalism! In the morning and afternoon college chapel - now so thin, alas! At eleven-thirty Mansfield (Congregational), where Selbie preached well. In the afternoon tea at Jenner's, who is a Wesleyan Local Preacher - I had missed calling last term and to make amends called first Sunday this term. After hall went to coffee at Lusk's - Lusk being Presbyterian minister here. He was sometime in the Christian College. Mrs. Lusk I met for the first time - too early for an opinion yet. There was a discussion. Tod of Oriel (Reader in Greek Epigraphy) had been at the Student Movement Conference at Baslow and talked about it. Naturally talk about the Christian attitude to war. I doubt whether these stirrings of conscience have yet appeared in India - they are comparatively new here. There were not many clear peace people there, but almost all allowed the possibility of cases when it would be wrong to fight. So in twelve hours I boxed the compass of theological dissensions!

On Monday tea with Monkers. Nothing on Tuesday and Wednesday Spenser came. Spenser or S.E. Edwards is in his last year at Taunton School. He has got an exhibition at Sidney Sussex (Cambridge) and will go up next October. I met him on my first camp and he came to Oxford one day on his way to school. Wills and he to lunch. Then I towed him around Oxford trying to prove it the better place. We went into Bodley and up the Ladder - into Christ Church and the Hall, into Magdalen Chapel (the first time for me but it was very dark), past Mansfield into Keble Chapel, past Worcester and Balliol into Trinity, into New Coll. and chapel and of course all over Merton. Also by the river. He was unrepentant. But listen to Evelyn on Cambridge, "The whole town is situate in a low dirty unpleasant place, the streets ill paved, the air thick and infected by the Fens, nor are it's churches (of which St. Mary's is the best) anything considerable in compare with those of Oxford", The only question, is Has Cambridge improved since 1654? I resolutely say no!

Spenser and I had tea with Bray. He came to Hall with me and had a room on my staircase for the night. The next morning, Marler (Univ) who also was at Mattock 1913, came to brekker. Spenser went away at one. I wonder whether I shall ever see him again! He is anxious to get a commission - though a mere boy.

After he went I cycled to the upper river and coxed a Mansfield four. They're short of coaches so I had to coach them too as best I could, which was rather funny, as all my experience of rowing is running in the towpath to the accompaniment of

loud voices! However, though I had not a stock of the pleasant language with which coaches usually enforce their instructions, we got along. Strong current. Ten with Towson.

Lectures few this term. I continue Armstrong and perhaps go to Watson on Monastic Orders in England. Also essays once a fortnight for Price on Economic History. Besides I am reading a paper to the Stubbs society on "The Prince of Machiavelli" and the same one to the International Club.

I'm afraid that's all. Bryan is improving fast. Hauer is not up yet. Donald Gray was back for a week on leave but I missed him - he was up in Oxon the day before term began. He is disgusted, I hear with French atrocities. I don't suppose either side has a monopoly of them. His hospital at is Dunkirk. Among the Madras Territorials - 4th Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry - is a friend of mine, Laurence Eyres of Trinity. He is a private, a classical school, first in Mods., member of the C.U. Executive, a tennis player. One of the officers F.J. Baines (Balliol) is also a C.U. man but I hardly know him. Also in the 4th Dorsets is Mauleverer, I believe they're at Poona. There are others scattered all over - Heawood, Mold, Mitchell, etc.

Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#133

Merton College
Oxford
January, 1915

27

My dear Amachi,

The home letter; many thanks - esp. for the delightful details of Christmas. Mine was not anything like, as exciting and I am looking forward with much gleeful anticipation to the next Christmas. Of course we may have to lift this roof of the

dining room temporarily to accomodate a "tree" suitably lofty - but that is a mere incident! After that marvellous divination of her wishes Sosa must believe in Santa Claus now - but this is a sceptic and unbelieving age and the spirit of it affects even the youngest generation!

I wish I had known Kenneth Macrae was at Rugby: I could have looked him up easily though I have never seen him except him as a boy in Church. There are scores of Oxford men in India now - mostly in the North. But Freddy Baines and Laurence Eyres are in Madras, Gowan - Mauleverer (otherwise Molly) is I believe at Poona, while where Heawood is I don't know. I hope Georgekuty will be able to ask Laurence Eyres out to tennis and tea. Which reminds me of my last tennis and tea - at Oddington. Today's Times contains news of the marriage of our Vicar's eldest son - a Lt. Commander in the Navy - to a Scottish girl whose father incidentally lives in the same street as Gray's people

The navy leads by a natural sequence of thought to the recent fight in the North Sea. The German papers are lying hard about it - pretending an English cruiser and two destroyers have been sunk. These fights must be extraordinary. This one was commenced at a range of 15 miles and which distance the object aimed at will be the size of a pie: and the hull would - be invisible - only some smoke and funnel or two as target. And this while both pursuer and pursued are flying about 30 miles an hour. It seems incredible that any shots should hit at all under such conditions.

My run of good luck in the matter of teas continued. Friday with Eric Wills, Saturday with Phil. Saturday evening there was a C.U. meeting in Oriel Common Room to hear Dicky Brook on the War and Reunion. Dicky B. is nearly Pacifist now. There I met Mr. R. Tod of Oriel again - Lecturer in Greek Epigraphy. He asked me to tea on Sunday. So I walked up Norham Gardens when I saw a lady and two children in front. The smaller of the children was dancing up to the elder and hitting him with a stick. Which looked extraordinarily like Archie, but the lady I could not make out at all. However when I came nearer I found it was indeed Eric and Archie and their new Swiss governess. A crowd at Tod's including a talkative woman. Mrs. Tod made me stay a few minutes after the others went - as it was my first call. It soon came out that Tod is a great friend of Corley's both having been at Merchant Taylor's and then at John's together. They were very nice to me.

On Monday Whitley and I went a long cycle ride past Radley School and I

had tea with him. The Times said his pater had been offered the Secretaryship of the Treasury (ie. Chief Government Whip) and refused before it was given to Gulland. I asked Whitley why: he said it was hard work, sometimes uncongenial as making rich folk pay to party funds practically in exchange for honours and titles and it might lower the dignity of the Chair of the Deputy-Speaker accepted a party first. Of course it would result in enormous patronage too. Whitley is doubtful whether his pater will accept the Speakership which might be offered - as Lowther is not very strong. His mother is weak, he said, and the post means an enormous lot of entertaining as you are practically the first Commoner of the Realm. You get a house rent free and £5000 a year, and on retiring a Viscounty and £5000 pounds pension I think. In any case Whitley's pater won't accept the peerage - be(remainder of letter is missing).

#134

Merton College
Oxford
4th, February 1915

My dear Apachen,

I am afraid I shall have to be content with a mere scrap this week. I am in the midst of an army of essays and books, and if I don't carry the enemy's lines at a rush I shall never carry them at all. How naturally one falls into military metaphors nowadays!

Thanks very much for the £20 which came alright. The price of eggs has gone up considerably - ever since last term in fact. Now coal is following suit, simply because there isn't enough transport. We see it in our battels - in place of 2/8 we now pay 4/- every week.

Well, here's the week. Friday, tea at Lusk's. Curious rambling old house. He's a nice man and so is Mrs. and (though he looks rather fierce. Saturday Phil came to tea. Then Exec. Sunday) called on the Moffats. All well and flourishing. The

new governess came in and I had to say a French sentence or two. She doesn't know any English, as the children have all to talk French which is very good for them. Archie often rebels and naturally. At Mansfield T.R. Eloner preached. I was too far back. In the melee after chapel saw Dr. Kelman and Mrs. K., with Miss K. smiling happily in the middle. The reason being that she has just got engaged to our J.D. Hayes.

On Monday a long cycle ride to Islip and Marston with Whitley: his arranging for me to visit Parliament during the vacations. Phil to tea, accidentally. On Tuesday tea with Monkers. In the evening an "International Smoker". We had Indians, Korean, Persian, Egyptians, German, West Indian, besides Englishmen. Quite amusing. Persian speech, Indian songs, conjuring tricks by an enormous Indian (it would baffle anybody's powers to make him disappear), etc. On Wednesday Monkers and I had lunch with Wan You. Gorgeous lunch. Then he played on a strange looking Chinese string instrument, hitting the wires with two pliant rods most dexterously. In the afternoon Whitley and Bradley to tea. On Thursday tea with Phil. On Tuesday and Wednesday I played some soccer - or rather kicked the ball about with a few other men on our grounds. Good for exercise, but the unwonted exertion has made me stiff today; and it is painful to laugh!

I'm afraid I shall have to stop now: what a short letter. But about other matters I must write more at length soon. Hope things will work out alright there. The weather is not at all cold, and it is fairly dry. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. Document of historical importance for the children - being no other than - a ticket of admission to the Capitoline Museum in Rome.

#135

Merton College

Oxford

February 11, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the homeletter. There is nothing in it which I can answer just now. So I have to fall back upon my own doings to weave a pleasing letter; and last week has been anything but exciting.

On Friday I coxed two Mansfield fours and Bray and Hauer came in to tea. Hauer was anxious about the German missionaries there and while he condemned all imprudent and "patriotic" acts on their part, he could not see the reason for their wholesale internment. He thinks and with much reason that missions have nothing to do with politics. Il en a raison. On Saturday tea at Freddy Smith's digs in Southmoor Road, Cadoux was also there. Then Exec.

I had a quiet Sunday eschewing Mansfield for once and staying in in the afternoon. Phil came to tea. On Monday there was a C.U. lunch at Harrington Hall - Exec. and college secretaries which was quite fun. Tea alone. Debating society after hall, very dull. On Tuesday coxed two Mansfield fours. While I was out on the river came a sudden hailstorm pelting us in the face, happily only a passing one. Tea alone. Wednesday lunch with Hauer. Whitley and I ragged him about Germans. Somehow we were talking of Grimm (of the Fairy Tales) and Hauer remarked that that was in the beginning of the Romantic movement in Germany. When we observed that Wolff's Bureau was still continuing the Romantic movement. Hauer was neatly tripped! Tea with Bulmer. Today tea with Whitley, but I haven't had it yet.

Of course this does not constitute the main web of life: it is only the embroidery. The warp and woof now feverishly being spun is work. I work usually from 9-1, 5:30 or 6 to 7:30, 8 to 10 - at least with a halfhour or an hour off for contingencies. I never could sit up at night and in the morning it is almost impossible to begin before 9: and in any case it would be foolish to overwork, the strain of which I shan't be able to stand.

The weather is mild, but this morning is cold and the lawn white as a sheet with hoar frost. The meadows are again flooded but it isn't cold enough to freeze. There are soccer squashes sometimes on the ground, so I have a kick or two occasionally which keeps me fit - although it is awful bad weather for colds, every other person sneezes, and there is an epidemic of influenza in the country.

I heard later that Laurence Eyles is in the Nilgiris, but apparently the 4th Devons are in Madras - and there are two Mertonians in it second lieutenants, Mitchell and Mold. Neither was a great friend of mine but I knew both and Mitchell is quite a nice fellow though very dull. Could Georgekutty look them up?

Later

There was a large push at Whitley's but it was quite amusing. He talks of leaving at the end of this term and doing Y.M.C.A. or had cross work - next term will be dull for me! Phil and Monkers are busy over Mods. and so is Bulmer, though they all declare they're horribly unprepared.

The Indian troops have not been a success in France; they are unused and altogether unsuited for trench warfare: not phlegmatic enough like the British Tommy who, as the Johnner said, has no imagination. Alas he remarked with a chuckle it's reported the Sikhs are fond of collecting ears! I said this must be a vile calumny. The weather does not like them either - so they're to be sent off to Egypt, I believe. Enormous reinforcements have been sent across for the spring campaign.

A friend of mine writes from Dover to say the bomb a German aeroplane dropped fell within a hundred yards of their house smashing some windows. There is nothing else to write. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Thanks to Saramah for letter. Very sorry about the cards, they must have been lost in the post.

#136

Merton College

Oxford

February 19, 1915

My dear Apachen,

I am very sorry about this letter - but all this week I have been simply choked with work. I confess I put off the letter too late, but since Tuesday, I've been fearfully busy, almost my first free movement is now, but it is very nearly mailtime.

The home mail has not arrived yet this week; so I can't answer it I have had a fairish week. On Friday I had lunch with Gidvani and then coxed the Merton four. In the evening Naish's uncle who was a Railway Chaplain in South India long ago came in - he knew Bullivant and other ancient people but it is several years since he left India. On Saturday Exec. On Sunday afternoon as it was very rainy I contented myself with calling on the Fyfes. Margaret was in great form and sang Yankee-Doodle and I had to help bathe a celluloid doll. On Monday C.U. lunch: tea at Whitley's where were many Indians and Englishmen. On Tuesday lunch with Coltman. In the evening a meeting of the Stubbs history society to which I read a paper on the Prince of Machiavelli. On Wednesday lunch with the Subbarayans - several other Indians, breakfast with Herbert Selbie at B.N.C.; for tea Gidvani and a Menon who is doing Forestry here. Yesterday a Merton C.U. tea in the afternoon.

It has been rainy lately, just now it is bright and sunny; and I have to go and cox Mansfield. Most afternoons there has been a squash on the Merton grounds, usually soccer but yesterday we had some rugger. I was unable to finish an essay for the Johnner this morning and he has been slanging me!

It is awful but I'm afraid I should stop here. Next week I shall try to amend my ways and write a huge long letter divided into chapters and books, to read which will be a supreme test of endurance and affection! Sandow's exercise recommended before beginning, tonics and syrups at the end of each chapter to sustain the ambitious reader, and a long "rest-cure" at the end. And so having drawn my cheque on the brink of the future, I enclose it to supplement this and meet the required total of expectation.

Love to all,
Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila.

#137

Merton College
Oxford
February 24, 1915

My dear Amachi,

I have much amends to make and hence begin this letter thus early. But dispute the best intentions it is difficult to see what to write about. Oxford pursues its usual even course undeterred by the blockade and Zeppelins which might drive us into the cellars. Still the dons lecture: such as remain, gray-bearded or prematurely wasted with much study if not mad with much learning. Still the few undergraduates listen with open mouths to their discourses, while the women who are in great force take notes and talk, hats (so we presume). Still the proctors parade the streets, their duties much hampered by the unusual numbers of uniforms; and still reverend ecclesiastics preach the Bampton lectures at St. Mary's which wise men avoid. This year it is Dr. Rashdale, who looks like an aborigine and is a Latitudinarian whose heterodox eloquence echoes from the empty galleries. Still as ever the morning bells (oh, so early!) disturb the last dreams of undergraduates summoning them to chapel; and still roasted meats and beer pass round the Hall. Still flows on the cold, deep Isis like Time (vide the hymn), swollen now far beyond its natural banks by the rains, make the meadows glitter like glass in the sunlight. And after it rains sometimes it snows as it did yester'een, though intermittently and without any heart; so that the snow lay in patchy white on the lawn this morning, thin and flimsy - like Tudor colours, though the ground was frosty and slippery and I fell on my knees (as was appropriate) on the way to chapel.

Is nothing changed then? Yes, for if the Isis is full the Colleges are wellnigh empty. Consider Merton. Twelve months ago a flourishing place of some six score men. You would see them flocking into chapel of a morning, while there was a noiseful crowd in the J.C.R. discussing (with animation) the Ulstermen or the last Rugger match. In the afternoon they issued forth, those stalwart fifteen intending to

foot the leather, or perhaps a brave eleven appear on the field led by a light-haired boyish hero to fight a pitched battle for the Hockey Cup while a hopeful crowd watch around - but from any crowd you miss a dozen well-known faces, to see which you should stroll down to the College barge. Presently you see nine of them sitting tenderly down in a boat while a couple of others cross over and shout out stentorian instructions mingled with vigorous imprecations. They meet many other boats on the way down to Iffley but do not stay to talk about the weather. Or perhaps two or three lanky fellows are cycling hard to Magdalen Bridge. If you go for a walk over the hills taking unaccustomed paths you may meet them again, all wiry, sparing their words and breath, on a cross-country run. Or being a man of peaceful mind (which you could be then - so long ago it seems) you took a mild walk round the meadows or in the parks and met the Chaplain and his dog.

Gone is the Chaplain's dog - run over by a motor car. Its requiem is rung. Gone are all those valiant athletes, their hard muscles hidden in khaki, some in face of the foe. On the forsaken Isis drifts a desolate dispirited four or two. The clash of the hockey stick is not heard, the fair-haired hero is at Aldershot, and football games when they are played at all are played five a side - and even those five gathered from many lands and many Colleges. The library has given place to the camp - and the prevailing colour is khaki, the dominant atmosphere is military. Instead of warnings on the subject of rash driving of motor bicycles, the lodge exhibits notices teaching us how to behave in case of Zeppelin attacks. How indeed but to run out into the quad and take a long look at the aerial sausage?

The woeful results of this epuration are already apparent. Time was, in the dim golden past, when freshers had a proper sense of respect and humility; when they greeted you at their door abashed and pointed out the merits of their best chair; when they were silent in the J.C.R. and in Hall, when they did not speak unless spoken to; when they listened gratefully to your conversation and were thankful for "hints on how to behave". That time is as completely gone as the pre-glacial age; not irretrievably, let us hope. You call on them now and perhaps hear an accent first cultivated in the wilds of Nebraska or by the banks of the Black Swan River. A cheerful voice wishes to know your business. These rude shocks disturb you. Gingerly you stand on the fender, while your fresher lolls in an easy-chair; nervously you ask him to a meal or perhaps decide that would be a trial too hard to stand. The next morning you come to the J.C.R. and find all the best chairs occupied by unknown but very self-confident creatures who show no signs of budging. A thing

unheard of in decent normal times. The monopolise the debates and even ask impertinent questions in the J.C.R. meeting. Unhappily there are not enough seniors to "sit on" these sacrilegious sinners. How soon in an ordinary year they would have learnt that humility or the appearance of it is a pearl without price in a mere fresher!

Who ever heard of the Sub-Warden marching up to the lectern at evensong to read the lesson in - a uniform? Who ever heard of dons discarding their gown and mortarboard - symbols of peace - and lecturing - in Khaki? Who ever before saw the Professor of Greek fingering a rifle? Who ever before dreamt of the laurel wreath of the Poet Laureate being displaced by a cartridge belt? When was undergraduate ever seen in kilts before - except the irresponsible Chavasse? When did it happen that entrance to the Schools was barred by a sentry and its great halls filled with beds? Yet these seemingly impossible things are all true - and Oxford is as it was in the days of poor King Charles. After this disquisition on the sad state of Oxford, one may descend to details. Nothing worth mentioning on Friday or Saturday; but Sunday afternoon merits remembrance. I hadn't heard anything of "Baby" for a long time and thought I'd call at the Provost of Worcester's and inquire. So with some trepidation I "did a Provy", as Worcester men say, and happily at a favourable time. Mrs. Lee was in and so I discovered was Capt. Lee whom I had never met before. He had been badly wounded, had been in a London hospital for some time and they had only just come up to Oxford - a tall taciturn man with a smallish round head and moustache. Baby was not in when I was announced, but she came in after a time and we decided to let her recognize me - if she would. She shook hands with two or three people, then catching sight of me looked at me several moments and said at least "Here is a man who is my friend." I was awfully flattered as you may imagine. For the rest of the time I was her willing slave and we played at Eskimos and then at a thimble game. And so I left her. I shall never forget the joy of making her acquaintance at Oddington.

Monday was very uneventful except for the C.U. lunch, but Tuesday was exciting. I had promised to take the Subbarayans to call on the Moffatts, but about four it began to snow lightly. However we walked up and paid our call. All the children flourishing. The snow had stopped and then came down again, beating softly on our faces as we returned. However it was never very steadfast and though the lawns were white the next morning it was very thin and most of it melted during the day. There was a little left however in a corner of the garden today and George and I made a little snowball, placed it in the centre of St. Alban's and decked it with a Union Jack

to the astonishment and delight of subsequent passers by.

On Tuesday evening I read my paper on Machiavelli to the Cosmopolitan Society - so called because it is intended as a meeting ground for all nationalities. There was a lively discussion after.

Wednesday and Thursday were dull.

There is little to answer on the homeletter. Awfully sorry to hear of Valliamma's ill health: I do hope she'll be soon alright.

I have given up doing essays now, instead I answer examination papers for practice. I am awfully behindhand with my work and am not at all feeling happy about it. However I shall not worry. Phil and Norman and Bulmer are very busy with Mods. which come on in a week; there are only a fourth of the ordinary number of entries this year. Phil and Norman are going away for the weekend to Oddington for a rest as people usually do before "Schools."

Here are the certificates: They're dreadfully untrue, I'm afraid.

Fyfe:

"I have much pleasure in recommending Mr. K. Z. for an appointment in the Indian Educational Service, and I do so with complete confidence. He is a keen student and a man of very good ability, who is likely to take the highest Honours in the Modern History School. He is also a man of high character, who has made many friends in the University and has always in a quiet way exercised a good influence on this College. He can be trusted to do his duty conscientiously and sensibly and I think he would make a sympathetic and stimulating teacher. I will gladly answer any questions about him."

The Johnner:

"Mr. Z. of Merton College tells me that he is anxious to obtain a post in the Indian Educational Service, and I can most strongly recommend him.

He is one of the best students I have had for some time. His work for me is remarkable for the industry displayed, for the ability with which his facts are arranged

and for the excellent style in which he expresses himself. He has an exceedingly good grip of Modern History, Political Economy and Political Science and I shall be very much surprised if he fails to obtain a First Class in the Honour School of Modern History.

He is also a man of very high moral character and would I feel sure have an excellent and elevating influence on his pupils.

Price:

"Mr. K.Z. of Merton College who has been a pupil of mine during this and last term, bringing essays to me on Economic Theory and Economic History is, I understand, intending to become a candidate for the Indian E.S., and it is a pleasure to record my opinion of his merits. He seems to me to possess considerable natural ability and marked aptitude for study. The work he has done for me has been uniformly good and his essays have shown evidence of diligence in seeking knowledge; of judgement in selecting his material and of lucidity in presenting it. I have been struck by his grasp of the subjects of which he has treated and by his capacity for forcible but impartial statement. I think that he would be qualified both by character and by attainment for the efficient discharge of the duties of a post in the service for which he intends to become a candidate, for I am sure that he would spare no pains in the fulfilment of his duties and that he would bring to bear upon them an exceptional measure of competence. I may perhaps add from my personal intercourse with him that he would, so far as I can judge, be an agreeable and tactful colleague."

Price's style leaves somewhat to be desired. I am following Apachen's wishes in the matter - but more of this next week. This is a long letter, surely, though there's little in it. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#138

Merton College
Oxford

4 March, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter; also for Georgekuty's and Kunju's - which all came at the usual time, Monday morning: a week or ten days later than before the war.

I believe I once sent a photo of Phil and Norman; if not I shall send another. Recently I went up the College Chapel tower for the first time and took some photos. It was a misty day, so I gave time exposures for most of the films. The result was all those were absolutely fogged while a couple that I had snapshot came out beautiful. I must go up again sometime, you can get some lovely views from the tower, especially of the other towers of Oxford. It is possible to get in one picture the Radcliffe dome, St. Mary's spire, the Bodley Tower, All Souls twin towers and New College tower.

College lights this year! Not a chance unless the war ends in the vac. Who is to know. Next term there'll be no one left in College except a few Englishmen not strong enough to fight, some Americans and Indians. Even people like Monkers who are Pacifists are going away to do Y.M.C.A. or Red Cross work. Monkers is going to the Y.M.C.A. at Le Havre (France) so is Whitley, F.D. Chaplin, J.D. Hayes, C.K. Hughes etc. It is doing excellent work among the soldiers.

Just at present Phil, Monkers, Bulmer and others are in the middle of Mods. which began today and end next Friday. There are only about 50 men in this year and about a dozen women. The Mertonians seem dissatisfied with their work in Latin Prose, Cicero and Virgil. They have Greek prose, Verse, Drama, Aristotle and Plato, Lucretius, etc. coming on in slow and deadly procession. It is possible that Phil and Norman might get firsts but on the whole I do not think it likely - the war has been too distracting for them. They went away to Oddington, Saturday to Tuesday, to get fresh and cycled all day not opening a book. I should have liked to revisit the dear old place.

I have had a very quiet week. On Sunday called at the Selbies and saw Farquhar who was speaking at the C.U. meeting. I am going to tea with him on Monday next. On Tuesday next I am going to Miss Richard's people. I was to have

gone last week but Mrs. Richards suddenly felt ill. She's alright now. I did a paper for the Johnner on Wednesday which I haven't had back yet. I had tea with George Timpson yesterday and lunch with Marler (University). Naish wrote to me the other day - he is in the Ceylon Civil Service at Galle and apparently enjoying himself.

The weather is very warm for March - though rather rainy. The vac. I haven't settled up yet - it may be rather troublesome: especially because I shall have to work hard all the time. But for the few weeks which I shall at least have here after Schools I have many plans - Swanwick, Boy's Camp, a canoe expedition up the Thames, a week in town seeing the sights, a cycling tour etc.! What a time that'll be!

I must not forget that I had tea at Burrow's on Friday. For the rest I do not know what there is to write. It would hardly interest you to know that I had my hair cut yesterday, or that my shoes were repaired the day before - but those are the events of one's life now. But spring comes on apace and the snowdrops star our garden lawn - also primroses in which I could never see much beauty - and crocuses. The floods have gone down a great deal and the tow paths are now "walkable."

I shall have a punt next term with someone else - they're only half as expensive this year as last; but who with I don't know yet. I want to ask the Moffats on sometimes, also Mrs. Fyfe and the children.

Well, I stop here from sheer inanity and vacuousness! Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#139

Merton College

Oxford

March 11, 1915

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. There is not much directly to answer in it. I have not time to answer the Bishop of Madras at length but I am sending a copy of Miss Royden's pamphlet, the argument of which I cannot better. The Bishop's reasoning has been put and met a hundred times here - every meeting hears it, and one is thoroughly tired of the "little girl" and the "policeman". I should have thought that the doctrine of force (which Hobbes enunciates most logically) had long ago been discredited. To read "Man's social life from the family to the Empire is built upon the basis of physical force directed towards moral ends" one would think Bp. W. had never heard of T.H. Green. And I do not know what to make of such a statement as this: "War then has its legitimate place in the moral education and progress of man - kind as one of the means by which law and order is enforced among civilized nations." Talk of the force of the law - it is effective simply because it is so overwhelming, and because there is an enormous preponderance of opinion the criminal. Is there an analogy when (a) the "criminal" is as powerful or more powerful than those seeking to enforce justice, (b) when the "criminal" and the "policeman" are more or less equal in size, (c) when the "criminal" does not acknowledge his criminality, not even to himself and appeals unashamed and sincerely to the God of Battles? I am prepared to admit that Belgium is a consideration; but a recent leader in the Times said that England is fighting not for Belgium but for herself - in so many words and most explicitly! It is therefore at bottom and really a war of self-interests; and to defend it one has to go back to the theory that the State is an end in itself and that the end justifies the means - which all ends logically in Machiavellianism itself. The future is with the Pacifists.

I do not know that I am very sorry the B.G.M. lost the cup - perhaps all the better for them in the long run. I am awful sorry to hear of Mrs. Whitehead's illness and hope she'll soon get alright.

Friday, March 12

Unexpectedly my mail came this morning but I shall keep it till next week to answer; and I shall not be able to make a very long letter of this. The week has been fairly lively - my engagements; on Monday afternoon I had tea with the Farquhars - he has just published his American lectures on Modern Religious Movements in India. On Sunday I had lunch and tea at the Moffats, Miss Walters was there for the

weekend and that's why I was asked. I had met her at Clifton - you'll remember. I met Margaret and Archie on Wednesday at the Subbarayans here they were down for tea, feeling very much out of place among four ladies. However I saved the situation and delivered Archie from utter boredom! On Sunday I had breakfast with Whitley: there was Roderick Clark (King's Coll.) there; and I had the honour of speaking at the C.U. meeting at 12:45. The usual run of speakers is dons and bishops, but they always have one or two undergraduates in their last year. I was practically forced in and it was nervous work, especially with Streeter in the first row staring critically at one! But one has only to talk about ten minutes. On Tuesday I went to Shilton to lunch with the Richards'. Dr. R. was away but Mrs. R. and two daughters were there, about quarter to three Mrs. R. asked me what train I was talking back. I said there was one at 4:30 so when would be convenient and then Miss R. looked up the guide to discover the exact time. She found that the 4:30 train ran only on Thursdays and Saturdays and if I did not wish to miss hall I'd have to take one at 3:2 - I had just about 12 minutes to do 3 and a half miles in, but the roads were downhill and the wind behind me and I cycled hard. The train and the cycle arrived together at the station and I scrambled in. It was disappointing. However it was pleasant to see them again.

On Monday I played my first tennis since last August on a Worcester hard court.

Mods is over. Monkers has done fairly well and is I think sure for a first; Phil is rather more doubtful; while I doubt whether Bulmer will rise above a second. They're all relieved the dreadful order of 15 papers is over; Bulmer will be up next term as his broken leg (though now nearly mended) prevents his joining the Army, Monkers and Phil won't - the former is going to France on Y.M.C.A. work, the latter is taking a commission. Partings came early. Term ends on Tuesday and my plans are fortunately all made up. Krishnamachari is spending it all in Cambridge, so I was in rather a fix, but for the first half of the vacation. I am going to St. Deinol's Library, Hawarden, near Chester. It was founded by Gladstone and people can go to stay there and work! It is a pleasant place, fairly cheap, plenty of books and will give me a change I badly want - besides there'll be company and there is a tennis court. For the second half K.C. Chacko is coming and we are going away together perhaps to some place in Hants. Term begins on April 23rd and Schools on June 10-16th. Viva sometime in July I should expect.

I shall want some money for the end of summer term -for exam fees, degree fees etc, and I shall have to deposit £10 as I have never given any caution money. I shall get it back after I take the M.A. I believe. I shall specify the amount next week - and shall if anything overstate it , as I do not know how long exactly I shall have to stay after schools. The scholarship ends in August, and I shall get £49/10 in April and £33 in July.

There's nothing more to write. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. Enclosed drawing of Magdalen Tower from our Garden terrace. A strong viva - fixation might discover in it some resemblance to the original!

#140

St.

Derniols,

Hawarden,

North Wales,

March 18, 1915

My dear Amachi,

The mail came quite early this time, in fact just before I posted my last week's letters. I thought it best, however, to reserve your letter for this week.

It is vac. Term ended last Tuesday, for Merton - most other colleges went down earlier. It was a dreadful time, I felt as if the world were slowly slipping away from me, much like Sir Bedivere left alone beside the mere. First Whitley went away - he won't up next term, though perhaps I may be see him in July. I have an invitation to spend some time with him and his people in July if he is back from

France then. Then Victor went away though only for the vac. Monkers left on Monday - he is going to Le Havre too, Y.M.C.A. and won't be up next term. He went away cheery as ever - he has irrepressible spirits and why should he be sad? The Chaplain is to be at Havre too for the vac. and so are many others. He has finished with Mods. He runs little or no personal danger. He is only to come back sometime and read for Greats. Phil stayed up till Tuesday, though Mods had ended on Thursday. London, he said, depresses him and I was awfully glad he stayed on. He won't be up next term, and though probably we shall meet again before I go down, yet we both felt this marked the close of an epoch. Both our trains left Oxford at one, but I came north and he went to town and have never spent such a dismal end of term.

The little fresher, Harrison, was with me till Wolverhampton, I came through Banbury, Warwick, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Wrexham to Chester. All round Birmingham it was black, misty, bleak and generally unlovely. But Shrewsbury is a pretty town and after that we had the Welsh mountains always on one side; and it was quite charming. At Chester I had to change stations, it is a delightful oldworld town. After another change I arrived at Hawarden about 6:20. I had tea in the train.

St. Deiniols' Hostel is near the Station and indeed Hawarden is only a tiny village. It was founded in memory of Gladstone and is a large handsome red stone building standing away from the road. There is room for a good many residents, but at present besides the Warden and Sub. W., there are only only two, an Oxford American and I. There is every comfort - good meals, plenty of spare rooms, hot and cold bath, and I have a study and a bedroom to myself. The library is very large and I can get nearly all the books I want - while there is little of the vexing restrictions and waitings of a public library. There is a tennis court but it's too cold to play now. However, there's golf to be had and I had a game yesterday afternoon after about fifteen months. Of course I played villainously but the American was nearly, not quite, as bad. The Warden is Reverend Prebendary Joyce, while the S.W., an old Keble man, is interested in the Eastern Churches and know a lot about them. So I have been looking at books on the Syrians. Of course, most of the day I work. Today the weather is appalling as it snowed in the morning, and it is windy and dark now. So I cannot go out - which is as well, as I have my mail to write.

Mrs. Lee gave me two pretty little snapshots of Joanna. I made Phil take me with a Kodak but the result remains to be seen. If it is decent I shall send home some

copies.

In Oxford I kept very quiet all the time, except that on Sunday I had lunch with the de Labillieres. On Friday a ride with Whitley, on Sunday a walk with Phil and that's all. Bulmer and I are sharing a punt next term. He's one of my few friends left up now; but I never knew him very well.

I should gladly write longer letters - but it's partly the want of time and partly the absence of any news that makes them so short. I hope everyone is well. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#141

S t .

Deinol's,

Hawarden,

Wales,

25, 1915,

North

March

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter, which came rather late this time - and alone. Over there I suppose folks are busy with exams. So are we here.

How I shall write a decent letter I don't know. Nothing has happened this week out of the commonest: but there's nothing like trying. The Hon. Mods. results appeared yesterday, both Norman and Phil have firsts. There were only 49 men in this year and 19 have firsts, most of the others being seconds. This may be due to the good men staying up for Mods. While the more doubtful lot took commissions earlier. Both of the other two Mertonians - Bulmer and Lowe - get seconds. So do Bateson (Magd.), Cox (New Coll.- Treasurer of the C.U. next year) and S.K. Sinha (Ball., son of the Sinha of the Viceroy's Council, who was at St. Paul's School"). Phil esp.

was very despondent after enduring the exam and I heard woeful accounts every day of Greek words in Latin verse and false quantities and what not; but he and Norman were pretty safe. Garrod's being one of the examiners may have helped a little - the others can't help giving his men the benefit of the doubt, if there ever was.

I enclose two photos one of Phil taken in a corner of my room with a Kodak - someone else's borrowed for the nonce. It is very clear and good. Note the pictures on the wall, the post cards stuck between the wall and the panelling, the books. You can see some Madras cards to the right, a Madonna on the left. The other from the top of Merton Tower looking toward St. Mary's. Unfortunately I held the film vertically for a horizontal posture, hence the fact that you can see only half of St. Mary's spire; behind it the Radder dome, to the right the Bodleian Tower, then All Souls and the twin towers; then New College tower. The foreground is all private houses between Merton Street and the High. It was a rather misty day, hence the dimness. But it gives some idea of the City of Towers.

The old routine continues. Work all day and some afternoons I play golf. Occasionally I go for a walk - the other day I went to the Gladstones' park. The Old Castle still stands in a knoll, the new one is further beyond and I did not go near enough to see it well. The grounds are very large with many pretty walks, but all the prettiest paths are marked Private. However I trespassed with a light heart, for there was no one in sight and I could not keep to the main walk. On Sunday I heard a capital sermon in the church - which has a squat tower surmounted by a curious little spire. It was full and Hawarden is apparently a fair sized village - perhaps even a little town.

Why I did not go to town end of term was because Parliament had already adjourned for the Easter recess. However, Whitley tells me they meet again before term begins and he has arranged for me to go up then and hear a debate. The last half of the vac. K.C. Chacko and I are going away together somewhere, where we do not know yet. Term begins on the 23rd.

I am under the painful necessity of asking again for money - exam fees etc. I did not pay caution money, so I shall have to deposit £10, I think (but I haven't got a handbook with me) with the College to keep my name on the books till I get my M.A. If it is £20 please send £10 more. Then there is the degree fees £7.10 pounds, exam fee £3 and certain payments to the Library etc. when I take my degree. Also

College porter £3 and servant £1 extra.

Approximate deposit	£10
Degree	£7.10
Exam	£3
Library, etc.	£2
Leont	£1
Porter	£3
	£26.10

Please add to this if any of the first four items are more the Handbook will tell you. And I shall probably want £3 and £4 more at least to be on the safe side, make certain purchases etc. Could I get this £30 or so about the beginning of June?

Most of the books here were Gladstone's own library, but they have added considerably since and now are about 40 000 volumes all conveniently arranged in a large room and gallery. The Theological Section is especially complete, but History, Philosophy and Literature are quite good. Occasionally I come across Gladstone's notes and markings in a volume he had carefully read - eg. in Milton's Areopagitica all the most eloquent passages were marked and there was a little index at the end of noteworthy references.

I am absolutely at a deadstop and can't think of anything else. I hope all there are very well. Many thanks for the occasional letters I get from Ammu, Sarah, Sosah. Sosah will have to get fat soon, before I come - or I shall have to take strong measures! Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. I read it over and found it a very unsatisfactory letter - but I am in a depressed mood and have not the energy to compel myself to amend it. I forgot to send Miss Royden's pamphlet and have left it at Oxford. I shall send it in about three weeks.

Hawarden

Wales

March 31, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter and all the news. I am glad Apachen had a good time in Mangalore. How do you like a motor ride? It's such easy ambient motion, like being wafted on air, if you get a good road. The "Lt. Moule" you mention must be Mold - who was Science Scholar in my year. He is a decent sort though not one of my particular friends. In the same regiment is another Merton man, Mitchell, who is quite nice though rather small and slow.

I have good news this week. Burrows wrote to me to say the government has increased the scholarship to £250, to take effect from Oct last - is I shall get advantage of the increased rate for 11 months and shan't want the money I wrote for last week. It is mostly due to Burrows who represented that a man could not live on £200; I only wish it had come two years earlier - then I could have lived altogether on the schol. However, it is something to get it even one's last year.

What's more, the weather has continued fine. It's hardly rained once since I arrived though it has snowed twice - and golf has gone on fairly steadily but not with much improvement. Indeed I am not keen on it except as the only possible recreation here, partly because I shan't be able to play in India and partly because it's too dull and slow a game for me. Much more congenial is it to spend an afternoon in the library, passing from shelf to shelf, picking up a book here, opening another there. You pass from world to world in a few steps. Near the classics, those realms of gold, are the Italians; and past them you come to Theology which leads naturally enough to Church History. Many of the books were marked by Gladstone who always read carefully, pencil in hand. He puts a x where he disagrees, and "ma" where he thinks there is something to be said on the other side ("ma" being Italian for but) and on the last page there is a list of references to the important points in the book. It is amusing to keep an eye on these criticisms as one goes on reading - they abounded in a book I was looking at the other day, Mark Pattison's Memoirs. Mark was Rector of Lincoln till 1885 or so and his memoirs published just before he died was denounced from the varsity pulpit and is really an astonishing book. It is full of slander and damaging criticisms of others, spiteful, perhaps he would say frank and impartial. This is how

he describes his sister Dorothy; "my sister D. spent a faculty of invention which would have placed her in the first rank as a novelist in embellishing the everyday occurrences of her own life. A very faint reflection of Dorothy's powers of self-glorification is preserved in Miss Lonsdale's romance, *Sister Dora*!"

The card I enclose is one from Eric Wills at Havre. The interesting features are that there is no postage stamp, the censor's seal and the postmark. It may amuse the children - all letters from the front have these features.

I wonder whether I mentioned in my last letter that Phil had nine α 's and Norman 11. They were both safe firsts. I have had an enthusiastic letter from the former about Bach's Passion music played in St. Paul's last Tuesday: the enthusiasm, is unfortunately, rather lost on me. Kunju might appreciate it: here's a bit.

"Then at last, lights everywhere and rustle of expectation." London still murmurs on outside, but inside me it is almost as light as day, except for the blackness of the dome. The choirs enter - two great choirs - and the orchestra. Then, that wonderful circle of lights springs up all round the base of the dome, the priests enter with their bright coloured hoods, the organ plays a long A from the orchestra to tune by the while, and at last the service begins. A Psalm, beautifully chanted to an old world tune, unaccompanied; a few prayers; and the congregation stand for the first chorus of the Passion Music. Words fail here. The music speaks to the very soul, full of loving piety and strong faith, marvellously beautiful, and yet hopeful. We follow the old story of the Passion once again, but oh! how real. The congregation joins in the Chorales; and in the middle comes a wonderful pause for silent prayer. What a man was old Bach!

And so through it we go. There is not a dull moment, though it last more than two hours. Some parts we forget; others ring in the head for years. The thrill of that wild cry "*Barrabas*", can never be forgotten; nor that cry upon the cross "*Eli, Eli etc.*" nor the poignant, bitter ecstasy of grief when Peter went out and "*wept bitterly.*" But the end comes at last, - and the congregation stands for the last double chorus, which is to me one of the most wonderful things in music and peals away on a minor chord, with the full strength of choirs, orchestra and organ, and yet is full, brimful of hope."

I wonder whether any echo of the Lyttelton controversy reached India. The

Headmaster of Eton preached a sermon at St. Margaret's in which he urged the necessity of loving Germans and illustrated his point by saying that if we insist on the internationalization of Kiel Canal we should be prepared to internationalize Gibraltar. There arose a great dust of controversy in the papers, most men abusing Lyttelton as a pro-German. The "Daily Mail" of course is beneath contempt - what do you think of these as specimens from to-day's D.M. "Dr. L's recent speech ... constitutes a tribute to the wisdom of the great Duke of Wellington when he said that the Battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton". Or again: "If you please, is there a subtle connection between "Coke upon Littleton" (a famous legal text-book) and Dr. L's heaping coals of fire on the head of the adversary?" - but the Times was full too. People were so full before the war that they were fighting for a principle, to end war, etc. - now all their thought is to crush Germany, take away her colonies, destroy her navy etc., leave her absolutely powerless. As if there were any better way of perpetuating all the hatred this war has raised, intensified manifold! How difficult it is to be calm and impartial, to see both sides, to give our enemy his due. I am glad to notice the "Fellowship of Reconciliation" - the Peace folk - is growing in numbers.

Talking of Dr. L. reminds me of an Eton story. Dr. Warre who is now Provost of State was once Headmaster - and it that time, one Sunday in chapel, one of the hymns given out was "Thy Kingdom come, O God." To everyone's surprise no one sang but the choir, till they all joined in a perfect thunder of voices at the verses,

"When comes the promised time?

That war shall be no more?"

That hymn was thenceforth carefully vetoed in Eton Chapel!

I can't think of anything else to write; and indeed am pleased this letter is even the respectable length of five pages. Wherefore I cease my prattling and with love to all remain yours ever.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Merton Coll.

Andrews

Oxford

Surrey

S t .

Hindhead,

April

14, 1915

My dear Amachi,

I have to confess at the outset that I have been guilty of not writing at the last mail. You will perhaps forgive me when you hear how it happened. My mistake was not to have written on Sunday as I often do; instead I put it off till Thursday. Well, on Thursday morning I left Hawarden and had a rather tedious journey to Oxford. At Wrexham I caught my train through sheer luck and arrived in Oxford rather worn out about six. It would have been too dull to do nothing all the evening; so, having Margaret's birthday as an excuse, I invested in a box of chocolates and marched off to the Mofatts. As the buses all carefully eluded me and I did not feel equal to cycling I walked there and back - a respectable performance. I had a nice time there and found most of them had been in bed while I was away. Archie was still convalescent and so was Eric who had had a bad foot and was ignominiously wheeled about in a bath chair for weeks! I did not see him but all the others were at home Mrs. M. was nearly in tears over a possible transfer to Glasgow. It seems the Glasgow Theol. people would like Dr. M. to take a chair in the Theol. Coll. there. Mrs. M. loves Oxford, the children are all in a good school - Archie is going next term, and it seems a pity to leave after three years. She says she would rather have gone to America than to Glasgow, which is commercial, dirty and smoky, with a dreadful accent! She was indeed most pathetic over the prospect though nothing is certain yet and though in any case they'll not move till the end of summer term.

Well, I got back about eight and then set to unpacking and repacking which turned out to be a longer affair than I had expected and left me occupied till it was time to go to bed. Next morning I started early after - hurried breakfast and was met by Phil at Paddington. We first took my luggage to Waterloo, then lunched somewhere in the city and finally took a bus to Streatham where I stayed till halfpast

three. A bus took me back to Waterloo where I had tea, met Chacko and together we set off for Haslemere about five. In the train, for the first time since Wednesday. I remembered my unwritten mail! My regrets were all the stronger because this was the first time that I had missed it.

It was as well I saw Phil then - because news has just come that he has got a commission and is going away tomorrow to Sevenoaks for a few weeks training. I cannot say when we shall meet again, though we shall certainly try to. You are quite right - these severances piecemeal will make it easier for one to leave Oxford when the time comes; indeed there'll be little left except the spot and its memories to bid farewell to, though that'll be hard enough. And yet it is trying to lose one's friends thus slowly one after another - it lengthens out the parting, which increases in duration if it loses in intensity. It would be idle to go on in this strain. I shall only sound affected and artificial and it is no use anticipating the sadness of the day of good-byes.

I cannot imagine why you make the curious mistake of confusing the Fyfe's Margaret and Miss Joanna Lee, the Provost's granddaughter. Margaret is Fyfe's little daughter and Maurice is her elder brother. She is the more amusing I think.

Well, I haven't said anything yet about Hindhead. We are staying with very nice people who are gentlefolk and don't take lodgers as a rule. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis have another house in Hampstead, a motor car, a son in the Indian Civil - so that it is kind of them to have us at all. We have decent rooms, St. Andrews' is in a quiet part of the straggling village of Hindhead and in every way we are comfortable. It is a pity that neither of us can drive a car, otherwise we could have driven all over the county - since Mr. Ellis cannot drive! He is a rather curious person whose chief occupation is gardening and who once taught at school. The teacher's habit clings to him in that he is always explaining things in the manner of good Mr. Barlow in Sandford of Merton. I am afraid I am not such a good boy at Merton, for once at least I fled to a remote spot and indulged in peals of laughter. But the instruction that night was unusually erratic, as you will presently see. Mr. Ellis is a man of much information, correct as a rule, but he won't take anything for granted and Macaulay's Schoolboy would have been utterly bored with him - and occasionally he strays into dangerous and unknown ground with amusing results. The conversation that night was this -

Mrs. E. Have you ever been to any of Dr. Campbell Morgan's scripture schools at Mundesley? This year it is to be at Westminster, however.

I. Mundlesley is in Norfolk, isn't it?

Mr. E. Norfolk and Suffolk are so called from the North Folk and South Folk who were two tribes of the Iceni.

This was too bad, as to the best of my knowledge, the North and South Folks were German tribes of the Angles; while the Iceni were earlier Celts. The conversation went on to the sermons.

I. We got some good ones at Mansfield College.

Mrs. E. New College did you say? That is a good college, I believe.

I. New College is a fine one; but I was referring to the Sermons at Mansfield.

Mrs. E. New College was called New because it was founded after Christ Church which was the oldest college in Oxford.

This nearly made me choke, as Ch. Ch. comes nearly two centuries after New College which is itself a century later than Merton, Balliol and University I had to flee after dinner to have my laugh out!

However, that is only his foible - a pleasant man in other ways, though his exposition of the Acts each morning I cannot always agree with being chiefly of what are one might call the "verbal." type. Mrs. E. is not remarkable as far as I know; but there are besides a deaf old Scotchman and a rather delicate boy in the house who are neither of them much company. I do not work quite as hard as at Hawarden, so as to be in form for term, which begins on the 23rd. Perhaps on the 22nd I shall go to the House of Commons.

On Saturday we walked over to see good Mrs. Gurney who is very well and remembered all the little details of my stay at Oaken Brough two years and a half ago. It was my first vac. What times have been since I walked over the heather that Christmas eve! Work and friendships, wars and farewell: symbol of life! I have come to an end of my news and must stop. Much love to all,

Yours sincerely,

Kuruvila

P.S. Many thanks to Soseh for her letter. She'll have known that I did not quite forget.

Merton College

Oxford

April 22, 1915

My dear Apachen,

I'm back again in Merton - for the last time probably. And there's such a sense of relief when one gets back. My rooms know me so well now that the welcome when I return is almost vocal. But let me not abjure the chronological method.

There was nothing at all exciting all the time at Hindhead - except a walk to some little lakes picturesquely called Waggoner's Walls - all round which there is some of the loveliest scenery in Surrey or anywhere in the southern countries. We had tea at Mrs. Gurney's; one afternoon and met a Theological Colleges retreat - several members of which were old acquaintances. I left on Wednesday morning.

It is not a long journey to Waterloo, but I had first to convey my bag to Paddington and have it in the cloakroom, then partly retrace my steps to Victoria: since Burnett-Hall was coming with me to the H of C. I asked myself to lunch with him and we had a gorgeous lunch. His pater, an old colonel, looks very nice; but his uncle was of more decided opinions and had a franker way of expressing them. We hurried away to as to be in time at the House. The few minutes before the proceedings began we spent looking at the statues and pictures in the corridors leading away from the Central Lobby. Here were all the great masters of eloquence at whose words once upon a time men were swept away with enthusiasm and even votes changed. Here were Chatham, with his then almost feminine face. Pitt cast in a graver mold, Fox fronting them with his huge ungainly head and near him Murray, the famous Chief Justice Lord Mansfield; and in the Lobby itself Gladstone among a lesser throng. The pictures, many of them of attractive colouring represented scenes from English history - holding the speaker down in the chair in the year of grace 1629, Wolsey trying the divorce suit, the burial of Charles I and many others. Up in the high windows were countless coats of arms.

About half-past two I sent in a card to Mr. Whitley - and soon after he took

us in to see the Speaker's Procession. First came the attendant, then the Sergeant at Arms with the mace all gilt, then the speaker with a long wig and his train held up behind him, then his chaplain. As they passed through all hats were taken off; and when they had passed we rushed back, presented our tickets, signed our names in a book and walked into the Member's Gallery, which commanded a good view of the House. The House sits in a fairly large room, with rows of seats, five deep, on two sides certainly - probably on three, but I could not see the third as it was under my gallery. At the unoccupied end presides the Speaker on a throne under an awning. Below him sat three men in wigs, one of whom I believe is the Deputy Speaker. In front of them a long table on which lay the mace. On either side of this table are the Govt. and Opposition, the former to the right the latter to the left of the Speaker. The front benches as you know are occupied by the chief members.

There was a fair crowd as we came in - about 150 members in all at most of the Government. Asquith was away at Newcastle and Winston at the Admiralty - but Lloyd George was there, a shortish man in a long coat of an overcoat, McKenna, Tennant, Runciman and others. On the Opposition Bench lolled Bonar Law, with his feet far extended often on the table itself; the others I could not distinguish. Most members sat bareheaded, but some had silk top hats on, which they removed whenever they rose to ask a question and then put on again - why, I don't know. There were a few in khaki. The greatest informality prevailed. People went out and came in as they liked; they stopped on the way to whisper to the Speaker; they talked or listened as they pleased.

About halfway up on the walls, all round the room runs the Gallery, which is deepest on the side opposite the speaker where we sat. Above the speaker are the representatives of the Press, while the long wide galleries were practically empty - they may be reserved for peers or distinguished strangers.

The proceedings began with questions, notice of which had previously been given and which were all printed. Answers of course were given by members of the Government Bench. The most persistent questioners were Kinloch-Cooke, Hoppe, Ginnell. The last is the Mad Hatter of Punch (borrowed from Alice)! He almost invariably rose to put supplemental questions and the paper in his hand shook all the time, whether from age or rage I couldn't say! After questions came the "Orders of the Day" and first one on Munitions of War by Hewins. He prosed for a whole mortal hour in dreary fashion and when another opposition member began to second him of

length we gave up all hope of hearing Lloyd George and went away for tea. Lloyd George had previously said something across the table to Bonar Law and walked off, which led us to think he would not come back. But it appears he returned later and delivered an important speech on the question; it's a pity it was so late, otherwise we might have stayed on.

As it was, we went back for tea and then returned to Westminster to see the Abbey, but unfortunately it was closed, so I went to Paddington and caught a decent train to Oxford, arriving here at halfpast seven. All evening I spent in putting my room to rights and sustaining a visit from Buckland and went weary to bed.

A cloudy drizzly day. In the afternoon I called on Blanshard his digs and found Davison also there. Davison had been to Italy, Greece, Serbia, Austria, Germany and France in the last three or four months and was full of tales. Typhus, he says, is raging in Serbia and has carried off half the population - the country is only half-civilized like the rest of the Balkans. The Bulgarian Army is massed on the Turkish frontier. In Greece and Rome there is very strong feeling in favour of the Allies; but Austria is sick of the war. In the Carpathians, half the troops are Germans, most of the Austrians being massed on the Trentino on the Italian border. In Germany things are generally normal. food is plentiful except bread; but what they lack badly and what'll perhaps decide the war against them is ammunition. Many of the necessary components they cannot get with the seas closed off against them and they are now sparing of shells - which, everyone says, will determine victory. There is an enormous waste of ammunition needed for attack - at Neuve Chapelle the British fired nearly as many shells as in the whole Boer War. In that battle a company of infantry and some cavalry actually penetrated the German line, but not being supported they were cut off and made prisoners - hence the large number of "missing." He told us of a French officer driving a light car who came suddenly on a German armoured car. He let go at it and succeeded at tearing off a wheel which made the armoured car fall and the guns breaking loose all the Germans inside were killed. He alleges that the interned British troops in Holland have mostly come away and that a great many Belgians have. As soon as he got back the Daily Mail interviewed him on the internal condition of Germany! These marvellous papers.

Just two things more. First, in the killed in action list a few days ago was the name of the Wood - whom I knew quite well and who was the nicest of fellows. He was a Non-Coll and a History man and I have often had tea with him - it is sad to

hear of his death. The other, that on Tuesday last Mrs. Ellis gave me a card to Mr. Harvey, the Head Master of Prep. school in Hindhead and so I went through the place. Unluckily it was still vac. and so I only saw the empty shell. It is a small place - as most "preps." are - only about 30 boys - but the building is nice and so are the grounds. Of course at a Preparatory which prepares one for the Public School the usual age is anything from 10 to 14.

As Somerville Hall is being used as a hospital, the College has migrated to Oriel New Quad. They've bricked up the archway into the other quads where the men still continue. This is an unprecedented and amusing situation.

Let me close. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. This is a fairly long letter, I am happy to say.

#145

Merton College

Oxford

April 28, 1915

My dear Amachi,

The mail came on Saturday. I hope all the "examiners" as Government reports say - will be successful: from the letter they all appear to have fair chances. But to eliminate chance is at once a laudable end to aim at and a difficult one to attain.

So, the hot season is once again on you - I had a letter last mail from Mauleverer who is with the Fourth Dorsets at Ahmednagar. To tell you the truth, he writes, I am not very pleased with your country; as I find it rather a dull monotonous place, to say nothing of the appalling heat." But what else can the poor subaltern say when he is drilled every morning from six till one!

Here spring is late. Last year when term began the cherry was out in it's

snow-white splendour; this year it is only now beginning to dazzle. Of course the purple almond opens first, then the starry blackthorn, then the double cherry which recalls the purest Alpine Glories, then in the later spring lilac and laburnum and the fragrant may. The buttercups are not yet out in the meadows and the trees are still touched with only the faintest traces of greenery.

Still the weather is good; today is even hot - and I should be playing in cool flannels on the tennis lawn if I were not writing this letter and others. The exigencies of schools leave me hardly spare time except the afternoon from 1 to 4:30 - and practically all that has to be done apart from work must somehow be squeezed into the afternoon.

There is little news to relate. Sunday last I went to call on the Fyfes. Good time as usual; and I made bold to invite Mrs. Fyfe to bring Maurice and Margaret one afternoon to tea. They came yesterday and I asked Bulmer to help meet the invasion. It was great fun, though rather exacting; for instance, Maurice insisted on darkening the room by pulling all the blinds and curtains to, which frightened Margaret. We played at cats and bears till we were tired and altogether it was a charming interlude in one's ordinary life. Mrs. Fyfe of course, as usual, was delightful. This is the capital event of the week; for the rest I played tennis most afternoons, attended a C.W. Exec., arranged lectures with my tutor, went to College chapel, went on the river in a punt and generally behaved as one does in summer term; but I try to work more steadily than ever. By long experience I have found out exactly how much work I can do - and I never try to cross the line; but the amount of arrears often affrights me.

Keith Bryan is coming up for a few days tomorrow - his school only opening next week. I shall probably see a good deal of him; indeed I flatter myself he is half coming up for me - but more of that anon.

Though there are these preoccupations, occupations and expectations, yet there is also a vague general sense of comparative loneliness. All my best friends are away - Phil and Norman and Whitley. Victor who has had a breakdown won't be up till the middle of term. Bray is up but he is equally busy with schools; and I am perforce content with the few Mertonians I know in some degree - Bulmer, Blanshard, Burnett-Hall, etc. Many Mertonians are at the front and we have heard of two more being wounded.

I have a good instance of Fyfe's ready wit. Talk turned on Zeppelins and Zeppelin scares. Bulmer narrated an instance of recent happening: When the "gasbags" visited Blythe etc. the siren blew and everyone ran to the cellars and places of refuge. The next morning, he said, the mayor and mayoress were found under their dining room table. It is evident, Fyfe remembered at once, that they had not followed the King's example!

I have many letters from Kunju downwards for which I am very grateful but to which time unhappily forbids an answer. I hope they'll forgive me and wait patiently till after schools - that delightful time to which I now put off everything! I hope everyone is well notwithstanding the inclemencies of the climate. Much love from,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruwila

#146

Merton College

Oxford

6 May, 1915

My dear Apachen,

A hurried letter today - as I am afraid is usual with me in these strenuous times. 'Tis a pity the Indian mail does not come before Sunday as a rule, which would leave some time for a proper answer. Still one must do the best one can.

This week has not been very eventful except that Keith was here till today. He came last Friday and on Saturday we played tennis together at Mansfield. Sunday evening he came to college chapel and then to hall; and on Monday and Wednesday we were out on the river together. But he left today. It was pleasant to have him in Oxford and it is pleasant to think of meeting him again at camp possibly. The weather was fair on the whole though latterly it has tended to be misty and stuffy - yesterday was really oppressive. One felt the air close and burdensome - you could cut it with a knife; but today is happily better.

The river is becoming more charming every day - there's a fair shown of punts on the Cher, many Belgians whose early attempts are most amusing. We passed a boat yesterday in which the Belgian was trying to punt from behind, not at the side; and naturally the progress he made was rather circular than forward. As I passed we heard his companion advising him to imitate my style and we saw him anxiously gazing after us, eager for hints! I have to take Mrs. Moffat and her sister out tomorrow.

Which reminded me that I lunched at the Moffats on Sunday. They're all well - the children were away in the Cotswolds just before term began.

Phil is coming up on Saturday evening to stay till Sunday evening - he gets the weekends off from his training camp at Sevenoaks in Kent. It'll be splendid to see him again. Rex (Norman's brother) and his sister were up for a few days at the end of last week - I saw very little of them.

At this point I had to stop to go out - besides the college bells are ringing a persistent and most unusual peal in honour of some monarch's accession or death; they are some of the most musical in Oxford but are rung very seldom because it shakes the tower.

About Mrs. Royden's pamphlet I'm sorry to say I forgot to send it earlier; but I shall send it next mail - if I remember. It was out of stock when I inquired last term at the booksellers.

I am pretty full up with work now - but certainly not overworking lest I break down. I think it best to warn you all that my hopes of a first long flickering now almost gone out. I seem to know nothing as I revise and there really are subjects of which I know next to nothing. With luck I may do decently - not well - in Pol. Econ. and Political Science, perhaps in one European History paper and one special paper; but my special on the whole is very shaky and English history which is far the most important comprising no less than 4 papers I know next to nothing about. This ignorance is not due to much idleness as to a bad system of work when I came up first. I wish I had my present experience then! Personally and quite honestly I do not think I have the ghost of a chance of a first - so I hope you'll not at all be disappointed when the results appear with my name somewhere at the bottom. Of course I have had some disadvantages chief of them being ignorance of Latin which

would have helped me an awful lot.

There is very little else to write - indeed I can't think of anything. Spring is coming on rapidly - the cherry is quite out but seems somehow to have fallen below last year's serene glories; there is a lovely little double peach growing by the corner of the chapel; and all the trees are clothed in tender green.

Bradley, the philosopher, who is a fellow of Merton is up this term - a tallish, serious-looking man with a white beard and grave polite manners. He reads in the garden every afternoon.

Hope all at home are well. With much love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#147

Merton College

Oxford

13, 1915

May

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I was quite surprised to hear Ammu wears glasses and of the general failure of eyesight of Anjivedu! Whatever does she want to do it for? To inspire terror or respect into the rest of us poor mortals with such adornments!

I have more to write this week than usual. In the first place, Phil came up on Saturday evening. I went down to the station at halfpast five to meet him but there was a great deluge of soldiers as soon as the train stopped and in the crowd we missed each other somehow, but it was pleasant to find him in his rooms when I had rather disconsolately walked back. We had a happy time together, on Saturday afternoon we went a little way up the river in a punt and lay in drinking in the calm, beauty, then we called on the Fyfes and after dinner he had to go back to Seven Oaks. He looks

very fit and is going to Windsor to join his regiment in a day or two. As there is not much chance of his getting out to the front very soon we may meet again. He showed me a letter of Norman's, who is enjoying himself at Le Havre - organizing footer matches, cutting up cakes, selling stamps and even writing letters for unlearned but homeloving soldiers. There came a little note for me from Whitley who is doing much the same kind of work at the same place.

The other excitement was meeting the Corleys. I was surprised one evening to find a letter from Corley saying he had called and found me out and could I arrange to meet him at Witney sometime. I said I could go on Tuesday afternoon and so it was arranged, but that morning I had a wire saying he'd call with a car. When the car came it was full - Corley, Mrs. C., her sister and the two children Phyllis and Michael. I crowded in and we drove off not to Witney but to Bayley Wood, about three miles out of Oxford which belongs to St. John's and therefore open to Corley as an old John's fellow. We wandered over the lovely place, wandering over violets, primroses and veritable seas of bluebells under the trees making a marvellous contrast of soft colours. We listened to the birds and had a gorgeous tea to which Mr. Early, Mrs. C's father, came up. As we could not all get into the car, C and I drove back three-fourths of the way and sent back the car to the others while we walked on to Carfax. He is feeling very well now and is going back at the end of the month leaving his family behind; it was good to meet them again after three years. But Mrs. C. and the children looked so pale and the latter especially is serious - not at all like children brought up in England. I wonder whether I shall meet the Moffats - they are expected to arrive sometime towards the end of this month or the beginning of June.

The weather having been very good for a month has changed and it is raining hard today. I hope it'll clear tomorrow as Merton has a tennis match on against Mansfield. Breakfast this morning with Allan Gaunt where was also Robinson of Serampore College now in Oxford.

Well, I have again run dry. It's now only four weeks now to schools and I am at it steadily - but it's like trying to climb Olympus, my ignorance is so stupendous. However, I am not worrying at all, nor overworking of which I am constitutionally incapable, for if I work ten or eleven hours one day I break down altogether the next. My tutor is not altogether as gloomy as he has lately been but even my optimism cannot rank my chances high! I shall probably do not very badly in European History I. Political Science, Political Economy or perhaps Political History II - and even that

depends on the questions; but the others are hopeless. Never mind, we shall not worry ourselves till the results come out - perhaps toward the end of July.

The sinking of the Lusitania has created rather a stir here - the lower classes in the towns have been rather agitated or perhaps they have found an excuse to cover their prejudices. In any case German shops have been broken into and looted all over the East End of London - and the government will probably soon take drastic measures. The case of the naturalised alien is very hard. He is supposed to share all the privileges of the citizen of birth but in such a crisis he is regarded with suspicion by both sides - and the popular prejudice runs strong against him. It is difficult to know what conduct is equitable and at the same time practicable.

No more to be spun out of a bookridden brain! Love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#148

Merton College

Oxford

May, 1915

19

My dear Apachen,

The mail this morning brought the homeletter as well as the cheque. I am sorry my letter withdrawing the request came too late - and I do not quite know what to do with the £30. Shall I keep it here or shall I send it back? Perhaps you'll tell me what to do in the next letter.

The weather has been uncertain of late. Thursday it rained uninterruptedly from midnight - and it even snowed at night for a few hours, an extraordinary occurrence in May. On Friday it was dry and warm though hardly bright. Saturday was doubtful and Sunday decidedly wet. I hope the rain will bring on the flowers which are decidedly late this year. The may's are not out yet - the green buds are only beginning to whiten now. The lilac has at last opened and I saw the first laburnums

today. That is, things are about a fortnight behind. And spring is advancing slowly - though Addison's Walk is already a woodland paradise, and the buttercups sprang up in - the meadows in a sudden day.

It was fortunate Friday was fair - our tennis match with Mansfield was fixed for them. We lost by the narrowest margin possible - chiefly due to a mistake in dividing the couples, for our first pair walked through the Mansfieldians with the greatest ease. Blanshard and I won only one game out of three - but we lost another through sheer slackness. It was quite an amusing afternoon. On Saturday I had tea at Robinson's rooms in Mansfield. On Sunday I called on the Genners and found only Mrs. G. in.

Thursday

I have unfortunately not much time to finish this letter in; but here's a hurried recital of events. On Monday afternoon I had tea at Bradley's. He has married during the vacation and is moved from Mansfield to digs in St. Giles. Mrs. B. looks very nice and pleasant and of course B. is a most charming man. We were to have gone out on a punt on the char but it rained steadily all day. On Tuesday nothing worthy of note. On Wednesday there was a little meeting in my rooms for three quarters of an hour immediately after hall. K.J. Saunders (sometime of Trinity College, Kandy - then Y.M.C.A. secretary in India - now doing Y.M.C.A. work in France) talked of the needs and opportunities for Y.M.C.A. work in India, Egypt, France and England to about half a dozen men. I think he gained one or two recruits for India. They want a dozen men for work among the territorials in India for a year.

Well, that is all the news. I enclose some stamps for Kunjunju; I can't get a decent album in Oxford. Alas a photo of Phil and Norman taken in my room, which gives a much better idea of the former than the one I sent a few weeks ago. Which reminds me that he is now abed with German measles and will have to stay at home for a fortnight. Leslie Johnson of Magdalen appears in today's list of wounded and missing. The officer's casualty lists contain hardly ever less than a hundred names nowadays - one wonders whether the war will come to an end from sheer lack of men to fight on either side. Dicky Brook is coming back sometime this week from Le Havre.

I wish could write a longer letter but am afraid I should stop now. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

#149

Merton College
Oxford
27 May, 1915

My dear Amachi,

There is just time for a short letter, though I'd gladly write a longer one. Business first. I got the drafts alright and I am asking my bank to send back, not £30, but £25 as I think it'll be safer to have a little more money, as I'm not sure when I shall leave England. If I have a large balance then I shall entrust it to the bank to transmit to India in preference to taking it with me.

For Mr. Hoare: Blanshard is still up working at his thesis. Swarty is in Union Theological Seminary, New York. The other man is probably Hayes, engaged to Miss Kelman, and doing Y.M.C.A. work at Le Havre, France.

I am very sorry to hear of Unnosolis' death. It's a pity you cannot go to Mahe but Feroke, I trust, will be sufficient compensation.

There isn't much news on my side. A few days ago there came the news that Harold Woolley of Queen's had been awarded the V.C. He followed me on the Exec. as Secy. for D.P.M.'s and when he took a commission I was turned on to the job again. Only a few months ago he was back on leave, and I met him suddenly in St. Catherine St., but was passing him by as an unknown officer when he hailed me. He looked very fit then and said he hadn't seen much actual fighting though he had been in the trenches. Since then he has had his fill. He once threw away a live bomb the Germans had sent into his trench and saved his men. In the recent attack on Hill 60 by the Germans he was the only officer left, all his superiors having been killed or wounded. He had at first over 100 men but they were soon reduced to 20, still they kept the enemy back till relief came. For this, a well deserved V.C.

The other event of the week has been the return of the Prodigal - in this case, the Chaplain, Dicky Brook. He came back last Friday from Havre looking very gloomy. He said it was such a different atmosphere and he found it impossible to settle down to books and pupils after preaching to soldiers in France. He hopes to go back during the long vacation. Monkers, he said, was very flourishing, and a letter I had from Whitley says the same. The Chaplain came to brekker with me on Tuesday which was indeed a round of gay dissipation. For I lunched at Streeter's with two other members of the Exec; and then a sudden and bold idea invaded me. So I calmly marched up to the Fyfes and coolly invited Mrs. F. with the children to come on the river. To my delight she agreed and so we punted up to the rollers, had a picnic tea and so returned. It was the first time Margaret had even been on the river, Mrs. F. said well, then my dissipation was over. But no - when I was sitting on the J.C.R. writing a hurried letter after hall, someone called for me and when I went out, to my intense surprise met Ochen. He was up in Oxford for the night and had come to see me. His work in London is nearly over - his thesis is nearly ready; and he expects to be back in India early next year. He might spend a few months in Oxford studying economic problems - and he had come up to arrange that he was looking very well and seemed cheerful. George has gone to America to do some research work for the University.

On Sunday afternoon I called on the Tods. Tod says results will be published before the middle of July - so that my viva will probably be in the first week of July. There are only 53 men in for History this year - 4 from Merton; and 40 have entered for Greats. I am increasingly hopeless of doing well.

That's all, I'm afraid. I hope everyone is well. Much love from,
Kuruvila

#150

Merton College
Oxford
June 3, 1915

My dear Apachen,

A very short letter this week I am afraid - so probably next week too - but after that I hope they'll resume normal drineusions. There's so little to tell I gave 25 pounds to my bank to send back to the Bank of Madras to credit to our account.

The only news is a visit of Phil's. He came rather suddenly on Tuesday, but I had to play tennis in the afternoon; and as a matter of fact I could only see him at odd times, because of work. Yesterday evening we both had dinner in the Chaplain's rooms and he left this morning. I have got some good photos of his but they are too large easily to send.

The Hoggs are leaving on Saturday - the Moffats I shall not see till after schools, if then. They are in the south of France just now.

I feel more and more helpless about schools - I seem to know so little and I am simply relying on luck now - which does not often come to one's assistance. Once again I must prepare soon for dissappointments. I am of course perfectly cheerful though not very fit.

On Sunday afternoon I called at the Provosts, Worcester - but found Joe was only coming the next afternoon - so I shall have to call again. The Moffats I have not seen for ages; but these are strenuous days.

I can't think of anything else - and I haven't the energy to write commonplaces! Please forgive me. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#151

Merton College
Oxford
10 June, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks indeed for all your good wishes - it's a pity the result depends on myself rather than on you, otherwise I should be a sure first.

This'll be the shortest of letters, because I am very busy. But we have had the first two papers - I can't send them because I shall want them to work on for my viva. Constitutional History II came first and was a shock because I was prepared for I. I did only three quarters and rather badly. But I should think - Constitutional I was better though hardly satisfactory and I hope for nothing better than $\beta+$. I did four questions. They very decently told us the order of the succeeding papers - which is an innovation but which helps a lot. We were in All Souls Hall - history and law men - about 80 history and 30 law.

I felt so bad the end of last week that I had to go away somewhere. I thought I might go to Clifton but Nat had some guest just then: as at last I went to Malvern. Tis a pretty place, but I must write a long letter next Thursday and tell you all about it. I came back on Tuesday worlds better - in fact it made all the difference, otherwise I should have broken down. I had been feeling bad the last fortnight but am now quite all right. On Tuesday evening I dined at the Fyfes; they're awfully good. Yesterday afternoon tea at the Genner's and then I rode round to the Moffats where Margaret has measles; so I just looked in and then came away. And today schools.

I am cheery - in fact boisterous, and don't care a bit what happens. I might with luck do better papers in Political Science, perhaps Political History I, European History I and Economics; but all the others will be thoroughly bad. However will wait and see.

Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#152

Merton College
Oxford
13, 1915

June

Thanks very much for all the letters which I cannot answer in detail yet. Of course, the most engrossing subject now, in spite of the war, is schools. But I am afraid as yet I have no very cheering news to send. The Constitutional Papers of Thursday might have been worse - especially the second I reckon on β - and β + on them. On Friday we were treated to English Political History. The first one was fair and might be marked β +; but the second, for which I was badly prepared in any case, was in addition a ridiculous paper - full of questions on architecture, literature, etc. I was hard put to it to find a map, but at last drew a pretty little map of India and marked a few British factories on it on the strength of memories of Indian History now four years old! I did an architecture question on the earlier paper, however, and drew a vile map of Ireland. The second political paper if it is not a gamma is a β --. But it was some comfort to feel that all the English History, for which I have read so many books to so little purpose, was over altogether. On Saturday we had an easy day - Political Science in the morning - a fairish paper but unsatisfactory general questions, perhaps β ++ and then the translation paper in which were two bits of French as usual - the first one about rivers of scenery in which were several words strange to me, the second an easy narrative bit from Taine. It's only a pass paper and I think I should get through. It was a two hour paper but I only took an hour and a half. People began leaving at the end of the first hour.

We are in All Souls Hall - long and spacious. In front sit the Law Men, including Subbarayan, Shahani (Newcoll.), Porter (Queens): then the History men - many I know: Buckland, Culpin and Watson from Merton, Tyndale (Worc.), Davis (John's), Brabant (Ball), Khosla (NewColl.), Gidvani, Higham (Oriel), Hawkwofe (NonColl.) and others. Behind us the women. One of the examiners always superintends - in gown and hood and white tie, a costume we follow except for the hood. The horrible hardhearted fellows correct our previous papers as we sit writing and I can see the judicial expression on their faces; turning anon to severity like judge putting on the black cap. However, I smell my rose and settle down to the paper.

I hope long before this arrives Kunjunju and Kunju will have had satisfactory news as to their exams.

Thursday, 17th

On Sunday afternoon I called again at Worcester - only just in time. For Joe and her parents were leaving the next day to stay in a little cottage near Salisbury

plain. He father is in camp on S.P. - he is now a brigade major. I met them all and then Joe took me for a walk in her garden. I was presented with a whole garden of flowers, most of which I shed covertly when there was a chance. At last I had to say good-bye. She came down the terrace walk to the corner with me and then ran back waving her hand and saying she'd see me again at Oddington. I wonder whether I shall ever see her again.

I rushed back to chapel - my last Sunday evening chapel. I heard and saw little. Still, as for centuries, the old glorious prayers uprose, still the Word was read, still the Choir chanted the praises of Him for Whose lauding the Chapel was fashioned and the College founded. I shall never hear them again in the old place.

This is a letter of "last things." Let me conclude this section with to-days ball which probably be my last.

On Monday we had the two Foreign papers - the second Part I did badly in, the first tolerably $\beta+$. On Tuesday morning, Pol. Econ. I had expected to do decently in this but it was a queer paper. All the pure economics questions were about Mill and his antiquated opinions which I knew little about; all the Economic History questions on obscure topics none of which I had cared to look after. The result was that I did quite an unsatisfactory paper - $\beta-$ or even gamma. The first special paper was some compensation - it was better than I thought, and should be a $\beta+$: it might have been an α and but they value special papers strictly. The second special paper had seventeen compulsory gobbits - ie. little extracts from the books to comment on - which took up over 2 and a half hours of my time, and I could only manage to end up with half a general question. β

You will see from this there is scarcely a single good paper - and I therefore think I have not a chance of a first. This is my serious opinion. But with luck I should get a second. My English history and Pol. Econ. let me down badly.

Well, the thing was over on Wednesday at 12.30. I came out for the moment hardly knowing what to do. The need for some sort of expression of the relief was claimant. I rushed back to College and yelled for about a minute or two at the top of my voice; then I went into Lowson's rooms and made an awful row with a walking stick; then I met Buckland on the staircase, aimed a cushion at his head and we had a good fight. After some more of these vagaries I changed and played tennis for four

hours on New College grounds with Rom and two other New Coll. men. We cycled back to his rooms and found Nat there who was up for a day or two for the Mansfield Old Students' Reunion. Then hall. Then Watson and I were on the river till after ten. I went to bed feeling as limp as a rag.

It was really an infinite relief. It was as if one had been bearing the world on one's shoulders, Atlas-wise, and the weight had suddenly dropped off. It was like being suddenly released from a dungeon where one had never seen the sun nor the blue sky nor the flowers of the field for many days and years. It was as if a nightmare that had sat heavy on one had suddenly vanished. All this term I had felt bound to my books, chained almost as irrevocably as the old folios in the library. I could not read a novel without outrageous compunctions of conscience; I could not play tennis after tea; I could not go on the river after hall, I could scarcely leave off when the head ached and the eye swam - (or is it the other way round). Especially during Schools I was working hard - only kept up by tonics and the excitement of the thing. Now it is all over - and Oxford is over too.

The viva is on the 15th July - rather late, which means results about the 20th. I shall work a week or so before the viva, that's all.

Vacation plans are otherwise vague - it's all vacation now. Bulmer and I are going up the Thames in two canoes the first few days. I shall probably spend a few days in town seeing the "sights" which I have never regularly done. The last week of July probably at Swanwick and the first of August at Mattock Boy's Camp which I must go to once again. Nats' to be there too - which will be fun. These are the fixed dates - the intervals need to be filled in - I cannot even sketch them now.

Phil's at Tunbridge Wells and has got inoculated. The battalion probably goes trench-digging somewhere in a few days, he writes. Mrs. Monk-Jones very kindly wrote - to wish me all success in schools - and so did Monkers from France, Dodd and others.

I spent part of today going round some of the shops trying to get picture postcards and prints of Merton and Oxford. I have got some lovely prints of the High, Merton tower and Magdalen tower. I shall also get a few books about the college and university. My idea is I cannot have too many of these, partly because they will be so constant a reminder of the days I spent there, and partly because they'll be difficult

to procure once I leave England. Amachi wants some pictures - I wish I knew what her taste runs to. For myself, I am keenest on the Renaissance Italians. The Medici prints are simply exquisite but they are prohibitively expensive. However, I shall try to make a modest collection.

Tomorrow morning, Nat is coming to breakfast; in the afternoon I am playing for Merton v. Balliol; in the evening I am dining at the Johnners' and so are his other pupils.

There's nothing more I can remember to say. So much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

Send this at once, after perusal, to Kunju or Georgekutty.

#153

Merton College
Oxford
24 June, 1915

My dear Amachi,

I am glad you all had such a jolly time at Feroke - the change, the freedom, the new occupations and delights must have meant a great deal for all of you. I have been living on the river too - but all in due course.

On Friday evening all his pupils dined at the Johnners', five Merton and two Univ. men. Conversation during dinner was animated though confined to two or three people and mostly about the war. All shades of opinion were represented from the mild pacifist to the fire eater - passing through the intermediate stages of "There's-a-good-deal-to-be-said-for-Germany" and "We-are-fighting-for-civilization-and-international-law". Mrs. J. is rather deaf, though a woman of mark, being head of the Oxford Home Students which corresponds in the case of women to the Non-Collegiate Delegacy for men. The Johnner was in form too and passed drastic

comments on our various views; but he was nice and kindly, not a shade of gracious or ungracious condescension but as an equal among equals, rather *primus inter pares* - no more. It was quite enjoyable altogether. We all regretted that some of Mrs. J's pupils weren't asked too - she was the only lady.

On Saturday afternoon Bulmer and I packed up a few clothes and the needful utensils, loaded our canoe and paddled up the Isis. We made tea on the bank past Godston and stopped for the night at the Chequers Inn at Bablock Hythe (11 miles). The second day, we had a leisurely time and after a delicious bathe arrived at the Trout Inn near Tadpole Bridge about four. Then we walked to Church in Buckland - a pretty church. The Trout Inn, I discovered, is kept by an old Worcester College scout. Monday morning we set off at a great pace and reached Lechlade by two or three. We replenished our stores and then walked to Fairford where we had tea. Train back. We left Lechlade at seven intending to sleep at Castle Eaton Inn, seven miles higher up. We had been warned there had been weeds in the river but did not anticipate anything bad. It was alright for two miles and then the trouble began. In places the river was choked with weeds and the canoe had to be pushed over them by main force - long matted weeds they were with white flowers looking for all the world like ice fields in Arctic pictures. I took a photo "to witness if I lie." It was tiring and disheartening work and the light was waning. By nine we saw a house on the bank and Bulmer who went to reconnoitre came back with the news that it was Kempsford Vicarage and that the village which was quite near had inns. So we ate a hasty dinner, dragged the canoe ashore, shouldered our bag and walked to Kempsford. Even after this time there was one awful moment when both the inns said they could not have us. At last we were fortunate enough to discover a house where they had a spare room - and slept the sleep of the just.

We abandoned all hopes of ever getting to Cricklade - our original objective - and turned back. On Tuesday we paddled hard and covered 22 miles sleeping in the May Bush Inn near Newbridge. The wind was rather against us which made fairly hard work at times. The next morning we started off on the last stage of our journey - fifteen miles to Oxford. As far as Northmoor, it was hard, but beyond that the wind caught us aslant - except in the little bit between Eynsham and Pixey Mead where we had a stiff breeze against us. At times the river rose in waves like a sea and it was all we could do to make any headway. However, by dint of incessant paddling we arrived at the Merton Barge by halfpast two in the afternoon.

Except two dinners and a tea all our meals were eaten aboard or on the riverbank. We spied out some suitable spot, moored the canoe, stepped gingerly ashore - for canoes are tender creatures and subject to a perfect passion for upsetting - seized our apparatus, lighted the stove, boiled the kettle, and the eggs, sliced the bread, spread the "table" and fell to with great gusto. Occasionally the wind kept us waiting half an hour for boiling water but as a rule things were more expeditiously managed. For dinner we had tinned meat and fruit - for tea and lunch biscuits. Mealtime was not only a satisfying of the hungry appetite but a resting of the wearied limbs.

As a rule we ran through level meadows, the streamside fringed with rushes or tall grass. A sluggish river is the Thames - except below weirs or at sudden corners - and the bottom weedy or muddy. There is a heavy fine for bathing except at certain times and places and it is difficult enough to find really good places, but there is little risk of detection if one exercises a certain discretion. It is a quiet valley. Sometimes we fled for hours without glimpse of fellow men - only the fat cows gazed suspiciously at us from where they stood in the shallow water cooling themselves. Up to Bablock Hythe it is prettiest, I think. You have Wythan Hill on the left all the time and the towpath is flanked by crowds of clustered white daisy, and anon among the green flags peeped up a sudden golden head where the yellow iris bloomed. There's scarcely a single village on the whole Thames above Oxford up to Lechlade - here and there an Inn where highway and river meet and crossed; here and there the glimpse of a church through the willows; here and there a farmhouse with the ducks sailing on the water and clattering away as we approached. Above Lechlade it is even more desolate. We passed not a single boat of any description after half a mile above the corner where the Colne runs into the Thames. The tributaries - Colne, Leache, Evenlode, Cole, Windrush, are very small streams - scarcely wide enough to allow a canoe. The Thames itself is always a broadish river.

If one had time, there are many places of interest near the river. At Bablock-Hythe (sweet name) the scholar Gipsy, you'll remember, crossed the stripling Thames. Kelmscott is where William Morris lived and died. Lechlade has a history. Fairford on the Colne is famous for its church. Perpendicular in style, as many Cotswold churches, it is not as large or ornamented as Lechlade; but it preserves most of the original glass of the 16th Century - and the glass is a glorious sight. I have never seen anything to approach it except perhaps in the great windows in Milan and King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The design is ascribed on an insufficient tradition

, to Albrecht Durer, the great fantastic German artist and they are full of weird demons. In the great window of the Last Judgement the devils are far better imagined - than the angels for the latter the conventional form is too set to be abandoned, but for the former all our strangest imaginings are relevant material until there emerged monsters as great as Leonardo da Vinci painted on the shield. It is a curious thing, is it not, that the best is always presented to us in one shape alone - the human shape - and all the meagre additions to it are trifling and immaterial. Angels have wings and so have devils and when was angel ever conceived as anything but a beautiful child? But their rivals have Protean shapes. There are devils as men and devils as dragons - and from every creature of the earth and from the sea the artists borrows some feature for the spirit of evil. Is this because the evil is around us lurking at all corners, ambushed in the coming minutes, clad in myriad robes? Fra Angelico painted angels well because he had seen them - and to those prophets of old to whom they were realities of everyday life they appeared not in the form of man only but in the guise of beasts. We have lost that vision.

Fairford, Phil and I had proposed to visit from Oddington, but vainly - it was too fair. So I was glad to see at last. Lechlade Church is fine too, the spire especially notable. Of course all these are only small country towns with scarcely more than one or two long streets and an inn or two. But beyond Oxford you pass through Abingdon, Maidenhead, Reading, Windsor and London itself.

There are fourteen locks between Oxford and Lechlade - at each of them we paid threepence. The lockkeeper's houses were often surrounded by perfect dreams of gardens - one especially I shan't easily forget - a paradise of roses, it was, and rosy-cheeked children watching us shyly.

Wednesday afternoon we were back. At halfpast four I rode of to the Moffats. Dr. Mrs. M. were away for a few days in Glasgow, but I waited for the children to come back from school, then we had tea and cricket.

Most of next week I shall probably be in London, Hampstead. London is perhaps the safest place of all as far as Zeppelins are concerned, because it is carefully guarded - and in any case it is a danger I share in common with an eighth of the people of this country. I have never seen the sights of London - the British Museum, Tower, Westminster Abbey etc - and now is the time - or never. I shall probably call on the Monkers family - and may see Dodd and Phil. The week after

I shall probably stay with Nat in Bristol: then with the Subbarayans near Burford. Then the viva. Then a week before Swanwick. After Swanwick, Mattock - I may take my degree if I get through - on July 20th.

That reminds me: the law results are published. Subbarayan gets a good second, might have had a first but two bad gamma papers. Poor Shahani failed outright, mainly for lack of Latin, I believe. Porter has a second - two firsts. We had no one in from Merton. The Cambridge results too. Krishnamachari, to my great surprise and disappointment, has only a third in Natural Science, Part I. Desai whom I know slightly has a first.

I do not know that there is anything else to say. I can hardly undertake any ambulance work here, because they won't have me except for a long time after regular training and I hardly feel capable of that. Besides I am unequal to continued strain of any kind - all I do is by bursts and I grow tired soon because I do things nervously. Further the viva means some work. I should have liked to go into some school - some schools are badly off for teachers - but can't very well do it, because for one thing I am an Indian and for another can teach no Latin. The quotation from Dr. Miller's letter leaves me unmoved, I must confess.

I had intended to write to Kunju, Ammu and Sarah to congratulate them but this is such a long letter already that I have no time to do it directly and must do it my proxy. Hope all their successes will continue. I am awfully sorry to hear about Chrysos and Kochunyu. What happened to Joseph Eapen or didn't he appear? Nor do I know anything of the fate of the Gideons - but shall probably soon hear.

Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

June
24, 1915

My dear Apachen,

To wish you a very happy birthday and many returns of it equally joyous. I

am sorry I am not there to give you my loving good wishes but they come with all the more affection from overseas. I hope the years may bring us weightening of the burdens but happiness, content in the sense of hopes fulfilled and aspirations satisfied. This'll always be my wish and that of all the others, I am sure.

Once more, all joy. I wonder whether you'll like the book. Much love from

Yours affectionate son,

Kuruvila

#154

Merton College
Oxford

2, Holford Road
Hampstead
London, N.W.

June 30, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Somewhat I feel rather slack and unequal to a long letter but I shall try my best.

I should not be surprised if last week's letters come only with this mail, because I am afraid I posted some of them too late. The usual time for the Indian mail in London, was Friday afternoon, in Oxford 3 PM. - but a fortnight ago without any warning that I noticed, they changed the latest hour for posting to 7 AM. in London. I believe I only posted my letters on Friday morning in Oxford. They must have therefore missed the mail.

Oxford I left on Friday afternoon with Bray whose schools were just over. Apparently, he was not quite satisfied but the examiners were, because this morning's paper has the results and he has a first with four others out of a total class list of 11. Merton had only one man in and that for Maths. Mods. - Turner -he is a first too. Queen's College has almost a monopoly of Maths. men and they have done remarkably well too - 2 firsts in Finals and four in Mods. I arrived at 2 Holford Road about eight thirty and had a late dinner. I found not only Chacko in residence but, to my surprise, also Krishnamachari who after having taken the Natural Science trip

Pt 1 in Cambridge is appearing next week for the London Inter:Science.

I came up to town with the sole intention of seeing the "sights." It is a pity I did not visit them in my first year, because now all the chiefest treasures are stowed away in vaults and are not to be seen. Nevertheless, I could not leave England without walking through Westminster Abbey or the British Museum. On Saturday morning therefore began the tour. Chacko and I started off after the approved fashion by going first to Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks exhibitions. It is even more historic than Jarley's; but I seemed to be too old to admire it wholeheartedly. It is certainly an admirable collection and the figures extraordinarily lifelike - especially modern characters like a policeman or Lloyd-George; but when one sees William the Conqueror and King John the sense of illusion is very difficult to maintain! In many ways the most interesting part of the exhibition was Napoleon and the French Revolution relics of which there is a large and striking collection - the Waterloo carriage, the Emperor's orders, clothes, letters, etc. - the original guillotine I think appeared too. The Chamber of Horrors where all the great criminals are ranged seemed to me merely a disgusting show, rather than terrifying.

Next, the Wallace Collection: with splendid armour etc., and a goodly array of pictures but unhappily mostly of the Dutch School and the French. Some good Greeizes, though I do not admire him much. My beloved Italians were conspicuous by their absence. One Madonna of Luini's shone like a star amid the earthborn Flemish masters - but that was about all. There were some fine Murillos and I think a Velasquez or two. It is curious how the Madonna of Murillo is a Spanish girl with dark hair and dark eyes, the Dutch Madonna is a stolid hausfrau, but the Italian seems to compass a wider range and to transcend a merely national type. Those Renaissance painters had soul, idea, a sacred imagination - and that is why in spite of all their crudities of drawing and design they are in a class apart.

On Saturday afternoon I called on Phil's people without any previous notice. The result was that I found only one of his sisters in - Margaret, the most sociable one. However, we talked and had a tete-a-tete tea and talked again till six when I reluctantly left sorry to have missed his mother. She, sent me afterwards, however, the kindest of letters. With the Monkers' however I had been careful to ask when I might call on Mrs. M. J suggested Sunday lunch. So I went there about one - it is an hour and a quarter's journey from Hampstead, being the other one end of London. Lunch was vivacious, owing chiefly to the energies of Enid and Arnold. Arnold is the

youngest one, only about 16 but already in the Sixth at Dulwich. Enid still a girl looked different at first sight from my memory of her - but I soon discovered the reason was she had crossed the Rubicon, taking the momentous step of putting up her hair! She ragged everyone. I didn't talk much but had one argument with Mrs. M.J. As soon as it began, all the family urged me to give in because "mother will have the last word!" After lunch I stayed on till tea time and then rose to go. It was mere pretence, however, and a very little pressing induced me to reconsider my intention. So went to church and then I stayed on to suffer finally leaving at a quarter to ten.

They were awfully nice, in fact that is the chief charm of the family, that they are so unaffectedly cordial and always seemed so pleased to see one. To me however there was an additional delight - it is the nearest to home I have ever experienced in England. At the Micklems, at the Wills etc., the composition of the family differed so largely from ours - the Monkers' came nearer. Mr. M.J. is a little man and very kind and amusing at times but I think the children mostly follow the mother. Of course Rex and Norman were both absent, and Mrs. M.J. was palpably proud of them that I was rather amused - not that they aren't awfully nice fellows. She was good to me and gave me an invitation to stay if ever I came to town again.

On Monday morning I effected a junction with Burnett-Hall and the combined forces invaded Westminster Abbey. We could not quite finish the vast place. Frankly (and leaving out Henry VII's chapel for the moment) I was rather dissatisfied with the Abbey. It is one vast collection of monuments of all ages, shapes, sizes - Angevin, Tudor, Jacobean, modern - plain slab, bust, figure, group - a little inscription, a thirty foot canopy. There are several hundreds of these monuments lining the transepts, nave and chapels thickly. A great proportion of them no doubt commemorates great and worthy men. But the impression that I at least received was that of a great museum, rather monotonous at times; and the gleams of "churchiness" came in infrequent and seemed incongruous. Even the fact that several times a day the troop of sightseers are driven out for services fails to make the Abbey seem a place of worship. If it's treasure of dead men had been distributed among ten churches each of them would have been famous. As it is, the minister is buried in the mausoleum and that is crowded with detail for good taste.

I could not well help making this deprecatory criticism, but no man can work there even for a minute among the ninety dead without being stirred - for here are the bodies of "heroes" of all sorts - orators, statesmen, warriors, poets. The Poet's

Corner is particularly memorable - from Chaucer, Spenser, Deyden you pass on to Tennyson and Browning, not counting scores of other great names.

We could not see all the abbey at once and King Henry VII's chapel had to be left for another visit. I lunched at Burnett Hall's and in the afternoon we went to the National Gallery. It is a splendid collection but, naturally my Italians were far less favourably represented than in Florence and Rome. Besides all the finest paintings had been removed. Still there were some good Botticellis, and of the English School a few glorious Turners - mere blotches of colour at a yard off, full of worlds of suggestion from the other end of the room. Never was there a colourist like him.

Tuesday morning I went down to Westminster Abbey to meet Burnett Hall; but he only came to say he was going away to Weymouth in a few hours. Thus alone I gave up sightseeing for the day and visited the old 21 Cromwell Road and had a talk with Mr. Arnold about Indian students etc. Wednesday morning writing letters, but in the afternoon Chacko and I went to the British Museum and inspected the ground floor. To my disappointment, the Elgin marbles - being the frieze of the Parthenon in Athens - had disappeared. In the section of ancient sculpture the museum will - not bear comparison with the Capitoline or the Vatican but there are some fine things. The Egyptian rooms are numerous and unrivalled as far as I know; but I ran through them very hastily. You never know how tiring great museums are till you have been through several. In Rome I used to come back in the afternoon absolutely played out - and for any adequate examination of the British Museum, I had no time. The thing to do was therefore to leave out and everything that did not interest me and spend time on the rest. So my few hours were experienced in the classical section - sculptures, Roman domestic life, Greek vases etc. and in the English Historical section. I almost completely left out the Oriental, the Egyptian and the Ethnographical Sections. Greek vases there were in great abundance and of great beauty - but the noblest of them all, the Portland vase was away. The exhibits displaying ancient domestic life were amusing. Would you believe it - the Romans had dolls and jointed dolls - even dolls' houses perhaps, for I saw miniature chairs and benches! While lead soldiers and horses are as old as the Assyrians. But most of these I only saw this morning. In the Historical Section - not it's proper name - there were beautifully illuminated transcripts galore, a splendid series of autograph letters of many great Englishmen - eg. Macaulay, Dickens, Nelson and countless others - many manuscripts of books, eg. a page of Meredith's *Egoist*, a manuscript copy of Gray's *Elegy* by himself, the manuscript of *Kenilworth* etc. Then there were early printed bibles and

books - Shakespeare's First Folio, several glorious Celdines and some early Greek printing which was perfectly wonderful. Seals of the Kings of Scotland, charters and all sorts of curious exhibits.

This morning - after "finishing" the museum I went to the Tower - the greater part of it not open to the visitor but I saw enough for a good idea. The ancient keep - was the White Tower - is an Armoury now. The Regalia are kept in a room in one of the towers - I never saw nor hope to see such a mass of gold and jewel, several crowns blazing in light, massive maces, saltcellars, plates, the orb, all in gold - hardly an ounce of silver anywhere; also the several orders, Garter, Star of India, etc. It is a marvellous sight.

On t'other side of the gateway is the Bloody Tower which is full of historical associations and where according to traditions the two princes were murdered. On the green in front stood an old scaffold on which fell the head of Ann Boleyn; but far the greater number of political prisoners were executed on Tower Hill just beyond the outer wall. I am too weary too describe all the history and architecture of the place.

That brings things up to date. On Saturday or on Monday I shall leave town and spend the fortnight after with the Subbarayans near Burford and perhaps with Nat. Then the viva. Results perhaps on July 19.

I hope everyone is well at home. Congratulations to Kunju on her success. I got quite a shock when I heard Ammu is top girl or Captain of the School. My vague idea was to forgive the insult - she was in the second form or so! But I forget that she has been growing since August 1912. And Sarah in the Fifth Form! What is the world coming to next? Perhaps I shall hear next mail that Sarah is the Principal of the Women's College and member of the Senate! Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#155

Merton College,
Oxford
July 7 1915

The Vicarage
Little Barrington,
near Burford,

My dear Apachen,

The Indian Mail has not arrived yet - so I cannot answer the homeletter. Nor is there very much of my own to say. It has not been a very quiet week but the restlessness has been more of motion than of action - if such a distinction may be drawn.

On Thursday evening I had a telegram from Phil suggesting a visit to Wrotham (Kent) - I immediately answered it and on Friday morning set off from Victoria and was in Wrotham by lunch time. It is a charming little village near Maidstone, on the London-Dover road; and Phil is billeted in a jolly old farm called Palace Farm because once upon a time it was part of the palace of the Archbishop. There was another subaltern there, Dawson, a Dulwich man who should have come up to B.N.C. last October but for the war. On one side there were chalk hills and from there were splendid views of the country below. Between the farm and the crest of the hill, ran the once so crowded and gay Pilgrim's Road, now a mere track, the Pilgrim's Road to the shrine of St. Thomas Becket at Canterbury. We walked for a short way along the road on which Chaucer and his company rode and told tales. There was nothing to do at Wrotham. Fortunately, Phil was inoculated and was off duty Friday and Saturday - on Sunday he had not very much to do; so that we saw a good deal of each other. Normally he goes off at nine with the rest of his company to the top of the hills where they are digging trenches which form the second line of defence of London - a very dominating position indeed. He has lunch out there and returns only to tea; but all the evening he is free. It was jolly spending the weekend there and I was sorry to leave on Monday morning. I arrived in Oxford about five travelling by an appallingly slow train in Beaconsfield and Tiddington instead of the usual Reading route. Two hours I spent in finding "digs" - after vainly seeking them in Grove Street, Merton Street and other places more or less near the College, I at last turned to Wellington Square. Of course there was nothing to do in Oxford and after hearing from Subbarayan that he could have me I repacked and left Oxford on Tuesday afternoon. Train to Shipton under Wych.... to Burford from where I was driven to Little Barrington where the Subbarayans have taken the empty vicarage for the vacations a pretty, quiet little house - quiet except for the birds that sing as in spring, with a charming little garden and a little lawn. There's a little baby in the house, a nurse, the Subbarayans and another Indian besides me. It is a change after London, the restfulness will help me do a little work for my viva.

Which reminds me: the Greats Results are out. - six firsts and a great many seconds. Oakley (C.C.C.) who tied with Whitley is the only one of the firsts I know at all. The only Merton man in, Hawkes, has a second. Faussett (C.C.C.) a rather cranky fellow whom I knew slightly, failed outright - he is clever but must have spoiled his papers by his eccentricities.

The weather continues fine - though there was rather heavy rain this morning, which the farmers will welcome. The weekend at Wrotham was oppressively hot and even today, at the present time, I look out on blue skies across which the white clouds are racing: and the smell of the roses comes in on the cool, pregnant breeze.

This seems all that there is to say at present - and indeed had to write a day earlier than I intended. The mail leaves this forlorn village on Wednesday afternoon, and is I cannot wait any longer for the home mail. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#156

Merton College
Oxford
July 10, 1915

My dear Apachen,

The Indian mails have been rather delayed as of late and this week's hasn't yet come.

The address will tell you that I am back in Oxford now. Little Barrington was charming, but I left on Saturday, mainly because of work. The Subbarayans have a delightful house which they have rented for the vacations or longer, with a pleasant little lawn or garden. Tis an idyllic and idle life. The baby is only a few weeks old but Mrs. S. is able to get about easily now - otherwise I should not have dreamed of going. In the mornings I worked at history or puzzles - being uniformly successful

with the latter, while history gave me anxious moments! In the afternoons, at least on Thursday and Friday, the men walked to the village of Windrush and played tennis at the vicarage. The Vicar, Mr. Willis who is very deaf is I discovered an old Mertonian. As soon as we found out we were as thick as two thieves in conversation. His is an ancient generation - he rowed in the 1880 boat - which few things have survived to my day - except the shrine and the tradition: but that is the soul of the place. The Vicar's wife is at Oddington, is past playing herself; but the daughter plays well. There were also other visitors and we had some energetic tennis - and, unlike Oddington, splendid teas. It was really very pleasant. I had left my bicycle behind, as I could not explore the country round as I wished to - even Burford Church I failed to visit, an omission that I must remember to remedy.

On Saturday noon I came back to Oxford; and sought and found Pip in Grove Street, which connects Merton Street and the High. I am therefore in the centre of things and which is reasonably quiet - conveniently near Merton which I go to a dozen times a day; good meals and clean rooms and not expensive. I work more though still erratically, because they may ask you anything under the sun and preparation seems of little avail when attacks may be made on any point of such an extended front. I may have an hour's viva and an extra paper to do; but on the other hand I may only have three minutes pleasant conversation with four middle-aged gentlemen. Buckland and Culpin who went in yesterday - had an hour each - and the former is depressed, the latter is elated as a result. Personally, I think they both have a chance at a first, they are at least sure seconds. Brabant had a similarly long viva for the same choice. But Gidvani, Bathiya and crowds of others had short ones. I think I shall have only a short one - as a more or less safe second. There'll perhaps be 6 firsts and 30 seconds.

July 14

The mail has just come in and there's a single letter from home. Sorry to hear Kunjunju had to go to Mangalore - it'll reduce the homecircle still further. This morning's paper has the announcement of Charles Macrae - killed in the Persian Gulf, poor fellow. He was such a big man and looked so handsome and strong when I saw him last year. Mrs. M. will be glad Kenneth is still at school.

The other day I met Garrod at the Front Quad and he told me he'd just been talking to one of my nominees. He would not tell me who it was but I pressed Mowat (C.C.C.) correctly. But Garrod would say scarcely anything more though it was

obvious he had inquired and had been told about my papers. It was most tantalizing. However, I have only to wait until tomorrow now. Garrod, by the way, is engaged in the new Munitions Department I remember my early prejudices against him - I used to regard him as a shallow cynic, clever but blind to the lasting loveliness of life, a poetaster, a bear; as a matter of fact he seems to be a rather shy but exceedingly amiable man, whose ways are lonely and who walks them with a soul above or below the generous intoxication of enthusiasms. So many dons are leaving Oxford now, a great many temporarily. Of course the Moffatts are going away for good; I called there on Saturday afternoon and lunched on Monday. I took it you knew all about Dr. Moffatt - he's a man of established reputation in New Testament criticism; one of the most widely read and really learned men in Oxford, learned after the minute and encyclopaedic fashion of German professors. Scarcely a don in Oxford but has some book to his credit: Garrod, e.g. has edited several Latin authors, the Oxford Book of Latin Verse, and published volumes of poems and essays: Fyfe has edited Herodotus, I think; or perhaps Thucydides. How is an old hand at the black art.

The garden is open all day now - for the nurses, who also have the cheek to play tennis in Fellows' Quad. The days are fine and every day Oxford shines forth in summer glory. St. Mary's stands for all the aspirings skyward, the never ending play of fancy and imagination and enthusiasm, the deep religion, the inner sanctity, the forlorn loyalties of Oxford; and beside it the Radder dome signifies the peace amid flux, the unchangeableness amid momentary mutations, the age, solidity, permanence, power, eternal attractiveness, unending youthfulness which every steadfast soul must feel in this city of fulfilled dreams. But dearer than these and speaking in more touching accents to me stand Merton - and every time I see the great tower and the dark line of ancient lights in the chapel and the curving College front I realise that in a sense I am leaving Oxford behind me, that she had more to tell me than I have listened to, that life here has been so much a lost opportunity, a fairy palace which I have passed with averted and unseeing eyes. How many things would be different if I began it all again now; but that is the perpetual penance we do for experience. And yet Culpin told me yesterday that he was going down satisfied, that he had got out of Oxford all that he wanted. Did his aim fail of the ideal if his achievement equalled it?

'But, after all, even if one wanted to talk about sensations like these, it is so difficult because they are so impalpable; felt rather than analysed. They elude synthesis and flee like the deer in Magdalen Park at the softest steps of trackers.

Shadows they are of that brooding Spirit of the place - shadows which time and circumstance cast on sensitive souls that pass along her streets; but herself unseen always envisaged - Queen, and gracious, but celestial whom eye cannot see not ever chisel or hand so cunning as to carve her image. This must sound such vapid nonsense perhaps to you but it is hard to realize how Oxford possesses her sons. They come to her with hope and glamour in their hearts willing to be suddenly dazzled and smit dumb. But she deals tenderly and slowly and you are perhaps disappointed at first, counting her of the common herd, not perceiving that she is laying her spell upon you -until at length in the days of parting, you, grown self-conscious, feel the bonds that bind you to her. But what silly stuff I am writing!

However I have filled a respectable two sheets - and as the fount has run every day there's nothing to do but stop. Love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#157

Merton College
Oxford
July 15. 1915

My dear Amachi,

I had my viva this morning. Here a full and true account. The nine of us appeared at 9.30 in B.N.C. Hall. The four examiners were seated on the farther side of the High Table and there were four chairs placed on the other side, one facing each of the examiners. Urquhart as Chairman called out our names and we answered. Then he asked four of us to stay, three to come at 9.45 and two (I being one) to come at ten. So I went away and walked in Merton gardens till ten when I hurried back to B.N.C. We two opened the door and went in and found a man being viva'd. So we sat down gingerly near the door. Presently the other man was dismissed and Urquhart called me. I went up and Barker motioned to me to sit opposite him. I sat down

feeling very nervous but strangely enough very lightheaded also. Barker began: Mr. Z. you say in one of your papers (it was English Political History I, which he had open in his hand) that Duns Scotus is claimed by Merton. Now why do you say that?

I. "Because his ghost still walks in the library!" (as soon as I had said this I stood abashed at my own temerity). Barker smiled: "But that's the way these legends grow I was two years in Merton and never saw it. Did you?"

I. "No, but we have also his portrait in hall".

B. "Do you know whose ghost walks in St. John's?"

I. "No, unless it is Charles I's."

B. "No, no - someone who was President early in the 17th century."

I. "Oh, Laud."

B. "Yes; does Merton claim any other great mediaeval men?"

I. "Wyclif, but that is rather doubtful."

B. "Where did Wyclif really belong to?"

I. "Balliol, perhaps."

B. "There's no 'perhaps'; he was Master of Balliol. You talk of the influence of the Crusades on castles. What exactly was it?"

I. "Concentric castles."

B. "That's what the books say, but I think it is doubtful. Do you know of any concentric castle in Normandy?"

I. "Chateau de Gaillard" (a slip, the "de").

B. "Yes, Chateau Gaillard - but that shows French rather than Crusading influences. Where were you educated, Mr. Z.?"

I. "Madras University, sir." And in answer to further questions that I had taken my degree and was a Senior Student. Then -

B. "Mr. Z., the examiners desire me to compliment you on your papers. You reached a high level and maintained it throughout. Thank you."

And so I came away. The Johnner, whom I told the story to, asked me whether I minded losing some money. I said I couldn't afford to lose much. Then he said he's bet me 10 to 1 that I wouldn't get a First. I asked him in what. He said, in pence, smiling! He then warned me not to be too certain lest I be disappointed - and that in any case I should get a good second. I am to lunch with him on Sunday.

This at least seems certain - that whether I get a First or a Second I shall get a good First or a good Second because the viva itself was purely formal in my case and could not affect the class. And if Barber was serious, I think it likely that I may have a First. I was awfully surprised when he complimented me - it was really an ideal viva. Results will probably be published on Saturday next.

Thats' all. Love from

Kuruvila.

#158

Camp

Swanwick

Derbyshire

28, 1915

The

July

My dear Apachen,

Another short letter - I am afraid - but let me see how long I can make it. Of course it would be easy to describe the meetings but of little interest to you. The camp itself you'll have some idea of from last year's letters. So I shall only put down one or two new things. This year there's only Swanwick instead of two as usual - only a score or five and twenty Oxford men instead of seventy or eighty. The women of

course are in full strength. There is alas a more subdued air than usual - owing to the war. The weather has been alas viler than usual. Yesterday there was a very respectable thunderstorm for England. The rain fell in such torrents that to save the tents from being flooded we had to dig trenches all round; so that the camp this morning resembles pictures one sees in the papers of Behind the Lines in Flanders!

We are at Swanwick - I mean the visitors! There are the Bishops of Oxford, Lichfield and Bombay; also the Bishop elect of Tinnevely (Canon Waller) who at yesterday's Prize Distribution was described as a sort of bay bishop and presented accordingly with a tiny pair of socks in place of gaiters! There are numerous missionaries from India; Hunt (Travancore) R.N. Potts (S.P.G. Madras), D.G.M. and Miss Leith (Madras) and others. There is Kenneth Saunders of the Y.M.C.A. There is S.K. Datta who has been in France with the Italian troops. There are T.R. Glover (Camb) who is shortly coming out to India (Y.M.C.A.) and Canon Streeter (Oxford). Nat is chairman as last year. R.P. Wilder who remembers coming to Calicut years ago with McConaughy and was surprised when I mentioned seeing him then - and Miss Ruth Rouse are both present. There are various secretaries of Continental movements, especially de Rougement (Switzerland) and Rutgers (Holland). The latter wears a sage green suit and a glaring yellow seamanlike coat and is therefore called The Omelette! His nautical appearance gained him a prize in the shape of a red herring yesterday! Scotland has sent us Dr. Cairns and Dr. Mackintosh. Cairns had to speak at the Sports on Scottish Body-Snatchers. Glover on the Bunny-Hug in Babylon and Streeter who has a beard on Safety Razors! There are numbers of foreign students, chiefly Belgian and French - but a fair sprinkling of Russians, Poles and Norwegians. These have their own conference in French alongside of the larger one.

Whitley came up on Monday last - being home on a fortnight's leave from Le Havre. He gives rather cheerless accounts of the condition of the base camps in France and the work of the Y.M.C.A.'s is more than needed. Herbert Selbie is in Oxford I with me, as are Bulmer, Michael Davis (St. John's), Dick Graham (Magd.).

Tomorrow morning I am going to the Boy's Camp. The boys will arrive only on Friday afternoon but there are tents to pitch and officer's meetings to attend. There are more than 50 boys, as the camp should be rather jolly. What is more, most of my particular friends are to be at Matlock I.

'Did I write that when I was in Oxford last week I took several photos of the Fyfes - some of which came out rather well. But they are left behind in my rooms. My own photo, a copy of which I enclose, is passable but not good. There is another - which is rather better - in a more slanting position, but I have not got a copy of it here, but when I get back to Oxford I shall send one home. Allen gave me a book - which was very good of him. He also took me to the Sacristy and the Muniment, but these I think I described last week.

There's nothing more I can remember. So with love to all I close.

Yours affectionately,
Kuruville

#159

Merton College,
Oxford

Camp
near Mattock
Aug. 9 1915

Paragraph spacio

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the homeletter. I am afraid this will have to be a very short one indeed - partly because there is not very much to write about, chiefly because there is very little time. We are leaving for our excursion soon and between whiles I have to play in a tent puddox match. (Here puddox intervened and the match took longer than I expected there are only a very few minutes left before dinner. And I must go to the excursion for various reasons - so the letter will be even shorter than I expected to make it.)

I left Swanwick on Thursday morning - train to Ambergate and then walked to the camps where we found two tents up and most of the officers at breakfast. All that day and most of the next we were holding officer's conferences and putting up the tents. Fifteen bell tents and several marques. On Friday afternoon, several of us walked down to the station, the train came in presently and out poured a crowd of boys - old acquaintances and strange faces. Eric was there and Hugh Clark and Keith Bryan. We all walked back to camp together, then ...

It has been a lonely camp till now. There weren't many officers I knew. Nat is one. The adj. is a capital person. J.R. Smith, the commandant new but not halfbad, the Chaplain Shillito a jolly person whose rotundity is the one

standing joke of camp. Among other tent officers are Fairhurst, universally known as "Fairy" - full of comic attitudes and jokes, Roderick Clark - Peckham Rees is Doctor. (Dinner and time is up.) It is a shame to write such a short letter - but I hope to make amends next week. Love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#160

As from
Merton College
Oxford

Hampstead
August 12, 1915

My dear

Camp is over and I am again in town for a few days. Camp is over and a mere memory now but it was one of the best camps that have ever been - fine tone, fine fun. The officers were on the whole most satisfactory - I was the weak link in the chain. The boys were splendid though I made few new friends, chief of them being Charles Blackshaw, a boy at Rosrall School. My tent was ripping and we did rather brilliantly - if with a sort of ineffectual brilliance - in sports. We were in the finals of the swimming and lost to a better tent; in the semifinals of the puddox and lost to a worse tent through an unaccountable collapse in the second innings. In the inlay race our man came in first but dropped the hankerchief and was disqualified. We were first in the six-legged race but one of our men loosening his hand we were again disqualified but a hankerchief loosely tied, slipped - disqualified again. We adopted new tactics in the man-behind-man race and came in first - but our tactics were questioned and our victory disallowed. In the finals of the elephant race, when we were winning easily, our elephant stumbled at a drop in the ground and fell - lost again. We got rather bored at this dogging of ill luck, but the sackbumping broke our curious record of disallowed victories and we did win it. In the tug of war we got to the finals and were pulled over by a much heavier team. It was an extraordinary achievement for a single tent and was mainly due to Gracie - a man who is going up next term to Jesus, Oxford - one of the very best, but all the others cooperated. Besides Gracie I had Hugh Clark, Gardner, Pearce and a little boy called Warden -

all ripping fellows.

Our excursion was on Wednesday - a great success. The singsong in Crich Square was curtailed out of deference to the feelings of the village which has sent a great many men to the war; but in Wingfield we had a great time. As usual there was fancy dress and many strange costumes were seen. Nat wore a bishop's robes in yellow and red and blue - presented to him as a rag prize at Swanwick and outshone all the rest. But there were Turkish ladies, medieval archers and Japanese and bloated noses innumerable and many suffering merely from an excess of rouge - painfully and permanently blushing. I daubed my cheeks with red and going through Crich Hall heard one urchin remark knowingly to another - "Here's a blackie, not a real one." This was immensely flattering - they imagined me in disguise! Sports came on Friday and my tent were orderlies Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon however the weather became decidedly worse and continued so till Sunday afternoon when I cleared up a little. On Monday morning of course we all left, I, with the desperate feeling that it was my last camp.

The chapels were awfully good this year - especially Nat on the two nights he spoke. My turn came on Sunday morning; but besides as tent officer. I had to lead tent prayers each morning and evening. The chapel services were never long and gave the tone to the whole camp. The singsongs were good too - especially with "Fairy" as stage manager and Nat and Shillito the Chaplain, as Editors of the "Matlock Muckrake." Eric sang once or twice and generally enjoyed himself immensely though he patronized the canteen too constantly! He and little Lawrence returned to Oxford under my care. Camp is a wonderful institution - only about twenty years old but already reaching a high level of perfection. I am awfully keen to introduce it to South India.

At this point the post came in and brought the Indian letters. Thanks so much for all the kind congratulations, it was good for you to let the Christian College professors know. I had a letter from Mr. Corley just now in which he advises me to join in all the All Souls Fellowship; but I am afraid that it is impossible for many reasons; and I am not at all sure they are offering one this year.

On Monday afternoon I returned to Oxford and went to the Moffatts for tea. Their carpets were up and things generally in the unfurnished condition preliminary to moving to Glasgow. Eric was bubbling over with camp and we played puddox,

but at last I had to say a long goodbye. It was perfectly sickening, 13 Lathbury Road was like home to me all these three years, and they have all been most awfully kind.

Also I met Fyfe. On Wednesday I came up to town to see various folks at the India Office and the Board of Education, but they were mostly out today though I hope to see Mallett tomorrow. The letter has unfortunately to be posted tonight. But I can outline the alternatives. I am not at all sure whether they are offering any posts in the I.E.S., just now. If they are not and it is possible I have an idea of staying on a term as the master in a English school. We have no public schools in India and a term will give me some inside knowledge at least of the working of a public school - knowledge that will probably be invaluable later on. I have always been keen to understand the thing - and now seems the best chance. I am writing to Reverend William Temple, once headmaster of Temple and the Archbishop's son, now rector of St. James' Piccadilly - he knows a great many headmasters and might be able to put me up to some job - if it comes off, and is as you see very provisional indeed - I shall return in December; if not probably next month. I am leaving London tomorrow; my plans for the immediate future are rather vague although there are several indications.

And now I must close this letter - as it is time to post it. Much love to all and many thanks for the congratulations.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#161

Merton College

Oxford

17 August, 1915

My dear Apachen,

The Indian mail has not come - it takes almost regularly three weeks now. But

I should be able to fill a letter without it's aid. Vacation, at any rate gives me something to write about; though I would rather be in Oxford in term than roam hungrily about in vacation. Not, however, such another term as the last two or three - not terms those as Oxford men know it, but pale shadows, bloodless ghosts devoid of vitality and the effervescence of life. But even ghostliness has it's advantages - you are at home, have the run of the house. The essence of a ghost is that he stays in his old haunts, it is the spectre that stalks abroad. So with all it's shortcomings, last term one was at least in Oxford, but now, like an exorcized devil, one is condemned to a perpetual restlessness. But here shines forth the virtue of a cheerful optimism. You cease bemoaning the exile and study the stranger.

This is what I have been doing. On Friday afternoon I left London and arrived in Dover about halfpast five. The distance is less than 80 miles but the trains are slow. Hugh Clark met me at the station and we walked down to Taswell House, away from all the noises of the town and well on the slope of the hill which the castle crowns. The immediate neighbourhood is almost a tribal colony. Half a dozen of the nearest houses are peopled by cousins and uncles. Hugh is an only child and so there are only four of us in the house. His father is in some sort of business, what exactly I have been unable to guess. I am having a jolly time in Dover.

On Friday evening we walked up to the crest of the hills and overlooked the harbour. Aeroplanes rose and flew in almost bewildering numbers - there are several sheds near Dover. One solitary airship flew gracefully over the town. In the harbour were a large cruiser and many destroyers - small black purposeful articles these with small black gun muzzles showing out. A corner of the harbour is divided off as a small submarine harbour and there lay a few of the deadliest of modern weapons of war - sleeping gently as if they never heard of torpedoes. There were minelayers and minesweepers - all the pomp and circumstance of war; also it's pathos - three hospital ships, red cross on white, lay alongside the quay.

On Saturday we "did" the town - the college first. This was a very large school, 150-200 boys, but part of the buildings are the remains of an ancient priory, St. Martin's Le Grand and I mistake not, dissolved by Henry VIII. The chapel is old and looks rather dark and bare; but the hall, one time refectory, is a large and charming place. The library is over the ancient gateway and is surprisingly small. There are only four houses, one of day boys. Of course Hugh goes to Dover College and so do or did the Bradleys, his cousins. Then the town hall - a considerable

building. A train ride to a neighbouring village, River, and another to the Admiralty Pier. We met the Braddes' in the afternoon, they had rode up from Shepherdsville, a village six miles off where they are holidaying. We arranged plans for Monday. I should also mention that I saw two hydroplanes go off. They are just like aeroplanes with two or three floats below. They were pushed into shallow water, the engine started and after skimming the water for some time they rose in the most beautiful manner imaginable and flew far away rapidly. It was a pretty sight.

Sunday was rainy and quiet; but Monday was far more exciting. Early in the morning Hugh and I started off in a bus to Canterbury. We took in Ronald Bradley halfway along, David B. and a friend of his came up on a motorbike. Arrived in Canterbury about halfpast ten. First we visited the cattle market, then preceeding. Oxen, sheep and pigs were being sold by auction. A decent ox ran to £30 or £35, I forgot the prices of sheep and pigs. Then we walked to the Cathedral. It is badly shut in by crowded and narrow streets so that from the High Street - or indeed from almost any other part of the town - it is impossible to get a decent or any view at all of the great church. The close is quite small compared to Wells, for instance.

The Cathedral is of tremendous size, but it is difficult to get a proper impression of it's size. The town does not give the cathedral a chance. Inside, the choir is almost completely shut away by a screen and is much higher than the nave -so that a continuous perspective, such as is the glory of some cathedrals, is impossible. There isn't much detail of ornamentation, but a great mixture of styles; the nave almost pure Perpendicular, the rest Norman and transitional. There were several monuments to several Archbishops, Benson and Temple among the later ones, Becket, Hubert Walter, Stephen Langton among primates of an earlier time. The crypt is in very good preservation and very extensive, the cloisters interesting. From the cathedral we went to an even older Church, St. Martin's part of which is Roman and then on the river for a short time in a rickety tub - a narrow stream of which I have even forgotten the name. Tea and back.

August, 1915

1 8

I meant to return to Oxford on Tuesday but was persuaded to stay. In the morning Hugh and I rowed in part of the harbour in a boat; in the afternoon we went to the village of Shefferdsville, six miles off and had tea with the Braddesses, who are spending their holiday there. They were all very pleasant, though David was away in London, Ronald was in great form. There I had my first ride alone on a motor bike

- very much like a bicycle to balance but deliciously fast. Today but little was done in the morning. But in the afternoon I went to Ashford by train to Dodd, sometime of New College - but now a private in the R.A.M.C. - for the first time since last August and perhaps for the last. I heard there a few details of the Zeppelin raid last night. One went over Ashford and dropped about twenty bombs, most of which fortunately fell into a back garden and but little damage was done. Another passed over Walthamstow, Watford and Catford. It's a pity I missed seeing the Zeppelin, which, however avoided Dover.

Thursday

This morning I left Dover after a very enjoyable week and came on to Oxford. Tomorrow I hope to leave for Burford for a few days with Subbarayan playing tennis and riding about in his new motor car.

There is only one other thing to write - and that is of my London visits. First, I called on Rev. W. Temple, sometime Headmaster of Repton, now Rector of St. James, Picadilly, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Kenneth Saunders. I wished to ask him about my idea of spending a term in an English public school to study it from the inside - if any school will have me. Unfortunately he was away but I have written to him although no answer has yet been received. If the plan succeeds I shall have to stay on till December. The public school has always interested me, and I am convinced that some time, sooner or later, is bound to make it's way to India. Hence an appreciation of it's working is invaluable to an intending educationist. But it is all very much in the air.

The next was to the Board of Education. Howarth has got a commission, so Cookson, an elderly Magdalen don, sits; in his place. He was awfully decent to me. The only vacancy which is at all suitable is that of Professor of Political Science and Economics at Presidency College, Calcutta. I hate to go far away but I shall perhaps apply in a few days. Then there will be a Selection Board which will interview the candidates and recommend one to the Secretary of State who may accept or reject the recommendation. In any case I have to stay on till the Board meets - perhaps in August; perhaps only in Sept. Lastly, I saw Mallett at the India Office - a visit of ceremony only. There doesn't seem to be anything more to do except wait. Perhaps things will be clearer in a fortnight.

It is nearly mail time - and I am tired travelling. Much love to all,

571

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#162

Little Barrington
near Burford
August 24, 1915

As from
Merton College
Oxford

My dear Apachen,

Thanks for the homeletter. There's very little to write this week. On Friday I came up to Little Barrington, cycling over from Shipton. On Saturday Subbarayan and I went for a long ride in his new motor - to Kingham, where we found an expected cricket match in which he was to play postponed. Whereupon I persuaded him to return via Stow and Northbeach. So we ran along the Stow road and I stopped the car at Oddington and paid a surprise visit to the Alexanders. They told me Joanna was then in Oddington, so I ran to the Daniels' cottage and met them all. Captain Lee has gone to the front again, so Mrs. Lee is back in Oddington. Then we went through Stow and along the Roman way to Northbeach and then back home. The car took hills beautifully and was altogether satisfactory. I should have mentioned that on Friday afternoon Mrs. Conley and her two children, drove over to tea - so I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting them. Michael thawed after a bit and we were just making friends when they had to leave. I am also getting to know the Hurst's children, especially Esther. Here is necessary an explanation of a lateral branch of a family tree. Mr. Hurst is the squire of the place. Mrs. Hurst was Miss de la Hey, sister of the de la Hey of "Newington", Madras and of Miss de la Hey, now Principal of the Government Women's College, Madras.

Sunday. Little Bamington Church; Congregation consisting of seven children, one old woman, an organ pumper and I, the Vicar alas playing the organ. Monday, a ride to Aldsworth, a neighbouring village; Tuesday tennis at the Willis'; today we are going on a long motor ride to Lechlade and Cirencester, coming back through Bibury.

I think I mentioned I had some ideas of a term as master in an English Public School. I wrote to the Rev. W. Temple, late headmaster of Repton, now Rector of St. James', Piccadilly, London. He said there were no vacancies at Harrow or Winchester but asked me to write to the Headmasters of Shrewsbury School, Epsom College and Dulwich College - which I have done. But it is very doubtful if anything will come of it. As for the date of my return, it is impossible to say anything now - because the selection committee may meet in August or September, and it is advisable to be here when they do meet. If I do not get a mastership and if I have to stay here some time longer I may want a little more money, but I shall write again when the future is clearer.

There's little I can think of to write. Life has been very sleepy and quiet all last week, next week may be more eventful. Forgive this very short letter. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#163

Merton College

Oxford

September 1, 1915

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the homeletter. There is nothing in it I need answer now. I am glad the viva pleased you - but on the other side is Barker's opinion that he was not sure I have the qualities which win an All Souls fellowship (perverse originality and paradoxical epigram). He is perfectly correct in his estimate. Urquhart, the Chairman, wrote very nicely of me to the Johnner - as you will see from the absurd certificate the Johnner sent me, with the note, "My dear Z., Don't be too much puffed up by the enclosure"! It is curious that Urquhart attributes fluency and shallowness

to the average Indian - curious because it is so true. I shouldn't be at all surprised if Bajpai, for instance, lost a First because of too much striving after rhetorical effects. So many of them are clever but do not understand the Oxford spirit and system. Our minds have no adaptability, are singularly inelastic - this I have often noticed.

Bajpai told me the other day that I had nine α 's and an $\alpha\beta$. Two of the α 's he alleges, are $\alpha+s$, one for my special subject; the other seven α 's are of different sorts, is pure $\alpha-$ or $\alpha=$. The $\alpha\beta$ is for Political Science which I should certainly not have selected as my worst paper if the report is true, it is quite decent.

Also with the help of a judicious bribe to the porter of B.N.C., I secured the original and only authentic Modern History class list - with the actual signatures of the four examiners - all in Latin. Precious document.

The last week was very eventful. I do not think I chronicled the events of last Thursday. The Tennis Tournament came off in the afternoon. Subbarayan and I motored over to Kingham, had lunch with the Willis's there and at one the tournament began. There were nineteen mixed couples in for tennis and over thirty people to play croquet. The tennis pairs were divided into two divisions and each pair had to play eight games each with every other in the same division. Handicaps. My partner was a Miss Charles - a nice girl, and we had a huge handicap. With this we went in and beat nearly every couple that played us, drawing twice. But as games, not sets, were counted we lost at the end by a few games to Miss Willis and her partner. In the other division Subbarayan and his partner won. Nearly everyone came in motors, half the gentry of the neighbouring country were there - the Samudas who live at the huge Brucerne Abbey, the Hon. Daly's etc. Curiously enough there were also Miss Johnson of Oddington, but I did not meet her. There were several boys, two of whom I talked to were from Repton and Lancing. We got back quite late.

On Friday morning I was to leave. It was arranged that I should motor me over to Witney with my bag; and at eleven we started. We had hardly got 10 yards when the car got stopped. Investigation revealed the cause - one of the valves had jammed up; and it was obvious that I could not catch the 12 train. I was anxious to get to Oxford early as I was to go up to town early to meet Phil. It was no use cycling over because I had to take my bag. The Burford bus did not leave till late. The solitary trap of the village was away. In this extremity we suddenly realized the Willis's were proposing to motor to Oxford on Friday afternoon. So we ran over and

asked them whether they could take us. Fortunately they could and instead of a ride to Witney I was brought to Oxford and the Broad Street at three in the afternoon. Delightful ride. Train at halfpast four to London. At about seven I was in Streatham shaking hands with Phil who had just arrived home on weekend leave from Tunbridge Wells. I spent my first night at his home.

I have described his people already. Father very pleasant, mother perhaps rather disappointing but what right have I to criticize her. On Saturday afternoon and evening we spent at the Monkers' whither Phil carried me on the back of his new motor bike. Norman is back too for a fortnight and Rex on weekend leave; the former is in great form although rather tired looking. His latest was that he had shaken hands with a princess. Princess Patricia, it appears visited the soldiers' sports in Havre. Norman was introduced to her as one of the organizers. On crossquestioning it came out that he had taken off his hat and then put it on again and said, "Isn't this fun?" So we laughed at him. Sunday a rainy day. Awful sermon - breathings, threatenings and laughter against the Huns. At night Phil had to go away, which he did on his motorbike. On Monday morning I said goodbye to the Johnstons and shifted to the Monkers' for a day. They are all very lively - and even with Enid and Arnold away we made a respectable din. On Tuesday morning I left and reached Oxford after lunch time. Tea with Fyfe; three other Mertonians appeared, Bajpai, Muller and Davison. Today, tea at the Fyfes again, but Mrs. F. and the children at home. Tomorrow I leave for 7 days in Oldham with T.H. Oldham.

You know of Godley's Army, I suppose - a volunteer corps of decrepit dons, college scouts and boys organized by A.D. Godley, Latin orator to the Varsity. Well, recently the Devil's Own, otherwise as known as the Inns of Court volunteers composed of similar derelicts encamped for a week at Radley near by. One of their lords is Owen Seaman, Editor of Punch. The two armies had a field day and an attack during which O.S. was taken prisoner by a Belgian in Godley's Army. A perverted version of this see in Punch of August 25th. Godley is the writer of light verse.

Another story, Sir Walter Raleigh, our Professor of English Lit. recently visited America. At the other end an American had been instructed to meet him who only knew the name of the visitor and that he was a tall man. So as the passengers came along the gangway he stopped all the tall men and inquired, "Are you Sir Walter Raleigh?" At last he came to one who answered, "No, but I am Christopher Columbus just stepping on to the New World?"

My plans hang fire. As regards the Indian Educational there's nothing to do but wait till I hear from the Board of Education. They only appoint as vacancies occur and as I wrote last time at all suitable is the Professorship of Political Philosophy in Presidency College, Calcutta, for which I have applied - though reluctantly. If I went to Bengal I should feel all my experience of the South wasted - and there is no doubt the two people are utterly different. I might as well stay in England. However - : The Public School mastership - Dulwich and Epsom have no vacancies. Shrewsbury but the faintest chance of one. To Dr. David of Rugby to whom I wrote replied a trifle more hopefully, but nothing is done as yet.

There the thing stands. I can't return until I hear from the B. of E. As for the money I have enough for the present - and it takes such a long time to get any from home. So, if I need any, I shall borrow £5 or £10 from Subbarayan, which seems an easier solution. This is a long letter and has taken a lot of time. So I must stop now. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila.

#164

Merton College
Oxford

Edinburgh
September 8, 1915

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter; and all the local news, being chiefly squabbles. I shall be much obliged if you could tell Mr. Woodhouse that I do not think much of revenue or administrative work. I am afraid it is one result of Oxford, that I am rather suspicious of other people's opinions, especially about things I know nothing of - and sometimes I have a warmer feeling than mere suspicion. Who are these Jacks-in-Office that their opinions should form our inviolable principles? I hope this does not shock you, but I have been simmering for a long time and it was bound to come out sooner or later. I am grateful for advice from anyone who knows and

cares, and prepared for argument, but this lordly dogmatism (which has sway simply because of our ridiculous education) is too much for me. We are never taught to think the "educated" Indian is not a rational animal but an encyclopaedia. All our social life helps our education to stifle all sense of individual responsibility. The first need of India is for a man to work out his own salvation. And the worst of it is that even our idealism is being rapidly destroyed - we are becoming utterly materialistic. While in the West, amid the stupendous upheaval of a world that had been securely sleeping over an Etna of base passions, men are beginning to see the one faint hope for their country in a turning of soul - the abandonment of commercialism and the acceptance of more spiritual ideas and ideals - we of the East are blindly sliding ever more surely into the living crater. I think wars come because men will not give up their lives willingly in peace.

One can't help feeling these things keenly - and this is my excuse for sermonising and in any case it has filled a page. There's a letter to write. On Thursday morning I left Oxford, and after a long and tiresome journey arrived in Edinburgh rather late at night. Mrs. Oldham welcomed me, Mr. O. having been called up to London rather hurriedly. Her returned on Saturday. Meanwhile I spent my days quietly. There was little sight seeing to do after the arduous work of March 1915. But I met several old Madras friends. J.S. David and Luther of the Y.M.C.A.; the Eapens, the only Syrians present in Edinburgh. But the MacLarens are away and so is Dr. Russell. George Verghese is here for a few days waiting for Thamby. Dr. Miller I shall probably spend an afternoon with later on. The Burnett-Halls are here for a time. And I have studied most of the second-hand bookshops. One afternoon at the quite decent zoo with Dr. (Miss) Wilson of Ludhiana who stayed with the Oldhams for a few days. Also for a day or two a Mr. Roberts, an American who was for a year a teacher in Trinity College, Kandy and told us exciting tales of the recent riots in Ceylon. I wonder whether you heard true accounts. They began as Buddhist vs. Mohemmadan troubles and later assumed a political complexion. At Kandy Alec Fraser did an awful lot at great personal risk - and has in consequence, to a large extent inspired government policy afterwards. In Colombo a bridge was held with a machine-gun against 5000 rioters. A Special Detention camp had to be constructed to take in the enormous number of prisoners - several thousands I am reliably informed.

On Sunday we heard Dr. J.H. Jowett (New York) preach an excellent sermon. In the rest I wander up and down Edinburgh and when he is free talk to Joe Oldham. He is secretary of the Continuation Committee and editor of the International Review

of Missions; and naturally knows most of the great "religious leaders." He is also a man of wide ideas and a wonderful honesty of thought; very well worth talking to. Mrs. Oldham is, like almost all the women I meet, a violent anti-German and J.H. himself is no Pacifist. But when we talked it over he admitted that to a certain aspect of the Pacifist argument he had no answer. On missions of course he is an expert and he has ideas on education.

I shall probably spend with the weekend in Glasgow with the Moffats returning to Oxford early next week, but my plans are still fluid.

There is very little else to say - I have tried to describe Edinburgh before - it is a picturesque city. The modern parts are nothing out of the common, though Princess Street is noble and there are a great many splendid buildings, chiefly schools and hospitals - Donaldson's Hospital, a mighty quadrangle, Fettes, Stewarts and Heriot's Colleges. The true Edinburgh is to be found farther east - and is delightful and evil-smelling. Here are the Lawn Market and the Grass Market, Sir Giles, the High Street and Cannon Street, Greyfriars, and it's memories of the Covenanters. You stand perhaps on George IV bridge and gaze into the secondhand bookshops. You walk along and suddenly see a street below on either hand. You turn the corner and walk along the Lawn Market. A thousand odours assail your nostrils. Every other door opens on a long, dark low passage that leads to a "close", something like a college quadrangle fallen on evil days, with savour of dark and desperate deeds. You turn to the left and walk along the foot of the castle which stands up on your right sudden and lofty. An evening mist is on the city. Through it the crest at the foot of the castle is dully glowing like a smouldering fire; and the colour pales as your eye moves upwards till the top is bathed in yellow light. A furlong more and you are amid the antiquated towers and gay crowds of Princess Street.

That's a little bit of Edinburgh.

I hope all at home are well, also Georgekutty, also Kunju and Kunjunju. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. I should like Kunjunju to send me some Cochin stamps as soon as he can. A friend of mine wants them; I hope he has them to spare.

#165

As from

1 Florentine Gardens
Glasgow W.
September 15, 1915

Merton College
Oxford

My dear Apachen,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I was awfully amused at your imaginings to which my latest photo gave rise. It was pleasant to think that you at least gave me credit for a tremendous bout of work; as a matter of fact, I only averaged six hours even the last term, and though the unwonted exertion did tell on me a little I was as fit as a fiddle all through the examinations and certainly after.

I cannot say anything more definite this week about the date of returning. Of course you know the particulars now and the reasons for the delay. I wish I could be at home at Michaelmas, but perhaps at Christmas we shall all meet together.

There is not much to write as news - no, there is the usual quantity. I stayed on in Edinburgh till Tuesday morning, Sept. 14th. There I constantly met the Eapens, George and Thamley who arrived last week. George and I walked over a bit of the Pentland Hills one afternoon - bare grass and heather hills, not devoid of parts of grandeur and beauty but which familiarity is probably an essential condition of proper appreciation. On Sunday morning I heard the veteran Dr. Alex Whyte in the pulpit of St. George's a man now in the decay of his powers, with snowy hair and a quavering voice. Monday night Sir Andrew Fraser stayed at the Oldhams, but I had very little talk with him. He is a well preserved old gentleman of pleasant manners, rather garrulous, and is still keen on missions and the church. One evening we had a realistic account of the last Zeppelin raid on London on London by an eyewitness. This was the one which resulted in over a hundred casualties, most of the damage being done in Wood Street and Queen Square near St. Paul's. There was not the slightest panic though the whole population was out watching the show. Also several stories from the Serbians, ultimately from Price for long the Times Correspondent in Serbia. When the war began their army consisted of 200 000 men and there were only

about 100 000 rifles and 40 000 shells. As men were killed, their rifles were given to the reserves. The army was saved at a critical time by the heroism of the king; and then began the Austrian retreat which became a rout. The morale of the latter was utterly destroyed and the Serbs took 60 000 prisoners and enough munitions to last them for three years of war. The Austrians surrendered in shoals and sometimes - so short were the Serbians of men - they were ordered to march inland under the orders of their own N.C.O.'s. Price had a picture of 6 men taking 800 prisoners back. One story goes that one old Serbian reservist was given 80 prisoners to take to the next village with an order to present for rations for 80 men. He presented the order to the officer. This, said the latter, is an order for rations for 80, but you have 120 men. The Serbian began laboriously counting - Yes, he admitted. How is that? I don't know, sir, unless the fell in on the way. The atrocities committed by the Austrians during the retreat, according to Price, throw into the shade the Belgian atrocities. And he does not speak without book - his photos, most of which cannot be published, are with the Foreign Office.

On Tuesday morning I left Edinburgh and went to Bridge of Allan. A walk of a mile brought me to Burgh Park in time for lunch. The house is a fine large one in pleasant grounds. As I walked in I met Dr. Miller and his secretary and soon after we had lunch. Then Dr. Miller and I sat out in the garden and talked, but I had to leave about half past three.

Dr. Miller is of course almost entirely blind but he showed me all over the house and even took me down a steep walk to the back gate avoiding every obstacle in the way - which shows either that he is extraordinarily familiar with every detail of the house and grounds or that he can see a little and vaguely or more probably both. he looks very well, but gets a little dizzy at times, especially in trying to walk after sitting down. His memory too is perhaps failing a little. But he is just as actively interested as ever in his old students and was awfully nice to me. He sends many remembrances to Apachen and to others of his old students. He has a good appetite and smokes strong cigars and generally was much more fit than I had expected.

About halfpast nine I arrived in Glasgow. The Moffatts have a large house in a quiet spot, but they have hardly settled down as yet. I make myself very much at home, spending a lot of the time in the schoolroom, especially as Dr. and Mrs. M. are both very busy. Archie goes to school in kilts, Glasgow Academy, and Margaret

to Laurel Bank. Eric is to go back to Lynamis, Oxford, next week as a boarder.

There's only one other thing to say. In Edinburgh I met the Secretary of the Education Committee of the U.T.C. Foreign Missions. Apparently the College are reconsidering the whole scheme of salaries - and I said that if there was equality of terms and should go to the Christian College. This is what I should prefer infinitely to Government Service in other ways, especially as I may not under the latter be sent to Madras at all but perhaps to Bengal where I shall be out of sympathy with most men. What is the sake of making life miserable for the sake of a few rupees? Argument cannot overthrow a man's profound likes and dislikes - and with equality of salary the case for the Christian College is in my own mind overwhelming. But I do not know yet whether it will be offered me -and otherwise too the whole thing is no further advanced. I must stop now. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#166

Merton College

Oxford

September 22, 1915

My dear Apachen,

Thanks for the homeletter. There is nothing in it which requires a direct answer. Nor have I very much of my own to write this week. I wrote the last time from Glasgow. It was a quiet week I spent there. One day Eric and I took the train to Balloch at the northern end of Loch Lomond and then the steamer up to Ardluir. After lunch and board we climbed one of the nearest hills and had a fine view of the lake which in it's southern half is dotted with islands large and small. The setting is much the same as that of Maggiore, green hills all round. To the left is the largest, Ben Lomond. We had tea on the steamer returning and reached Glasgow in time for dinner after a most enjoyable day. Most of the other days had a regular routine - breakfast at 8:30, at nine Eric and I escorted Archie to his school, the Glasgow

Academy and then went for a little walk. At one we went down to bring Archie back; he does not go to school in the afternoon. Tea. A walk or call. Dinner. Dr. M. was very busy all the time I was there - he had four services on Sunday, so I saw very little of him except at meal times. Usually I stayed in the schoolroom. On Saturday I accompanied Mrs. M. to her uncle's, Dr. Reith, Moderator of the year, a fine old man. On Sunday I dined - midday dinner - at the Grays'. Donald Gray is now serving with the Red Cross on the Italian frontier. On Monday afternoon I called on Mr. Hogg's peoples. There were numberless books to choose from and the children were always the most attractive company. Besides I like a quiet holiday, as I thoroughly enjoyed Glasgow.

Mrs. M., Eric and I left home at 8 on Tuesday morning. The train which left Glasgow at 8:40 was crowded, but we had reserved seats with a wise foresight. At 10 we were in Edinburgh and then Newcastle and York. We changed at York and changed at Doncaster and were then carried as far as Sheffield, changed at Sheffield and then had a fairly long run to Woodford. Here it dawned on us that somewhere we had missed the connection and were late, but the full extent of the disaster did not reveal itself till we had been brought from Woodford and Banbury. There we were left to cool our heels on the platform, no train left Banbury before 8:15. According to the original programme we should have been in Oxford by 7:00. When at last the Banbury train started it proved a wistful laggard and stopped at the slightest provocation at every station. We arrived in Oxford about halfpast nine - much to Mrs. M's disgust for Eric should have been in school before eight. A journey of thirteen hours with five changes - quite a record in my English experiences. However we had lunch and tea on the train.

Nothing much today. I called on Mrs. M. who is at the Grays for a day or two till she returns to Glasgow; then on the Fyfes. Tomorrow morning I am going to Amptill, Bedfordshire, to spend a day or two with Keith Bryan - it is not very far from Oxford. I shall perhaps go to Nat in Clifton.

There are scarcely any new developments on the appointment scheme. I do not know whether I made it clear in my last letter that the only suitable vacancy in the I.E.S. is that of Professor of Political Philosophy in Presidency College, Calcutta; that I have to wait in England till something more definite happens with regards to it - also that I do not care a bit to go to Bengal where I shall find myself in an atmosphere I cannot appreciate and intensely dislike and shall probably be unable to understand,

that I told Mrs. Ashcroft that I should - accept the Christian College offer if the conditions are made equal. Something will happen in the next two or three weeks.

I am sending a book for Ammu whose birthday I most criminally forgot - but travelling is the enemy of all regular letter-writing.

Good luck to Georgekutty in his exams. There does not seem to be anything else to write. Hoping everyone is well, with much love,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

P.S. I am not sorry to leave a country in which the taxes are mounting up the way they do here.

#167

Merton College

Oxford

28.IX. 1915

My dear Amachi,

Thanks for the homeletter. After that tea with the Jacksons I shouldn't wonder if you knew as much about Merton as I do. I wish I had coloured pictures of Merton - I've seen few and in any case they are too expensive for me.

When the mail came, last Thursday morning, I was preparing to go to Ampthill. Keith met me at the station and we cycled the three miles to his home. His father is in a precarious state of health, so that I went with hesitation, but we went out most of the time and it was only two days. On Thursday afternoon we walked in Ampthill Park and saw Lord A's house - there are soldiers' camps in the grounds. On Friday we devoted the morning to a longish bicycle ride to Woburn and back, visiting all the churches on the way. Woburn is in the Duke of Bedford's estate and Woburn Park is a guest place with fine drives and tame herds of deer wandering away the trees. The churches in Bedfordshire are not equal to my Cotswold churches nor are

the villages to be compared. Scarcely a single one of the churches has any features earlier than the Perpendicular style while it would be difficult to find a Cotswold church which has not. Besides the country is nearly flat. Still it was a nice ride. In the afternoon we walked to Houghton House, once a large manorhouse of brick in the Renaissance style, now in ruins - supposed to be Bunyan's Palace Beautiful. The county is of course the Bunyan county and it was in Bedford gaol that he lay in many years. On Saturday morning we cycled to Bedford I took the train back, but we had time to look at Bunyan's cottage in Elstow and the strange tower of the church, the bells of which he feared would fall on him. In Bedford there is a statue of the eloquent tinker and the iron windows of his cell are some of the treasures of the larger Congregational (?) church. An old and loquacious verger who has talked with Garibaldi showed us around.

Sunday I went to a service in the Cathedral. Yesterday, Monday, I felt so bored with Oxford that I determined to go for a long cycle ride, sleep the night out and return on Tuesday. So I packed my pyjamas and tooth brush on the bicycle and took the 8:2 to Adlestrop. I cycled up to Oddington and called on the Alexanders - Mrs A. was away, but Mr. A. gave me milk and cake. On to Stow and up the long ascent of the Five Mile Drive to the crest of the hills that overlook Broadway. The view should have been glorious but the day was clouded though fortunately it never rained seriously. A very steep fall to Broadway, a long village with charming old houses. To the left I came to Slanton, which is a gem even among Cotswold villages. It was so lovely that I felt like singing out loud. The church is a beauty. Then Stanway where the Charteris family has a great mansion - then Didbrook. A side track to Hailes, where the magnificent abbey, once the pride of the west country and a great place of pilgrimage has almost disappeared - what little there is standing I saw. Then onto the main road and into the large village of Winchcomb with its great perpendicular church.

A very hilly road led from Winchcomb led through Charlton Abbots, Sevenhampton and Brockhampton to Andoversford. It ran along the ridge of the Cotswolds and I had some lovely though dim views. From Andoversford, the main road to mae Northbeach. I turned off a mile from the town and came down lower on the Foss Road; a couple of miles from Fossbridge Inn. Here I rested and had tea beside a blazing fire. A roomy old inn beside the infant Coln. The river I followed, crossing and recrossing it, through the villages of Coln St. Denis, Coln. Rogers, Winson, Ablington, Arlington and Bibury - the last one of the most lovely of the

Cotswold villages. I should like to spend a week in the Swan Inn, Bibury, beside the murmuring Coln. Then Coln. St. Aldwyn, Hatherop and on to Lechlade whence a train bore me back to Oxford - infinitely tired but very happy, after a ride of nearly 50 miles through 20 villages. More than ever I think the Cotswolds are one of the most delightful places in England. Why do people go to great garish seaside resorts that's what they call them - when they can have their holiday in a paradisaal place like Shanton or Bibury?

Sept.

30th

Yesterday evening the mail came in and brought Apachen's letter for which many thanks. There are a great many things in it I must talk about. Hugh Clark is one of my close friends, though I have known him since August last year. About my financial needs, I have money enough for present needs and if I should require any more I should be able to borrow it from Subbarayan - not more than 20 pounds at the outside. Why I did not try for a fellowship is that there aren't offered this year. Even the All Souls fellowship - two of which are offered every year as a rule - are withheld because there are scarcely any candidates. It would be unfair to have fellowship exams when all the best men are away.

I am afraid I must have explained myself in previous letters very confusedly. Otherwise Apachen could not write such a sentence as this - "Yet they create difficulties in taking you into the educational service!" I am not sure anyone ever did nor am I sure can I have said so explicitly. When I met Cookson he told me the normal thing was for J.E. men to be appointed in England; they apply and the applicants are interviewed by a Selections Committee who makes a recommendation to the S. of S. who formally appoints. But, he added, exceptionally men are sometimes appointed from India - the procedure being that the local government recommends for the vacancy and if the S. of S. agrees they are appointed. That happened to Caudeth. The course I am taking is that of 99 men out of 100. I have no exceptional disabilities whatever - every Englishman appointed is interviewed in a similar manner. They did not find a vacancy because they wanted Caudeth - they had a vacancy and thought him a suitable man.

There may be scores of vacancies in Madras - but (a) they may be keeping them open for a longer time for any of a hundred reasons, (b) there may not be any which I can fill. For I certainly shall not accept any appointment other than that of Professor of History. I saw the complete list of vacancies - in Madras there were two

or three involving duties I could not by any stretch of imagination hope to fulfill. The only one at all connected with History was the Calcutta one. Since you wished me to enter the I.E. Service I was forced to apply for it rather against my own will. I hate the thought of spending my life in Calcutta; I detest still more the thought of being among Bengalis, people with the smallest idea of fairness I have yet met. But can I linger on in Madras on the chance of a Madras vacancy occurring sometime? And if I leave England my chances of ever getting in are remote indeed there being no one of significance to recommend me. It is not that they have any particular prejudice against Indians - they have no disabilities other than those inseparable from the lack of nomination in England. I have turned all the stones I can; and tomorrow I go up to town to be interviewed, probably with a number of others. Personally, I loathe the very words of the Government of India, department, appointment, scale, etc. and almost hope I shall be refused. It will not, I am afraid, make me even an extreme Nationalist, but as I wrote before if the Christian College offers equal terms. I shall accept it. I have not the least fear of unfair treatment there. What equal treatment does one get in Government service except in the matter of pay. Do your English colleagues treat you as an equal? I sometimes suspect that all one idea of equal treatment can be reduced at bottom to money.

Forgive me if I am rather strong, but I am getting thoroughly sick of the whole thing. It did not surprise me much to hear Mr. Hall did not care for the Educational Service - seeing his work is other. Nor is my conviction that my work or calling is education the least bit shaken - nor would be if all the thousand civilians in India stood up in contemptuous protest. To each man his work. In the end of the day, no one is asked: Did you try for the Indian Civil when you had this chance - but did you do the work appointed for you from the beginning of the world?

I am sorry you will not have the chance of hearing Glover - one of the best dons in Cambridge - and a strong Student Movement man. Most humorous. I know him slightly. The Blanshard who has come to work for the Army Y.M.C.A. is a Merton man and one of the finest fellows we have - from Michigan and a philosopher, but charmingly versatile and very companionable.

Today I heard of two Merton casualties - one killed and one wounded. Another year and there'll be few left to come back to the dear, old place. My books were packed today and the room looks quite cheerless and dismantled.

Nothing more. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruville

P.S. I do hope I will not wound anybody's feelings by any expressions in this letter.

#168

Merton College

Oxford

October 6, 1915

My dear Apachen,

The Indian mail has not yet arrived this week; but though it is only Wednesday I have to post this letter today because I am leaving in the afternoon with Victor for Oddington for a few days. And Oddington is, as regards postal arrangements, rather primitive - as that to be safe, I should post my mail in Oxford.

We are going away not exactly for a rest but to be away from Oxford this term begins. It is very dull here, especially just before term. As for rest, I have done nothing since Schools and have grown terribly lazy. Nothing except travelling about - and of that last week had it's share too when I went up to town on Friday. Walking about Whitehall before the interview I met Ochen accidentally - and after it we arranged to have tea together. The interview was at 3:45 - or rather that was the scheduled time, as Victor would say. As a matter of fact, I was not called in, for some reason or other, till 4:15. I did not feel very nervous when I sat on one side of a table facing a collection of gentlemen who unfairly took me in flank as well as in front. There were six or seven of them and not a single one did I know except Cookers (Cookson of Magdalen). One I took to be a retired civilian or at any rate acquainted with Calcutta: another was up at Oxford thirty or forty years ago, from a remark of his. They were all quite nice though and drew me out on various different subjects - chiefly with reference to Political Science. I blazed away without much concern. They even asked me about my tutorship in the Christian College. When I overthrew them

by saying in an even voice that I had classes of a hundred; about the Syrian Church. I told them I wasn't keen to go to Calcutta and why, but they said that that there were no vacancies in Madras, that while it is not impossible to get transferred it is a difficult matter. Cookers wanted to know what books on India by Europeans I should recommend containing an adequate account. I answered that it was difficult to answer offhand, but that though Kipling was one-sided some of his stories were weirdly clever. I didn't mean exactly that sort of book, said Cookers. Then I said I thought Valentine Chirol very good; but that I could answer him better if he could name a few books. He laughed and suggested Lyall's Asiatic Studies. I had not read it and I also pleaded ignorance of Pierre Loti on India which another man brought up. This was the sort of conversation that went on for nearly half an hour. Then I had tea with Ochen and caught a latish slow train back to Oxford. Nothing has been heard since. And nothing definite from the Christian College folk. I think I wrote earlier that I should accept them if I found their terms equal. Meanwhile I calmly wait.

On Sunday afternoon tea with the Allens' where I met an old lady who had known Mme. Blavatsky and many of the other theosophical leaders. On Monday night, to my delight, Victor turned up. Yesterday he took me to Magdalen to ask an American about a place he had recently been staying at, Evelene near Oxford. A most extraordinary person. He knows a great many notable folks, has stayed at Lambeth, is a friend of Lulu Harcourt's and of crowds of other Lords and Ladies. The reason is that his mother is English and probably aristocratic. He was no snob but evidently had a simple pleasure in telling us of all the people he knew, it was really amusing to watch him. And he managed a poor story he tried to tell. But a nice fellow. He told us one good tale though. He was staying at an old chantry or hospital at Evelene, now the house of Sir William Osler. So he wrote home that he was in a hospital at Oxford. The letter fell into the hands of a doctor friend of his and by return there came addressed to Langstaff, Temporary Military Hospital, Evalene near Oxford of an enormous packing case of surgical appliances and dressings with a note that there were forty bottles of tonic coming on!

Towson is back and Davison is here. Today I went to Somerville and saw poor J.S. Mann (Balliol) on a bed he was badly wounded and almost died at Rouen, but is now recovering fast though he won't be able to go about for weeks. Shot in the leg. Mertonians are falling every day, in yesterday's list there was one killed and two wounded, today one wounded. We have 14 killed now.

My books and pictures have been packed in two large boxes which will cost some money to get home. Most of my papers and letters I have gone through, tearing up a great many mercilessly but several hundreds are left. This has taken many hours. I had several pairs of hopelessly torn socks and I was hard put to leave them in the wastepaper basket and at last a brilliant solution occurred. I thought of the Cher. So one morning I stuffed the socks into my pockets and feeling very like a conspirator loaded them with stones and threw them into the dirty green ditch near the Cher! Nothing else. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#169

Merton College

Oxford

October 12 1915

My dear Amachi,

Let me wish you a very happy birthday and many returns of it. I had hoped to greet you face to face, but the fates are adverse, but since they have to be written, my wishes come with all the more love. I have never been home for your birthday the last seven years and perhaps will often be away in the future - but it will always be with glad thoughts of love that I think of the day.

I shall tackle in the usual homeletter and this birthday one; though there is little indeed to say. Victor and I came up last Wednesday - and as he is not strong enough yet to ride much I go cycling alone. One morning I went to Tobury and Westcote; another along the Ford road and then by a track to the Broadway road near Burton on the Hill. The track was in shocking bad condition and I had to walk nearly two miles - it was one continuous rut or rather three paths, the one in the middle nearly a foot higher than either of the side ones. But it was worth it, for the view was the most glorious I have ever seen in the Cotswolds anywhere. The ground dropped

suddenly on my left to a valley, where a line of trees screened a small stream enlarging to form a shallow pool - and the opposite hill was, in contrast red with autumn leaves and brown scrub. The hills were like two toothed wheels forced apart the rivulet winding between. This was in a way inimitable and not exactly Cotswoldy, but exquisitely picturesque. I had a plan this morning to ride to Chipping Camden, one of the most charming of Cotswold villages, but it is a fickle day of alternating sunshine and rain and there is almost a gale blowing.

Finally our occupations are dull and domestic. We talk a lot, play patience, walk up the hill and gorge ourselves with blackberries which abound in spite of the children or buy packets of sweets at the store near by. One afternoon I called on the Johnsons - Mrs. J. in mourning one son killed and another badly wounded; a boy midly in one of the newest battleships, Queen Elizabeth class and he was in the Falklands Islands fight. On Sunday evening at Harvest Festival - we listened to a sermon from the Vicar in which he absurdly extolled the virtue of the soldiers as above every other virtue and said the one man in the country was Lord Kitchener, but he was always a bad preacher. I haven't called on them - and he has had one son killed and one son wounded. To my disgust Mrs. Lee and Joe had left just before we came; so I shan't see her till we get back to Oxford.

I had a letter from Cookson telling that they had sent my name to the Secretary of State and that any future communication would come from the Palter. Of course the Scottish Selection Committee may have recommended someone and so the issue is by no means certain. Meanwhile I wait. I do not suppose the Christian College will offer equal conditions and so I will accept Calcutta if offered. I will be able to come south during the vacations with any luck.

In spite of his pessimism I hope Georgekutty will fit through alright. It must be hard to do two things together.

There is little more to say. Enclosed a letter to Sarah. Many thanks to Sosah for hers. I shall answer it soon. What a lazy little beggar she is to give up school so soon. Once more with much love and many birthday wishes,

Yours affectionate son,

Kuruvila

Back in Oxford term begins today, we have 20 men up -

which is rather pleasant.

#170

Merton College
Oxford

October 18, 1915

My dear Apachen,

Thanks for the homeletter. I am afraid I shall write a very short letter this week, chiefly because there is little to write about. Term began on Thursday and that evening I dined in hall - as on Sunday. We are about 22 including 7 or 8 freshers, one of the a Eurasian fellow from Calcutta, Herbert Stark, who seems a decent fellow. There are over 200 freshman altogether and I should imagine 5 or 600 undergraduates in residences. I know few of the new men, Ochen is up at Balliol and he came to tea one afternoon. Gracie, one of my tent boys up at Mattock, is up at Jesus and he came to brekker on Sunday. After brekker I took up Ochen and Gracie up to Mansfield where Selbie preached an excellent sermon. In the afternoon I called at Worcester and found Joanna at last. She remembered me and read Alice to me. Some fine morning I have leave to go and snap her. The Provost was engaged in talking to the retired Provost of Oriel, Dr. Shadwell, who is very old and has nearly lost his memory. Mrs. Lee was as charming as ever. Talking of "heads", Dr. Spooner is desperately ill and is as much a part of Oxford and such a dear that we hope Oxford will not lose him. From Worcester I rushed on to college chapel - a rather pitiable service, the many vacant places eloquent of lost friends. The singing was naturally restricted to hymns and then sadly inadequate. I am doing my "last things" over again, curiously enough - it is strangely pleasant to be here still. After chapel Allen asked me to dine at the High Table on Thursday - a desire of long standing being realized at last!

A letter from the India Office tells me that the Secretary of State has approved of my appointment to Calcutta - subject to a medical examination and it is for the medical exam. I am going up to town tomorrow. I was also asked when I could leave so that a passage might be engaged for me. I answered that I should be ready as early

in November as they liked - I believe I shall have a first class passage, if I am medically fit, which will be fun. Probably Bombay. I expect to get leave to come home for a short time before I go to Calcutta - and in any case I shall be home for Christmas.

From London I shall probably pay Phil a last visit at Tunbridge Wells - for a day or two.

Thursday, 21st

Since writing the above, I have been in London, where after a tedious waiting I was examined. Result unknown but I suppose alright. I took a late train to Dover where I spent the night at Hugh's. Also saw Ronald Bradley who was very glad to see me. I saw very little of them because they were at school most of the day. However, they sent me off at the station to Tunbridge Wells, where I arrived about five in the afternoon. I was going to pay Phil a surprise visit, but to my disgust that his battalion had moved to Redhill or Reigate a day or two before. There was nothing for it but to return and I reached Oxford about eight. My landlady being out I slept in College.

Forgive this hurried addition but I have no time to write more. Much love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Kuruvila

#171

Merton College

Oxford

28 October 1915

My dear Amachi,

Many thanks for the homeletter. I do not know that I have very much to write this week. However in some ways I have had a busier week than usual. Going out to

meals was my chief occupation and an amusing occupation too. Thursday was a crowded day. Breakfast with Burnett Hall, lunch with Frank Bryan and Cullen (Mansfield) away up in Southmoor Road. Then I recalled old days by coxing a Mansfield four on the upper river.

In the afternoon I took Ochen up to call on Bartlett of Mansfield. The Gaints were there too - we naturally divided into two groups. Bartlett, a well-meaning but pragmatical don, who is reputed to have prayed "Paradoxical as it may seem to Thee, Lord", devoted his attention to Ochen and we in another corner, engaged in more frivolous conversation, heard, floating across at intervals, tremendous words that shook Church and State and our feeble wits! It is the first time I have called on them, though I have known Dr. Bartlett quite long, and I wish I had called earlier. But the evening crowned the day, for I dined with Allen at the High Table. Fyfe presided and I sat between him and Allen, overlooking older associates at the undergraduates' table whom a misplaced flower vase hid from my gloating eyes! The dinner was good though the conversation was not exciting. Then we adjourned to another room, clinging to our napkins. Here there was dessert and a piece of a pear I was eating nearly choked me. How now took the place of Fyfe on my right hand. He asked me whether we only did Indian History in India; I answered that we sometimes even did Roman History and that I had studied his book. He hoped I should spread it widely in India, for what with the Civil Service exams off and all the men at the Front he was hard hit! He got 5d. on a copy of How and Leigh's History of Rome sold. Fyfe told a lot of stories of the old Warden, Brodrick, but they depended too much on voice and manner for effect to be worth repeating. The present Senior Common Rooms were the old Warden's drawing room and bedroom - one of them also Queen Henrietta Maria's. Here is one story - When the Germans overran Galicia, in the Western trenches they put up a huge notice, Lemberg has fallen, and the British soldiers answered it by another, Let it fall. Whereupon there appeared paragraphs in the German papers on the indifference of the British and Russian interests! Wine circulated at dessert. After which we moved to the other room and smoked and talked in two languages. The Belgians jabbered French, which I could only half make out. At ten Allen and I went to evening chapel. We passed through the hall where the lights were off but a great fire was burning and glowing with a soft illumination on the dark tables and wainscoting and the lofty pictures.

Friday afternoon there was a camp squash at Mansfield - a fairish crowd turned up but nothing exciting happened. On Saturday I lunched in Streeton's rooms -

also Paton, a young don of Queen's and Ochen. Streeter was funny in his inimitable way; he is a man for whom my respect daily increases. Then I hurried off to Lyman's and saw Eric whom a bad foot kept from rugger. Tea at Merton with Westfarth. Sunday was quiet except for lunch with the Johnner - who said he once examined for the Civil service never again, he detested the cramping marking regulations so much - and tea with Mrs. Genner, G being out preaching.

On Monday morning I breakfasted with Dodd who has taken Moffatt's place at Mansfield and is a brother of my new colleague Dodd. This man was at Merton ten years ago and took a first in greats. He is ridiculously like his brother in looks and in little mannerisms, which amused me very much. A very nice man. After lunch there was the C.U. freshers' meeting in Queens hall at which Selbie presided and Tallow and Southwell spoke. Quite a crowd; especially of women. On Tuesday morning I went up to town and got to Norwood just in time for lunch. Only Mes., Mr. J. and I went for that meal and I had to go away at halfpast three to be in time for Chamberlain's little show. When I arrived at the India Office there were about thirty or forty men waiting - mostly Civil Service probationers going out shortly. We then marched into another room and shook hands with Austen. I smiled at him genially to cheer him up. Then we all gathered in one side of the room and he stood behind a table on the other and held forth - notes, but he spoke well and told us how the reputation of a whole race was in our hands and how we should have more and more to persuade where formerly we could enforce. Commonplaces, but commonplaces that needed to be said. There were several department officials there members of the S. of S. Council, some of whom talked to me. There was a crush at tea and although I only secured one small cake I enjoyed the conversation very much. An Indian came and talked to me while I was deep with as young undersecretary was very nice. The former asked me my name. Zachariah I said - spelt Zakr? he inquired: I corrected him at once. Then he discovered I came from S. India and immediately inferred that I followed Marumakkayatam or some such law. I told him that, I was a Syrian Christian. Then you are under Christian law. When he had gone I inquired who he was - as my friend told me it was Begor Baig, on the S. of S's council. He winked at me and I twinkled back at him, evidently we had the same opinion of the ridiculous old pomposity. There is no doubt that Beg is or was a lawyer, he is a splendid example of the official Indian in high position!

By six we were thinning down and I left and reached Highclere in good time for dinner. Muriel, Erich, Arnold, Mr. and J. had all come in during my absence.

After dinner Mrs. M. J. and I had an informal argument on Oxford and Cambridge. She naturally favoured Oxford and I took up the cudgels for Cambridge and with frequent interruptions for Enid who was in roars of laughter for my unavailing efforts to pin down Mrs. M. J. to a statement we controverted for over an hour. Mrs. M. J. was as elusive as an eel and contradicted and retracted without a smile. It was great fun. A rumour (untrue) that Zepps were coming but a spice of excitement to the night. However we slept in our beds until the morning and breakfast. After brekker Mrs. M.J., Muriel and I went to Croydon to see the damage done by the last Zeppelin raid. There were large holes in a backgarden and one house has been smashed up. Windows all round had been shattered of course but less damage on the whole than I had anticipated. Apparently there had been four bombs near each other - two fell in backgardens and one in the street, one on a house. The three others only smashed windows - but then even suffragettes can do that.

After lunch and tea, I left, missed my first train by a minute and arrived in Oxford about nine.

C'est tout.

I shall try to get a watch for Marykutty - preferably a wrist watch. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Kuruwila

P.S. The Johnner Mrs. J. remembered (?) Bloomfield and Jackson very well and said he was a nice fellow and came to call when he was on furlough. Kemm and Bajpai were at the Chamberlain push. The medical exam was alright.

#172

8 Grove Street,

Oxford

Tuesday, Nov. 2

My dear Apachen,

The homemail has not arrived yet this week, but in these days one relies so little on it's punctuality that the delay causes little disappointment. It has been a

pleasant week on the whole. My proposed weekend in town with Phil was frustrated indeed by the fact that his people had a full house, but Oxford played second best splendidly. On Friday afternoon I went to Lynam's to see the children act the Mikado. Eric was in the chorus of nobles and quite indistinguishable in the crowd of gorgeous kimonos and halfmasked faces. I thought they did remarkably well, some characters especially were really excellent. The audience was mostly old Draconians or relatives of present ones. When it was all over I met Eric and arranged to take him out the next day - a full holiday for them - in Subbaryan's car. Accordingly S. and I. called for five on Saturday afternoon and we went for a nice spin to Woodstock or a little beyond. We came back a little too early and to pass the time before tea Eric and I went to a cinema and went in for a most exciting Spy story - in which after many vicissitudes and hairbreadth escapes and at the very moment when they were going off to Germany in an aeroplane the spies were caught by the pluck and heroism of Boy Scouts. Thrilling, I assure you - and as for Eric he watched it with bated breath! Then we had a prosaic tea and I took him back to school in time for supper. He doesn't often get out of school, so I think he enjoyed it, especially the motoring.

Sunday afternoon Ochen and I went to tea with an old Indian Educational man, Budder - very unexciting and then I rushed back in time for chapel. It was the Commemoration Service for Founder & Benefactors, and was in some ways tragically appropriate to the present time. We sang for instance a hymn of which two lines ran,

E'en now and their eternal rest
There pass some spirits blest

and one could not only help thinking not only of old Walter de Merton, long in his grave, who died of full of years and honours, his work done, but of more recent Mertonians, some dead ere their arrive and no man knows where they lie, others hourly facing death and living with danger as a bride. And their clear faces seemed to peep from the looming heights of the roof. Bulmer came in to coffee after hall.

Monday I had tea with the Genners; Tuesday in a restaurant: while yesterday afternoon Romilly Micklem and I went for a long walk through North Hinksey, Ferry Hinksey and South Hinksey and then I had tea in his rooms. Also present Roper of New Coll. Bill Graham of Magd. In the evening I dined with Subbarayan - the baby being vociferous, Mrs. Subbaryan could not come down.

At last I have letters from the Warden telling me the coll. wd. give me a prize of £10/- for the first - and so I spent the better part of two mornings in Blackwells' trying to make up a list. It wd. be too long to give here, but there are about 40 books in all, a few Greek, Italian and French. For I am hard at work on Italian now and after acquiring some sort of reading knowledge of it. I mean if possible to go on to Greek. Most of these books are of the class described in catalogues as standard works, that is the works of which everyone talks about and no one reads.

Another pleasant thing is that at last my passage is more or less fixed up. The India Office were so slack that I asked leave to arrange it myself - and I am nearly sure of a berth in the Bibby liner, Derbyshire - it is due at Marseilles on the 23rd Nov. where I shall await it. It leaves Liverpool on the 11th and so all my heavy luggage is going round by sea. The overland route will give more than an additional week in this country. I shall probably leave on noon of the 20th morning and reach Marseilles on the 21st morning. Two days for safety.

Meanwhile I wanted some money badly - and had to borrow. Subbaryan cd. only give me £20, so I got £10 from Wan Yu, the Chinaman at Merton. Could you please send P. Subbaryan, Wadham, £20 as soon as possible and also £10 to Wan Yu, Merton Coll. I thought of cabling but it wd. be too expensive altogether. The Govt. will of course give me some money in equivalent for a first class fare - but how much I do not know yet. Of course the Bibby boats go to Colombo.

Nothing more. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately

Kuruvila.

#173

8

Grove Street

Oxford

Monday, November 8

My dear Amachi,

The mail came on Friday and brought your letter for which many thanks. I hope, in spite of his fears, Georgekutty got through the M.B.

Last week I wrote of my passage. The boat leaves Liverpool on the 11th, Marseilles on the 23rd. I propose to leave London on the 20th morning and should be if no delay occurs in Marseilles on the 21st noon. Far the greater part of my luggage has already gone. A large packing case of books is coming by cargo-steamer and owing to the high costs will cost me £3. The case of pictures and linen, two trunks of clothes etc., a little box of prize books, a parcel of Subbarayan's have already been out to Liverpool to be put on board there and cost nearly £2. The official formalities of the India Office are not at an end yet. The agreement has still to be signed and the passage money will not be forwarded till after. They'll give me £40, but the passage costs £45 - as that I shall find myself short of money when I reach India; but I think I have just enough money for the voyage without further borrowing. I hope the £20 to Subbarayan and the £10 to Wan Yu have already been sent. I'm afraid I shall not be able to get a blanket for Amachi because of this unsatisfactory financial condition.

To turn to more pleasing matters. On Friday evening I dined at New College High Table with Barker to whom I had written asking for an interview. The dinner was bad but after a short time in the S.C.R. Barker took me to his own room and we talked. He was most kind and asked me to write whenever I had any practical difficulties. I asked him what he thought were the failings of Indian students. He answered, a habit of allusiveness which was almost like intellectual dishonesty and a lack of close logical thought. They dealt in phrases, too much and too often, which they did not understand. The only remedy was to stick to them and by continual questioning and criticism to make them see exactly how much or how little they really knew. This, I think is very true. He thought this might be partly the result of dealing in an alien language which they only imperfectly understood. None of these criticisms, he added complimentarily, applied to me. He would not have thought from either my style or even my handwriting that I was not an Englishman. I told him of my early acquaintance with English, thanks to you. He also thought my religion an advantage I had over other Indians - very rightly, I think. I asked him what he thought of the Calcutta system of prescribing an enormous number of textbooks for Political Science: the result seemed to me to be that the students knew

of everyone else's opinions and had none of their own. He agreed thoroughly and praised the Oxford way as more excellent - to prescribe a few great books which went to the root of the matter and by teaching to criticize them to impart the power of clear thinking. Graham Wallas, Professor of Political Science in London, where they have more or less the Calcutta system, had written to him stating his conviction that here, in any case, Oxford still led the way. I was glad to find in talking to W.G.S. Adams, the Gladstonian Professor of Political Theory here that he was strongly of the same opinion. So that is one of the things I shall try to change when I get to Calcutta!

I left Barker to one of his pupils and went to Rooper's rooms where Romilly Micklem and he and I talked till nearly eleven. Rooper is a History Scholar from Charterhouse and an exceedingly nice fellow. All Saturday morning I was frantically packing to send my things away and in the afternoon I had tea with Ochau. Evening C.U. exec. into which Bevan came in Sunday morning. Ochau and I went to Mansfield and heard a rather rhetorical sermon from a Scottish preacher, Schater. No unction whatever, we were rather disappointed. In the afternoons I had lunch with Torter (Queens) whom I met at Hawarden. He went to Italy in the summer with two other Americans and they were not allowed in Venice at all. They wore also arrested on the Appian Way for taking photos but were soon released! Tea with Garrod whom Bulmer and I called on. He was up for the weekend from work in the Munitions Department and seemed rather pessimistic, but that is his nature. In the evening, I had two freshers in for coffee.

Monday afternoon Victor asked W.G.S. Adams in to tea so that I would have a chance of talking to him. He came in late from a Council meeting and had only ten minutes to spare then. But he came back again after a lecture at 6.30, very decently, and gave me half an hour. He also allowed me to write to him so that I might not become hopelessly out-of-date in India and told me of books and reviews and methods of work. If some of our "professors" in India saw some of the professors here and their ways it might do them good. Adams advised me to take in *The Political Quarterly*, which he edits; *the Round Table*; *The American Political Science Review*; and the French *La Vie Politique dans les deux Mondes*. Part of the trouble in India is that the teachers are so antiquated in their knowledge. Some of the books recommended in Calcutta are perfectly futile.

Thursday

Thursday was, as far as I remember uneventful except for teas at Bishop Herfords' and a meeting of the Liberal Clun in Rooper's rooms after hall. Barker

talked of a scheme of imperial federation with an Imperial Cabinet responsible to an Imperial Parliament in which India and the colonies should participate. Federalism, as far as I gather, is the note of the hour - thinking people in this country seem able to be tending towards it, in some form or another. The discussion was poor. On Wednesday I lunched with Victor, Archbishop of Hereford, Romilly and Rooper all came to tea. We had an animated discussion on matters theological. I think you know the Bishop is the head of the Nestorian Sect at Trichur, and is very much opposed to what he calls "Protestantism," with a large P. He wanted me to find a man to take charge of some of his congregations in Madura or Tinnevely. Romilly and I tried to sit on him (a bishop!) for his "Catholic" views although of course he is not Roman Catholic. Dinner with three Malyalis, Thampi of Balliol, a relation of H.H. of Travancore, a Menon who is returning soon to the Cochin Forest Service and very nice and another.

Almost every hour this week I have spent half an hour or so reading or playing with Margaret Fyfe. Mrs. F. is away with Maurice in the Isle of Wight and is F. is out most of the day she lives alone with Nanny and is pleased to see me. I have also met Joe twice lately, out with her nurse.

C'est tout. Love to all,

Yours affectionately,
Kuruvila

#174

"Highclerc"

Mowbray Road

Upper Norwood

S.E.

18th November 1915

My dear Amachi,

I haven't very much time and I hope to follow this letter in a week or so

there's no need for a long letter. I have my passport and hope to leave London on Saturday and Marseille on Tuesday. I do not know when exactly we are due at Colombo, but I shall wire from Colombo or Talaimannar, for I think we depart from Colombo by rail. It's exciting to think of home but it was perfectly sickening to leave Oxford yesterday, a most tearful business. Much love to all. It will be great to come home again.

Yours affectionately
Anian.

END